The NEWS and FASHION MAGAZINE of the SCREEN

PHOTOPLAY

N.S

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Earl Christ

WHICH MOVIE STAR DOMINATES YOU?

The SUPREME ROMANTIC THRILL of all time comes at last to the TALKING SCREEN!



The star of "Son-Daughter" "Farewell to Arms" and "Madelon Claudet" won highest acting honors of the past year! In her new role co-starred with Clark Gable, she challenges the film world for this prize again!



HELEN

HAYES

CLARK

GABLE

IN

The WHITE SISTER



How fitting that M-G-M, producers of the screen's best, should bring to life on the talking screen the thrills, the grandeur, the soul-stabbing romance of F. Marion Crawford's love drama! Helen Hayes, Clark Gable together! A picture to watch for!

With Richard Bennett, Louise Closser Hale, C. Henry Gordon.
Screen play by Donald Ogden Stewart, directed by Victor Fleming.

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FOR YOUR new sp
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modes.

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four times as str
seams. What a l
gowns! It is pur
dull texture—ad
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reach of every c
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woman in Ame
to secure this n
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William Skinn
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Chicago, Boston,
phia, Los Angeles.

"Pulled seams"—
do not happen with
Troubleproof Crepe



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...CRABBE

... PICHEL

...n into a tale of
...st perfectly built
...battled Man-King of
... cage only to discover
...oman he learned to love.
...on across two continents.

Pictures

...DOLPH ZUKOR. PRES., PARAMOUNT BLDG., NEW YORK

PHOTOPLAY

The World's Leading Motion Picture Publication

Vol. XLIII No. 4 | KATHRYN DOUGHERTY, *Publisher* | March, 1933



Winners of Photoplay Magazine Gold Medal for the best picture of the year

1920
"HUMORESQUE"
1921
"TOL'ABLE DAVID"
1922
"ROBIN HOOD"
2923
"THE COVERED WAGON"
1924
"ABRAHAM LINCOLN"
1925
"THE BIG PARADE"
1926
"BEAU GESTE"
1927
"7th HEAVEN"
1928
"FOUR SONS"
1929
"DISRAELI"
1930
"ALL QUIET ON THE WESTERN FRONT"
1931
"CIMARRON"

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The Audience Talks Back

When the audience speaks the stars and producers listen. We offer three prizes for the best letters of the month—$25, $10 and $5. Literary ability doesn't count. But candid opinions and constructive suggestions do. We must reserve the right to cut letters to suit space limitations. Address The Editor, PHOTOPLAY, 221 W. 57th St., New York City.



Not in many a day have we received as steady a chorus of praise as that which keeps coming for "Smilin' Through." But now "A Farewell to Arms" is setting a similar pace with Gary Cooper and Helen Hayes sending the readers into tearful ecstasies. Above is a glimpse of their final scene

THE $25 LETTER

When I came home after seeing "Smilin' Through," everything seemed to have a new meaning. I fingered the cheap curtains at the window, the little yellow ribbon that I used to tie them back with, in fact, I even saw beauty in their simplicity. I ceased to think about money, expensive curtains, a mansion, glamorous people, parties. Things that made me dissatisfied seemed to be forgotten.

Why cannot we have more beautiful pictures like that? In these hard times it has been those pictures of sophistication and glamour and grand people that have made us more dissatisfied. They have helped to magnify our trouble, until we have forgotten how to smile. Thanks to Miss Shearer, who has realized what we wanted even before we fully realized it ourselves. And congratulations on her superb portrayal.

Mrs. A. Fessia, New York City

THE $10 LETTER

'Midst all those brickbats hurled at Crawford's mouth, Garbo's acting, etc., may I throw a few bouquets in praise of the work of the screen for itself and us women?

The screen has undoubtedly made actors and actresses into sophisticated, arresting human beings of presence, poise, allure. Never shall I forget Conrad Nagel's booming, unromantic voice as I first heard it. Today, I drink in every word. And just contrast the Crawford of yesterday and gawky, freckled, buxom Garbo "who couldn't wear clothes," with the glamorous creatures they are today!

The motion picture has surely made women, who naturally copy these arresting types, evolve from the fluffy-haired, sexless creatures of five years ago into sophisticated, youthfully-mature, radiant personalities.

Mary K. Jones, Tucson, Ariz.

PERHAPS it's strange and perhaps it isn't—but this month it was a dead heat between Norma Shearer and Clara Bow. Next came the cascade of brickbats tossed on our doorstep for the article, "Cary vs. Gary," which appeared in our January issue. The majority were for Gary Cooper, whom they say is genuinely unique! Though Cary Grant has won many loyal followers.

As to pictures—we predict that tributes to "A Farewell to Arms" will run as strong as the flood still pouring in to commend "Smilin' Through." Of the other recent releases "The Bitter Tea of General Yen" and "Flesh" received many commendations.

Because Mickey Mouse has spread so much joy and laughter o'er the world, one reader feels conscience-stricken about trapping the "pantry thieves" in her home.

Appreciation is voiced for the producers who show the cast both at beginning and end of their pictures.

THE $5 LETTER

Temporarily unemployed, dejected and dog-tired, I wandered into the theater today. I was so "down in the dumps," I hardly knew what was showing, and cared still less, suspecting that I'd sleep through most of it anyway. Imagine sleeping through a picture like "The Conquerors." What a tonic it turned out to be! And what a buoyant spirited fellow emerged two hours later! Faith restored in my country, myself and my fellow citizens!

Never before have I written to a movie mag, but after seeing "The Conquerors," why I just *had* to get it out of my system.

J. L. Thompson, Lynchburg, Va.

"CARY vs. GARY"

Jack Jamison said in the January Photoplay that Gary Cooper "doesn't know how to walk, talk, or how to put over a scene, the way a trained actor does." Well, I challenge that statement! I have seen Gary in "A Farewell to Arms" and he does as good a job of acting as I have ever seen.

Glenn A. Broquist, Rock Island, Ill.

In your January Photoplay you said there was a fight between Gary Cooper and Cary Grant to see who would stay on the screen. Gary Cooper will not fail. Yesterday, in the opening scenes of "A Farewell to Arms" we only saw Gary's lips, but those lips which are so sensitive and show his feelings which no other actor's does, identified him at once. All around me I could hear "Gary Cooper" being whispered, and I want to tell you many of them were men.

When the Japanese girls named Gary "Sweetheart of the World" they hit it right on the head, for he is. There is no question at all, Gary will win.

Miss Elizabeth Piemme, Mobile, Ala.

I dislike hearing that Gary Cooper resembles Cary Grant or anyone. Gary is different. That queer little crooked smile is incomparable. Montgomery and Chevalier may well feel a tweak of envy, for none other compels masculine admiration, who at the same time draws the feminine "oh, ohs." Gary is genuinely unique!

Mrs. Homer Peach, Greensboro, N. C.

We are for Gary Cooper ten million strong. You can find the Cary Grant kind anywhere, but you never find Gary Cooper unless you go to the show. If one has to go, let it be Cary Grant, for if you don't, we will never go to another picture that studio puts out.

The Girls' Gang of Davidson College,
Davidson, N. C.

So glad Paramount has given Cary Grant a contract. I am a great Gable fan, but Cary has everything Gable has—maybe not so much acting ability, but more looks, more charm and a most infectious smile. If they must choose between Gary Cooper and Cary Grant let me cast a million votes for Cary. Give him the parts that M-G-M gives Gable and watch his smoke.

Osa Pfarr, Hillsboro, Ohio

TRUE APPRECIATION

Tonight, after I had seen Nils Asther's portrayal of *General Yen*, I was convinced that I had witnessed a nearly flawless interpretation of an Oriental. In all my twenty years of movie-going I have never been so genuinely

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 10]

A MAGIC NAME BLAZES ANEW!



Warner Bros. bring you again THE STANWYCK THEY TALKED ABOUT in "Night Nurse" and "Illicit"

At last! Her radiant beauty, her throbbing artistry are given the sweep and sway deserved by the most entrancing personality on the screen. See her now in all her seductive glory as a girl who asked all men for love—and tricked them when they offered it! Is she really wicked—or just maddeningly, fatally alluring? Find out in the most startling Stanwyck hit in years!



Barbara STANWYCK in "LADIES THEY TALK ABOUT"

With Preston S. Foster, Lyle Talbot. Directed by Howard Bretherton & William Keighley. Add it to "I Am A Fugitive", "Silver Dollar", "20,000 Years in Sing Sing", and others in the amazing list of hits from

WARNER BROS.

Consult this picture shopping guide and save your time, money and disposition

Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

★ *Indicates photoplay was named as one of the best upon its month of review*

AFRAID TO TALK — Universal. — (Reviewed under title "Merry-Go-Round.") This one is an exposé of some crooked police methods. Gripping and timely, but not for children. Eric Linden's work stands out. (*Nov.*)

★ **AGE OF CONSENT, THE**—RKO-Radio.—Here's your chance for a true-to-life look at a co-educational college. And don't miss Dorothy Wilson, a newcomer, who does exceptional acting. (*Sept.*)

★ **AIRMAIL**—Universal.—Thriller of Uncle Sam's extra-fare mail with a virile, romantic background. Ralph Bellamy as the airport superintendent and Pat O'Brien as the daredevil stunter shine. Gloria Stuart and Lilian Bond are the girls. (*Dec.*)

ALIAS MARY SMITH—Mayfair Pictures.—Not much to this one, except an interesting cast. (*Nov.*)

★ **ALL-AMERICAN, THE**—Universal.—A picture for the whole family, gridiron-wise or not. Dick Arlen and June Clyde sparkle romantically. Jimmy Gleason and Andy Devine pass loads of laughs. And thirty-five pigskin stars play a thriller. (*Dec.*)

★ **AMERICAN MADNESS**—Columbia.—Here is the first picture that looks "The Depression" straight in the eye. Don't miss it! Walter Huston's performance is flawless. (*Sept.*)

★ **ANIMAL KINGDOM, THE**—RKO-Radio.—Leslie Howard and Ann Harding perfectly cast—the story subtle, human, with perfect dialogue. Ann as mistress wins out over the "nasty-nice" wife played by Myrna Loy. Be sure to see this. (*Feb.*)

AREN'T WE ALL?—Paramount-British Prod.—Gertrude Lawrence in a very British, very, very talkie Lonsdale comedy. (*Sept.*)

BACHELOR'S FOLLY — World Wide-Gainsborough.—All about honor among race-horse owners. With those two real-life romancers, Herbert Marshall and Edna Best. (*Sept.*)

★ **BACK STREET**—Universal.—Fannie Hurst's heartrending tale of unconventional love, in which Irene Dunne and John Boles rise to new heights. (*Sept.*)

BALL, THE (Le Bal)—Vandal-Delac Prod.—Amusing, though weak French film of middle-class family who go "society" with sudden wealth. Knowledge of French not necessary. (*Dec.*)

BARBERINA, THE KING'S DANCER—Capital Film.—Well presented German picture, with Lil Dagover glamorous as a fiery opera ballerina. (*Jan.*)

BEAUTY PARLOR—Chesterfield.—Two little manicurists (Joyce Compton and Barbara Kent) find it pays to be good, even in a beauty parlor. (*Oct.*)

★ **BIG BROADCAST, THE**—Paramount.—Here's novelty—romance and swell fun in a radio locale. Stuart Erwin, Leila Hyams—and Bing Crosby with a galaxy of radio stars doing their best stuff. Weak story, grand music. (*Dec.*)

BIG STAMPEDE, THE—Warners.—Typical Western characters well portrayed. John Wayne and Noah Beery. (*Nov.*)

★ **BILL OF DIVORCEMENT, A**—RKO-Radio—Unusual and dramatic story concerning an inherited taint of insanity, powerfully acted by John Barrymore, Billie Burke and a sensational newcomer, Katharine Hepburn. (*Nov.*)

★ **BIRD OF PARADISE**—RKO-Radio.—A real million dollar production with romantic love scenes, beautifully played by Dolores Del Rio and Joel McCrea. But the story seems out of date now. (*Oct.*)

★ **BITTER TEA OF GENERAL YEN, THE**—Columbia.—The *General* (Nils Asther) tries to convert a Christian (Barbara Stanwyck), losing his life. Shanghai battle background; slow but absorbing. Nils steals the show from Barbara. (*Feb.*)

BLAME THE WOMAN—Principal.—Adolphe Menjou suave as a gentleman jewel thief—woman-proof till double-crossed by a girl crook. British-made. (*Jan.*)

BLONDE VENUS—Paramount.—A mother-love story in which Marlene Dietrich does best work in the exotic scenes and Herbert Marshall is unforgetable as the soul-torn husband. (*Nov.*)

Winners' names

in

"Gag" Contest

will be found on page 112, this issue of

PHOTOPLAY

$1,000 is divided among the lucky 107 who led the field.

BLONDIE OF THE FOLLIES—M-G-M.—Interesting backstage atmosphere. Marion Davies and Billie Dove play Follies Girls rôles and Robert Montgomery and Jimmy Durante furnish the romance and comedy. (*Oct.*)

BREACH OF PROMISE—World Wide.—Small town girl sues political candidate for breach of promise, with unexpected results. Even Mae Clarke and Chester Morris could not lift this above the ordinary. (*Nov.*)

CABIN IN THE COTTON, THE — First National.—Dick Barthelmess excellent in this well-told story of the Old South. Bette Davis and Dorothy Jordan add "girl interest." (*Oct.*)

★ **CALL HER SAVAGE**—Fox.—Clara Bow comes back with the best performance of her career. You'll want to see this old-new Clara. Monroe Owsley, Thelma Todd and Anthony Jowitt give excellent support. (*Jan.*)

CENTRAL PARK—First National.—Good entertainment. Thrills galore keep you excited throughout. Joan Blondell and Wallace Ford. (*Jan.*)

CHANDU, THE MAGICIAN—Fox.—Edmund Lowe as Chandu, modern worker of magic, in an exciting picture. Bela Lugosi helps provide thrills. For the whole family. (*Nov.*)

COMRADESHIP—Nero Prod.—Realistic and impressive German film of men trapped in a blazing coal mine, revealing the brotherliness and self-sacrifice inspired by tragedy. (*Jan.*)

★ **CONGORILLA**—Fox.—Mr. and Mrs. Martin Johnson's adventures among a tribe of Congo pygmies in Africa. Great stuff! (*Sept.*)

★ **CONQUERORS, THE** — RKO-Radio.—Splendid! Linking three generations with tomorrow—practically the story of America's progress since 1870. Ann Harding and Richard Dix are superb as husband and wife. (*Jan.*)

COWBOY COUNSELLOR, THE—First Division-Allied.—The days of sheriffs with huge "soup strainers." Hoot Gibson becomes a bogus lawyer to defend "the girl." Sheila Mannors' work deserves promotion. (*Dec.*)

CRASH, THE—First National.—Yes, it's about the Depression. But it's even more depressing to see Ruth Chatterton and husband George Brent wasted on such an unbelievable story. (*Oct.*)

CROOKED CIRCLE, THE—World Wide.—Snappy mystery-comedy, with ZaSu Pitts as a maid and Jimmy Gleason as a cop furnishing the laughs, and Ben Lyon and Irene Purcell supplying the romance. (*Nov.*)

CROONER—First National.—Hands a loud but amusing razz to radio crooners. David Manners plays the college lad who croons his way to fame, and Ken Murray and Ann Dvorak help make it entertaining. (*Oct.*)

CRUSADER, THE—Majestic Pictures.—Law and press war on crime and enmesh the reformer's family in scandal. H. B. Warner, Evelyn Brent, Ned Sparks and Lew Cody head the cast. (*Dec.*)

★ **CYNARA**—Goldwyn-United Artists.—Drama of a happy husband suddenly enmeshed in an "affair." Ronald Colman the husband; Kay Francis the wife; Phyllis Barry the other woman. (*Jan.*)

DANGERS OF THE ARCTIC—Explorer's Film Prod.—If you're an ardent travelog fan, you may want to add this to your collection. Not unusual. (*Sept.*)

DAS SCHOENE ABENTEUER (ENCHANTED ESCAPADE) — UFA. — A bright little German comedy about a girl (Kaethe von Nagy) who flees her own wedding, only to strike plenty of comic trouble. (*Feb.*)

DAVID GOLDER—Vandal-Delac Prod.—French with English subtitles. Golder, after amassing wealth, finds his wife faithless, his daughter scheming and his partners false. Sad but well done. (*Jan.*)

DEATH KISS, THE—World Wide.—A studio murder mystery, solved by a scenario writer (David Manners). Knockout cast, but Adrienne Ames has little to do. (*Feb.*)

DEVIL AND THE DEEP—Paramount.—Introducing Charles Laughton, an actor you'll remember. Triangle stuff, with Laughton a jealous, crazed submarine commander, Tallulah Bankhead the wife and Gary Cooper the lover. Breathtaking undersea shots. (*Oct.*)

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 14]

Hollywood's Roll of Honor

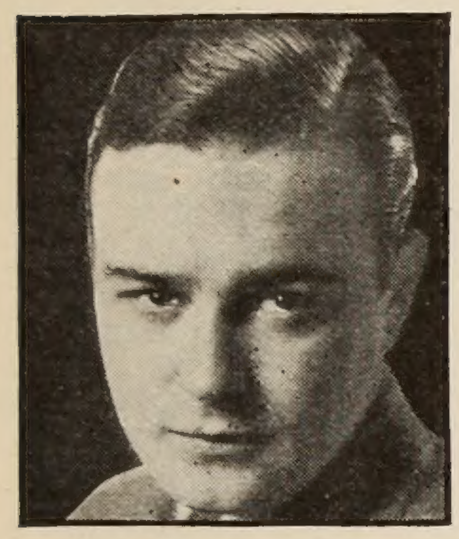
AND ALL OF THEM IN

STATE FAIR



JANET GAYNOR

as "Margy Frake" who falls in love with "Pat Gilbert" (Lew Ayres).



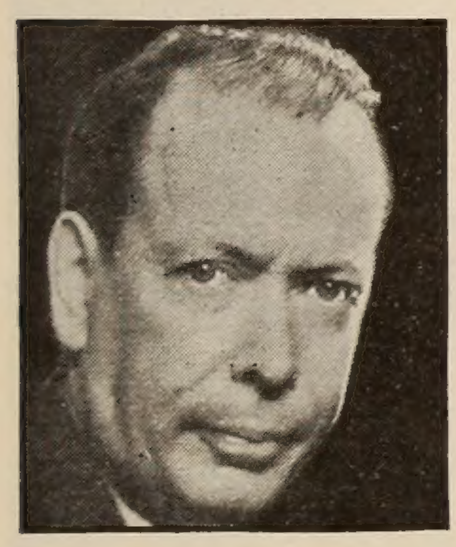
LEW AYRES

as "Pat Gilbert," reporter, and Margy's sweetheart.



NORMAN FOSTER

"Wayne Frake," son of Abel, who falls for "Emily Joyce" (Sally Eilers).



FRANK CRAVEN

the storekeeper, a dour country philosopher.



WILL ROGERS

as "Abel Frake" father of Margy and owner of "Blue Boy".



SALLY EILERS

as "Emily Joyce," a performer at the fair.



LOUISE DRESSER

as "Melissa Frake" mother of Margy and Wayne.



VICTOR JORY

Barker for the Hoopla Stand at the "State Fair."

• Another sensational screen treat from FOX. Phil Stong's best seller, "State Fair" —the novel that millions are talking about —with these eight popular screen stars in the leading roles, is already being hailed as one of the outstanding hits of 1933. Whether you read the book or not, here is ONE PICTURE EVERYONE WILL WANT TO SEE!

•

A HENRY KING Production

FOX PICTURE

What the Audience Thinks

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6]



In "The Bitter Tea of General Yen" Barbara Stanwyck and Nils Asther give such superb portrayals that one of our readers hopes if their work cannot be equaled, the producers will let Oriental films rest forever

interested in an Oriental portrayal. My sincere wish is that you either continue giving us such fine characterizations or, if it is not possible to equal "The Bitter Tea of General Yen," let Oriental pictures rest forever.

MARY J. TRACHT, Shelby, Ohio

"Smilin' Through," that perfect screen drama, left me all aglow with emotions that seem to have been slumbering for many years. I felt deeply moved and inspired.

Norma Shearer must be very proud of this latest of her accomplishments. In it she proves her versatility as an actress.

Of the performances of Fredric March and Leslie Howard enough cannot be said in praise.

MRS. JESSE W. KOCH, Lynbrook, L. I.

PÆANS TO "A FAREWELL TO ARMS"

It didn't matter that I was twenty-five minutes late, that I forgot my car was parked on a "one-way" street, that the detour cost me fifteen precious minutes in which I managed to run into a car, and that my husband was a little tired of waiting. Nothing mattered.

The reason? I was still in a different world, remembering as I shall always, the superb performance of Helen Hayes, Gary Cooper and Adolphe Menjou in "A Farewell to Arms."

GLADYS CARPENTER, Springfield, Mass.

Movies good and bad I've seen, but the finest one was "A Farewell to Arms," with Gary Cooper and Helen Hayes. That story with such two fine actors can actually make most people ashamed of their marriage and love. The love in that beautiful story is like a breath of a sacred flower. God knows why all loves couldn't be like that.

DOROTHY BRADFORD CHILES, San Antonio, Tex.

I read that "A Farewell to Arms" was to be released both with a sad and a happy ending. Evidently, the public must be considered as too tenderly constituted to view the original tragedy as Hemingway wrote it. I resent this implication.

EDNA MAY EWERT, Peabody, Kansas

ANTICIPATION

No other Hollywood actor could have been better suited to the rôle of the gentlemanly tough in "Night After Night," than George Raft. I can hardly wait until I have an opportunity to see him in "Under-cover Man," with Nancy Carroll. I just know it's going to be good.

And I'm simply squealing for more Raft interviews, and bigger and better Raft portraits in PHOTOPLAY.

LUCILE BULL, Tampa, Florida

I think Nancy Carroll is one of the screen's best performers, as well as a sparkling beauty with an amazing personality. She was grand in "Hot Saturday," and in her more recent production, "Under-cover Man," she played the rôle of *Nora* superbly.

A combination of just enough sophistication and just enough sweetness. I always eagerly await Nancy's films.

RICHARD PARLIER, Charlotte, N. C.

WELCOME BACK, CLARA

The great question of the season has been, "Can Clara come back?" Now, "Call Her Savage" has appeared, and the almost unanimous verdict has been "Yes!"

I think Clara's success is due to the fact that she represents the type of girl every young woman wants to be and every young man wants for a sweetheart—lovely and lovable, full of fun and pep. She represents Eternal Youth!

MRS. MARY E. ROONEY, Boston, Mass.

Keep up the good work and the world will bow down to the "Great Bow," and no "Gar" prefixed to it, either.

MRS. AILEEN LEFFLER, Louisville, Ky.

Call her savage? Well, I declare. What's become of the little savage sailor girl who used to tame the United States Navy as easily as Barney Google's Sully tames wrestling comeons?

Say, mister, who is that sweet little girl that looks at you so innocently? Where's my old sweetheart, where's the *savage* lady? Yes, that's what I mean, where oh where is Clara Bow?

Ed W. STEINBRENNER, Sioux City, Iowa

Connie Bennett and Kay Francis may wear beautiful gowns but they had better watch out for our Clara. She may take the name of Hollywood's best-dressed woman.

M. D. REISBECK, Denver, Colo.

Why, oh why, did Clara dress in sleek "Kay Francis" clothes? Bow is no Norma Shearer, nor can she emulate Kay Francis in dress. But how she does wear underwear! Better than Alice White!

MRS. BELLE KURLAND, Denver, Colo.

"FLESH"

In my opinion, Wallace Beery is one of the most natural actors on the screen today. His work in "Flesh" deserves high praise. No other actor could have played the part of *Polikai* so ably as Beery. Name him "King of Movieland."

BETTY LA FOND, Indianapolis, Ind.

What's the idea of making Ricardo Cortez play second fiddle to Wallace Beery in "Flesh"? Ricci doesn't have to play second fiddle to anybody. He's versatile, and can act. He's got a better profile than a certain actor who seems to be sublimely unaware that his profile has slipped ages ago. Ladies dream about Ricci, men like him. Give him a hand, he's not afraid of work.

EDWINA GREEN, Baltimore, Md.

MICKEY ENDEARS ALL MICE

This is perhaps a different type of reader-comment, for it is about the Star of Stars! We moved to this place in the country, and the house was old and at night we couldn't sleep for the scampering and scratching of mice. Not caring for cats, I bought mouse traps. After that I would lie awake nights waiting for the deadly click of the traps, and thinking of all the joy and laughter Mickey Mouse had brought to the world, and I felt as guilty as a criminal.

MRS. E. PRITCHARD, Taylorton, Sask., Can.

Mickey Mouse's fame will never die. His antics in Disney's animated cartoons make for radiant happiness. He takes you into the

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 12]



George Raft and Nancy Carroll—teamed with him in "Under-cover Man"—demonstrate the work which is drawing George lots of notice. One reader would like to kill two birds with one stone, by having George do a screen life of Valentino

"The BIG CAGE" with CLYDE BEATTY

ANITA PAGE ★ ANDY DEVINE

RAYMOND HATTON ★ VINCE BARNETT

MICKEY ROONEY ★ WALLACE FORD

★

No man in history ever threw forty lions and tigers into one cage, then *jumped in* with and *controlled* them. Thus appears CLYDE BEATTY, the world's *greatest* and *bravest* in his line, in UNIVERSAL'S remarkably thrilling picture, "THE BIG CAGE."

There have been many wild-animal pictures, but *never one like this,* in which the wildest of snarling beasts are but the background for extraordinary romance and tragedy. THRILLS? *Just imagine* a terrific storm raging and all these animals breaking loose from their cages. *You* will ask us how such a picture can be filmed.

Presented by
CARL LAEMMLE

Directed by
KURT NEUMANN

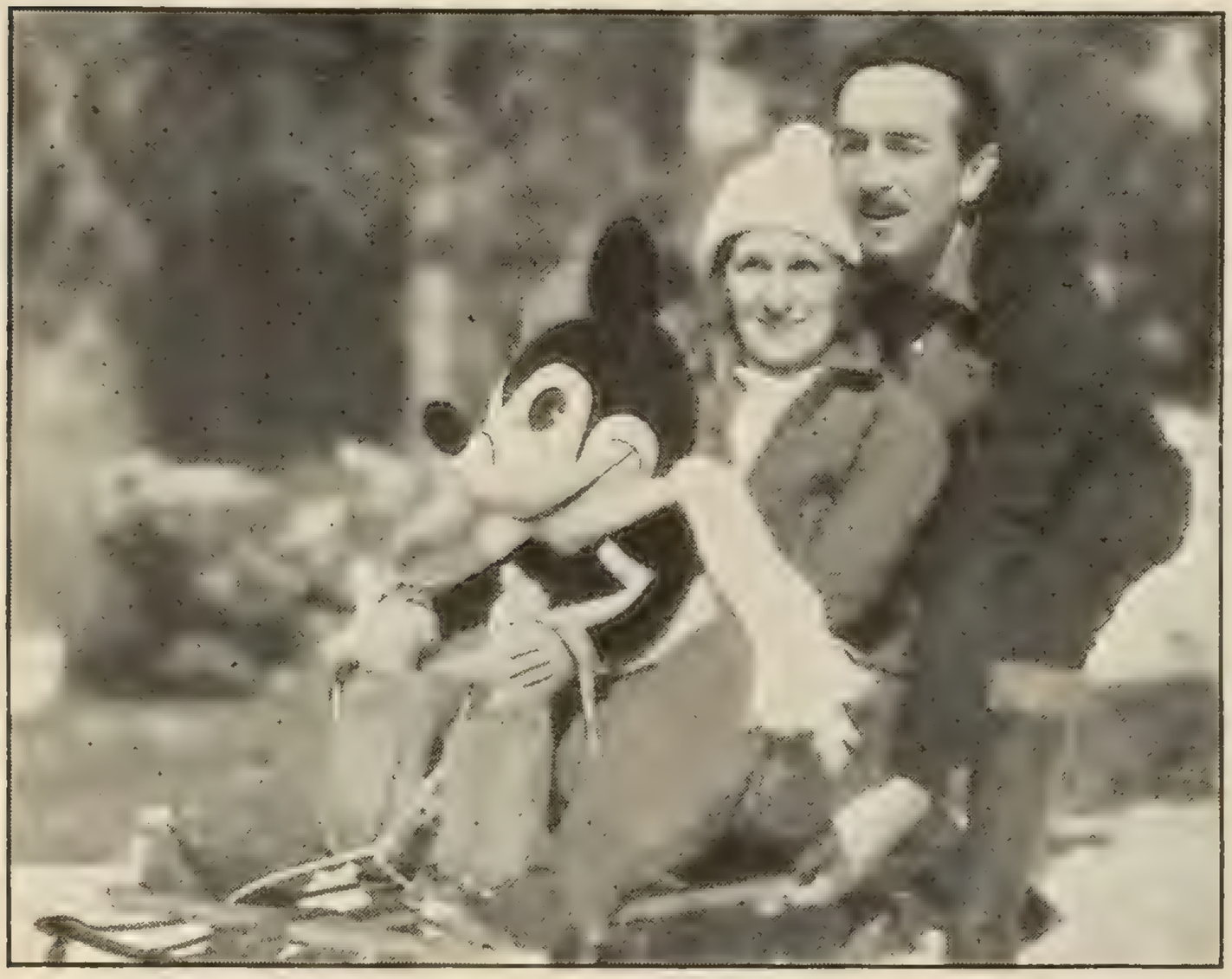
Produced by
CARL LAEMMLE, Jr.



IT'S A UNIVERSAL

More Brickbats & Bouquets

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10]



Well, folks, here we have *Sir Michael Rodent* taking his mama and papa (Walt and Mrs. Disney) for a "ride" during the snow party at Lake Arrowhead, in his honor. Bouquets for Mickey prove that his antics still amuse young and old

land of unreality in which he lives—where simple objects are transformed into very elegant ones. Mickey's one comedian that invariably evokes a good hearty laugh from his audience.

ADRIENNE WARFIELD, Boston, Mass.

ADDS INTEREST

To me the most satisfying improvement in recent pictures is the one of the company that gives the cast at the end of the picture as well as in the beginning. I am sure many people like myself have noticed the particularly fine work of a supporting member of the cast and wondered all through the performance who it was; but not wishing to stay till the picture was shown again have left the theater with the feeling that the evening was not quite a hundred per cent. I sincerely wish that all the companies would adopt this idea.

JEANETTE L. BELL, Springdale, Conn.

AN INDELIBLE MEMORY

The memory of the never-to-be-forgotten performance of Jeanne Eagels cannot but burden the brilliant young actress who is giving us a new *Sadie* and who is doing it splendidly! All hail to Joan Crawford! Her *Sadie* arouses your sympathy, stirs your emotions, and compels your highest respect and admiration for this indomitable actress who is fast ascending the heights of screendom. Were it not for the lingering memory of that other *Sadie*, the character that Miss Crawford gives us would be enough to bring her any awards the screen may have to offer.

CATHERINE NEWTON, Minneapolis, Minn.

I have just seen "Rain." Never has Joan Crawford given us such a colorless performance. Walter Huston, with his marvelous technique, far outshines Joan. Nevertheless, I am patiently waiting to see Joan exploit her dramatic powers in "Today We Live."

MRS. FRANK KARRAS, Detroit, Mich

"MAEDCHEN IN UNIFORM"

I have just seen a movie audience literally plucked from its seat and set down in far-distant Prussia. I have seen it sit silently at the end of a picture still unable to dissolve itself into the world as housewives, stenographers, business men and school children.

"Maedchen in Uniform" has set a new level of artistic and beautiful cinematic work. Strangely enough, it is entirely the product of women, written, directed and acted entirely by members of the feminine sex. And what is more astonishing, one doesn't miss the men. Although the dialogue is in German, the audience is easily able to follow the story from the eloquently expressive acting.

ANN BODINE, University City, Mo.

WE WANT LEE!

I think some one ought to put the public wise to keep an eye on this boy, Lee Tracy, who gives such a perfect performance in "Doctor X." Here, folks, is a real genius. For fine acting ability, Tracy has them all taking a back seat. He's no John Gilbert or Robert Montgomery when it comes to looks, but can that boy hold his own in acting!

DOROTHY HAFEMEISTER, Oshkosh, Wis.

A LETTER TO MARY

A hint to the Queen of the movies. The only Mary Pickford! Why are our fairy stories not filmed at the Christmas holiday season? My, how we used to enjoy the old pantomimes!

Mary dear, instead of hunting around for stories, why not give us Cinderella, Jack and the Beanstalk, etc., and go down in history as one of the great actresses on the screen, where we could take the children always to see something truly fine?

ELIZABETH ELLENBERG, San Francisco, Calif.

PRACTICAL FASHION HINTS

I have a grown-up daughter and I fashion all her wardrobe. We study the styles each month in the PHOTOPLAY and in all modern pictures on the screen, and I copy any that are practical for our use. And so for a very small sum, my daughter has clothes that are different and entirely up to the minute.

MRS. JOHN POTTS, New Albany, Ind.

FILM VERSIONS OF BOOKS

Though some people have an emphatic distaste for movie versions of books they have read, I seldom go to movies except to see just such a picture. "Anna Karenina," "A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court," "Lorna Doone," "Lady of the Lake," "So Big," "Resurrection," "Arrowsmith" and "Camille" are but a few stories that have survived that acid test for me. Despite the fact that all these stories when filmed were not absolutely identical with the originals, I found them interesting. The changes were so slight that I could revive faded memories of the original, which I had usually read long before. Then, too, those changes lent new suspense to the original plot.

E. CORTELYOU, Columbus, O.



Opinions still differ—mightily—about Joan Crawford's work in "Rain." Some say "fine" and some shake their heads. It may help your decision on Joan's ability, to glimpse her at work in her latest picture, "Today We Live," with Robert Young

Red chapped hands

made smooth and white in 3 days!

Soreness relieved instantly

EVERY TIME you wash dishes, clothes, peel vegetables, clean with harsh alkali cleansers or put your hands in hot water, you dry out the precious protecting oils in your skin.

The skin then roughens and if exposed to winter weather, chaps and cracks open. Hands then become so unsightly they seem fairly to shout "housework!" to all who see them. And often they're so painful you almost want to cry.



But now, with a dainty *chiffon-weight* cream you can instantly put back the natural lubricating oils in your skin—and secure immediate relief from all pain. The moment you apply it, your hands actually feel soft and soothed. It's almost like magic!

And in 3 days the skin is completely healed—without a sign of those rough, ugly cracks, those swollen knuckles, that dry chapped scaliness.

Does not dry the skin

This dainty liquid is called Hinds Honey and Almond Cream. It is not a weak, thinned-out lotion. It is not a thick, gummy jelly. Such preparations often contain excessive drying substances that coarsen and parch the skin. Hinds is entirely different—a delicate, *chiffon-weight* cream that is gratefully absorbed by the dry, thirsty pores. Hinds actually leaves an invisible "*second skin*" that acts as a constant protection to your hands.

Thousands of housewives, business girls, sportsmen and outdoor playing youngsters, from coast to coast, depend on this simple method to keep their hands smooth and comfortable.



***A 7-day trial bottle for you*—FREE**

Try Hinds at our expense. Mail coupon at right for a 7-day trial bottle. Smooth it on after any hand-roughening task, after exposure and *always* before going to bed at night. The very first day should see hands much softer and whiter—hardly a hint of chapping. Next day, still lovelier. The third day, a complete transformation! And to *keep* this new loveliness always, just *continue* using Hinds. Regular use is the secret! An aid in manicuring, too. Fill out and mail coupon *now*.

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DO YOU *Believe* in **SIGNS?**

Claims of competing tomato juices are everywhere. Don't be confused. Selection is really simple, if you remember one magic word — COCKTAIL — College Inn Tomato Juice *Cocktail.*

You will ban mediocrity if you specify the original Tomato Juice Cocktail as prepared by College Inn. Here's the better tomato drink, smart, full-flavored, full-bodied, with a tang and a zest that characterizes the better things of life.

Unseasoned tomato juice is flat, uninteresting, ordinary. Why drink it? You season the soup —there's sauce for your meat, or fish. Say distinctly: College Inn Tomato Juice *Cocktail.* It's the sign of the epicure!

College Inn

THE ORIGINAL TOMATO JUICE COCKTAIL

COLLEGE INN FOOD PRODUCTS CO.

Hotel Sherman, Chicago • 415 Greenwich St., New York

Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8]

DEVIL IS DRIVING, THE — Paramount. — Edmund Lowe, James Gleason and Dickie Moore in a not-so-good gangster-garage thriller. (*Feb.*)

DIVORCE IN THE FAMILY——M-G-M.— Jackie Cooper's best since "The Champ." All about what happens to children when parents divorce and marry again. Lois Wilson, Lewis Stone and Conrad Nagel are the grown-ups. (*Oct.*)

DOWNSTAIRS—M-G-M.—Jack Gilbert does his best work in a long time as a chauffeur who bestows his attentions on both his lady boss and her maid. (*Sept.*)

DOWN TO EARTH — Fox. — In which Will Rogers gives some good advice about the depression. An entertaining little film. (*Sept.*)

EMPLOYEES' ENTRANCE—First National.— Warren William superb as the heartless department store manager who poisons life for his employees, Wally Ford and Loretta Young. Good entertainment. (*Feb.*)

EVENINGS FOR SALE—Paramount.—Sparkle, artistry and romance stud this story of post-war Viennese society. There are Mary Boland, the sentimental American millionairess, Herbert Marshall, the pauperized nobleman, charming Sari Maritza, and a *very* sober Charlie Ruggles. (*Jan.*)

EXPOSED—Eagle Prod.—The honest hero turns "stool" to trap a gang. Follow the moss-grown lovers' misunderstandings. Too much for Barbara Kent and William Collier, Jr. (*Dec.*)

EXPOSURE—Tower Prod.—Good cast, but a weak story about a newspaper columnist. (*Nov.*)

FAITHLESS—M-G-M.—Tallulah Bankhead rates cheers as an heiress in love with struggling Robert Montgomery. Crash! "Primroses" for Tallulah, skids for Bob. The depths reunite them. Sincere acting overcomes triteness. (*Dec.*)

FALSE FACES—World Wide.—Startling, with a brand-new idea—an exposé of malpractice in "face lifting." Lowell Sherman is the suave, unethical doctor, and directed excellently. Peggy Shannon and Lila Lee please. (*Dec.*)

★ **FAREWELL TO ARMS, A**—Paramount.— Helen Hayes, Gary Cooper and Director Frank Borzage turn the Hemingway novel of the poignantly beautiful love affair between the lieutenant and the nurse into a triumph of screen artistry. Don't miss it. (*Feb.*)

FAST LIFE—M-G-M.—The younger generation does some speed-boating, with Madge Evans as love interest and Conrad Nagel attempting villainy. (*Feb.*)

FIGHTING GENTLEMAN, THE—Freuler Film. —Fast moving but trite. Good prize ring scenes with ex-champ Jim Jeffries as referee. William Collier, Jr., and Josephine Dunn enliven an antique plot. (*Dec.*)

★ **FIRST YEAR, THE**—Fox.—Janet Gaynor and Charlie Farrell in a story about the treacherous quicksands of marriage's first year. Well worth seeing. (*Sept.*)

FLAMING GUNS—Universal.—Tom Mix subdues those cattle rustlers again—and wins Ruth Hall. (*Feb.*)

★ **FLESH**—M-G-M.—Wally Beery tries wrestling this time and almost achieves another "Champ." Poor dumb Wally, as a beer-garden waiter-grappler, is crossed by his wife (Karen Morley) and her lover (Ricardo Cortez). Splendidly done. (*Feb.*)

FORBIDDEN COMPANY — Invincible. — Just another story of the rich young man and the poor girl. Ho-hum! (*Sept.*)

FORTY-NINERS, THE—Freuler Film.—Looks like reassembled stock film shot when "The Covered Wagon" was screened. Bustling, but not thrilling. (*Feb.*)

FOURTH HORSEMAN, THE—Universal.— Take the children to Tom Mix's best in an age. Little dialogue but packed with thrilling action. (*Dec.*)

FRISCO JENNY—First National.—Ruth Chatterton great in a variation of "Madame X." (*Feb.*)

GIRL FROM CALGARY, THE—First Division-Monogram.—Fifi Dorsay as a Follies girl, saved from a designing millionaire by her press-agent. (*Nov.*)

GOLDEN WEST, THE—Fox.—Zane Grey Western with a Kentucky feud and a wholesale Indian massacre. George O'Brien is dressed almost as Adam. (*Dec.*)

GOONA-GOONA—First Division.—A charming love story taken from an island of Bali legend. All native cast. (*Sept.*)

GUILTY AS HELL—Paramount.—Mystery with a chuckle. Murder with a wisecrack. And that sparkling friendly-enemies team of Edmund Lowe and Victor McLaglen. (*Oct.*)

Photoplays Reviewed in the Shadow Stage This Issue

Save this magazine—refer to the criticisms before you pick out your evening's entertainment. Make this your reference list.

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GUILTY OR NOT GUILTY—Monogram.—Melodrama that becomes comedy unintentionally. The trials of a girl convicted of murder, imprisoned and freed only to get in gangsters' clutches. Betty Compson, Claudia Dell and Tom Douglas. (*Jan.*)

★ **HALF-NAKED TRUTH, THE** — RKO-Radio.—Lee Tracy sells Lupe Velez to New York as an Indian princess dancer. A laugh every minute. (*Feb.*)

★ **HAT CHECK GIRL**—Fox.—You'll like this. Sally Eilers plays the pert little check girl and Ben Lyon the wise-cracking son of a millionaire. (*Nov.*)

HAUNTED GOLD—Warners.—A Western with a spooky background—a deserted mine in a ghost town. John Wayne, Sheila Terry and Duke, the horse. (*Jan.*)

HEART PUNCH — Mayfair Pictures. — Wheeler Oakman and Gordon De Main do well in a prize-fight story without much fight or other merit. (*Feb.*)

HEARTS OF HUMANITY—Majestic Pictures.—A cast of capable weepers gathered together in a drama that will make *you* weep, about a widower and a motherless child. Jean Hersholt and Jackie Searl. (*Nov.*)

HE LEARNED ABOUT WOMEN—Paramount.—Stuart Erwin, a wealthy bookworm, engages two women as secretaries. He wins the love of the gold-digging husband-hunter (Susan Fleming) and charms the blackmailer (Alison Skipworth). Very funny. (*Jan.*)

HELL FIRE AUSTIN—World Wide.—Ken Maynard and his horse, Tarzan. Not much story, but plenty of action. (*Sept.*)

HELL'S HIGHWAY—RKO-Radio.—Richard Dix gives a fine performance in this first film of a new cycle dealing with prison chain gangs. Too morbid and brutal for children. (*Nov.*)

HERITAGE OF THE DESERT—Paramount.—Horse opera *de luxe*, chuck-full of shooting and cattle rustling, with virtue triumphing in the end. Randolph Scott and Sally Blane. (*Nov.*)

HER MAD NIGHT—Mayfair Pictures.—A mother (Irene Rich) shielding her daughter from a murder charge. Conway Tearle splendid as family friend and "foe." (*Dec.*)

HIDDEN GOLD—Universal.—Western with forest fire high spot. Tom Mix, little Judith Barrie and Tony, of course. (*Dec.*)

HOLD 'EM JAIL—RKO-Radio.—The kids and grown-ups, too, will get a kick out of Wheeler and Woolsey's impossible gags and the knock-out game by the jail football team. (*Sept.*)

HOLLYWOOD SPEAKS—Columbia.—Not in the running with all the good, true-to-life pictures that have been made about Hollywood. (*Oct.*)

★ **HORSE FEATHERS** — Paramount. — The four mad, hysterical Marx Brothers race through nine uproarious reels and Thelma Todd's bedroom. (*Oct.*)

HOT SATURDAY—Paramount.—Merely amusing, gets nowhere. Cary Grant's part (city slicker) is lifeless. Nancy Carroll is the village belle, Randolph Scott her childhood sweetheart. (*Dec.*)

HYPNOTIZED — World Wide. — Moran and Mack, Wally Ford, Maria Alba, Ernest Torrence do well in a yarn about a man hypnotized on his wedding eve; many spots rather thin. (*Feb.*)

★ **I AM A FUGITIVE FROM A CHAIN GANG**—Warners.—Powerful, timely, brutally real, it castigates the chain gang system. Paul Muni is compelling as the soldier, irked with routine, who goes criminal. He and Director Mervyn LeRoy have made a fine but depressing picture. (*Dec.*)

★ **IF A HAD A MILLION**—Paramount.—A wealthy eccentric (Richard Bennett) gives a million to each of eight persons selected at random. The picture reveals the recipients' lives before and after the gift. Jack Oakie, Frances Dee and Gary Cooper. A new and different type of film fare. (*Jan.*)

IRONMASTER, THE—Allied.—A "millhand to millionaire" story that might have been powerful but lacks polish. Reginald Denny and Lila Lee fail to make their parts realistic. (*Jan.*)

ISLAND OF LOST SOULS — Paramount. — Charles Laughton as a mad scientist who turns animals into humans makes your hair stand on end. Kathleen Burke and Richard Arlen are subjects of gruesome tests. (*Feb.*)

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 114]

These lamps say, "Pickpockets keep out!"



Uncertain "bargain" lamps can pick your pocket. They're apt to waste current, put on black masks too soon or burn out too young. The loss they cost you can pile up...up...to mock the few pennies in price you thought you "saved." Don't let poor lamps pick *your* pocket. Use Edison MAZDA Lamps. They radiate good light at low cost...and each bears the honorable mark GE

For good light at low cost

EDISON MAZDA LAMPS

GENERAL ELECTRIC

General Electric manufactures lamps for all lighting purposes, lamps for home lighting and decoration, automobiles, flashlights, photography, stores, offices and factories, street lighting and signs. Sunlight lamps, too.
General Electric Company, Nela Park, Cleveland, Ohio.

Substantial, Salutary, Savory!



Never was there such delicious onion soup as that "brewed" in the Brown Derby kitchen, saith Wallace Beery

THESE crackling, bleak winter days, when a cozy kitchen is a pleasant place to be, are certainly the opportune time to experiment with new dishes. And why not try something that will appeal to the male members of the family, as well as test your culinary skill. Simple recipes requiring just that added something to make them seem quite novel.

Wally Beery's special at the Brown Derby, famous Hollywood restaurant, is onion soup. Here's the chef's own recipe.

ONION SOUP

Method: Slice two large onions and saute in a skillet, using a generous amount of butter. When they are brown add a quart of rich chicken broth. Heat thoroughly and season to taste. Pour in individual soup bowls, and place half a French roll on top. Sprinkle a tablespoon of grated Parmesan cheese on top of each roll and brown under the broiler flame for five minutes. Enough for six servings.

Henry's, another of the film center's eating places, specializes in German and Hungarian repasts. Among them is one of Charlie Chaplin's favorite dishes:

SAUERBRATEN

4 lbs. beef—chuck or rump
2 onions, sliced
1 ts. peppercorns
3 bay leaves
3 cups vinegar
1 cup water
¼ cup sugar
4 ginger snaps

First, sprinkle the meat with salt and pepper. Place with the onions, bay leaves, peppercorns and ginger snaps in a deep earthen bowl. Add water and vinegar. Meat must be covered by the liquid. Then cover your bowl, put it in a cool place and let stand four days.

Now take out meat and place in an iron kettle, in which you have let out some fat. Brown it on all sides. Add a little of the spiced vinegar. Then put on a tight-fitting cover and allow to cook slowly for three hours, or until tender. Gradually add more of the liquid in which the meat has stood, whenever necessary while cooking.

When done, remove meat, skim off fat in kettle and strain the liquid. Melt the sugar in an iron frying pan, add the strained liquor gradually. To this you may also add a teaspoon or two of flour, if you like your gravy a bit thick. Cook until smooth.

This may appear to be a complicated process, but is really very simple and not nearly so arduous a task as it may seem before giving it a trial. A cookery adventure guaranteed to appease the masculine appetite.

Although not quite ten years old, Jackie Cooper wisely leans toward the wholesome in his selection of foods. An evidence of this is his fondness for—

MACARONI WITH CURRIED VEGETABLES

Cut three carrots, a few mushrooms and one apple into small pieces. Fry in butter. Mix one tablespoon wholewheat flour, one teaspoon curry powder, one teaspoon chutney and sprinkle over vegetables. Add one teaspoon lemon juice. Stir over fire for a minute. Add a pint of boiling water and four ounces of wholewheat macaroni previously boiled until tender. Mix well and cook in double boiler for two hours.

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE
919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Please send me a copy of PHOTOPLAY'S FAMOUS COOK BOOK, containing 150 favorite recipes of the stars. I am enclosing twenty-five cents.

Be sure to write name and address plainly.
You may send either stamps or coin.

HOW IS YOUR FIGURE *in a modern gown?*



LUPE VELEZ, *fiery little screen and stage star, knows the important part that figure plays in modern fashion. She is stunning here, in three entirely different costumes: white lace for evening, simply and beautifully cut; silver fox, most precious of furs, on a sophisticated afternoon ensemble; and the severest of tailleurs for country or morning in town.*

IT IS difficult to get fitted smartly today unless you have a good figure. For current styles emphasize gentle curves. Those whose measurements are a bit generous are sharply restricted in the things they can select.

So, many of us hasten to reduce. Diet and exercise are both necessary. Meals should contain adequate "bulk" to prevent faulty elimination. Otherwise eyes may lose their sparkle. Skins become sallow. Wrinkles appear.

Today you may obtain this necessary "bulk" by eating a delicious cereal. Laboratory tests show that Kellogg's ALL-BRAN supplies "bulk" as well as vitamin B and food-iron. This "bulk" is similar to that of leafy vegetables.

Enjoy ALL-BRAN as a cereal with milk—or use in cooking. Two tablespoonfuls daily are usually sufficient. Isn't this much pleasanter, much safer than taking patent medicines?

Kellogg's ALL-BRAN is not fattening. It helps satisfy hunger without adding many calories to the diet. Recommended by dietitians. Sold by all grocers in the red-and-green package. Made by Kellogg in Battle Creek.

WRITE FOR FREE BOOKLET

"CHARM"

Full of valuable beauty-hints, and advice on charm and health. With special menus for reducing wisely. In addition, leading motion-picture actresses are shown in "fashion close-ups," wearing the costumes that millions of critical eyes will see on the screen. Free upon request.



KELLOGG COMPANY
Dept. C-3, Battle Creek, Michigan

Please send me a free copy of your booklet, "CHARM."

*Name*_____

*Address*_____



She has "IT"...





but not what you think

After one dance they pass her up.

They forget that rose-petal skin, those dreamy eyes, her agreeable manner, her grace on the dance floor . . . She has "IT," all right

—but not what you think!

HOW can this beautiful girl, with breeding and sweetness, ruin her great charm by this undesirable "it" . . . perspiration odor from lingerie that isn't scrupulously fresh.

Of course, she doesn't realize that she's offending. Perhaps she thinks she doesn't perspire. But we all do, even though we don't *feel* sticky. Frequently over a quart a day, doctors say.

Underthings are always absorbing this perspiration, and the odor is bound to cling. Others notice it, even when we aren't aware of it ourselves. Second-day underthings are *never* safe.

Fastidious women don't risk offending in this way. They Lux underthings after *every* wearing . . . it's so quick and easy!

Lux is made to take out perspiration completely and *safely*. It removes all odor, and saves color, protects delicate fabrics.

As everybody knows, perspiration contains substances harmful to silk. By Luxing underthings — stockings, too — after each wearing, you keep them new longer. This dainty habit takes only 4 minutes!

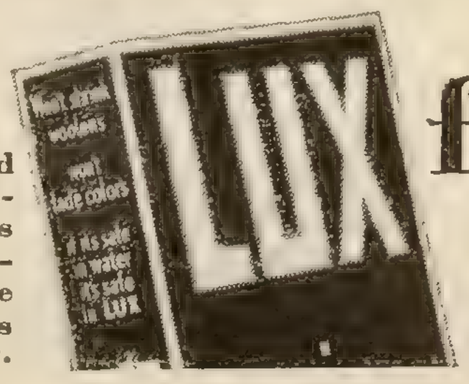
AVOID OFFENDING

Underthings absorb perspiration odor. *Protect daintiness this way*

Wash after each wearing. One tablespoon of Lux does one day's undies . . . stockings, too! Use lukewarm water—Lux dissolves instantly in it. Squeeze suds through fabric, rinse twice.

Avoid ordinary soaps — cakes, powders, chips. These often contain harmful alkali which weakens threads, fades color. Lux has no harmful alkali. Anything safe in water alone is safe in Lux.

MILLIONS of women find Lux *in the dish-pan* the world's most inexpensive beauty care for hands. Costs less than 1¢ a day.



for underthings

removes perspiration odor—saves colors



Irving Lippman

THE critics had mentally filed Loretta Young as a "capable young ingénue" who wouldn't ever rate a rhapsody—*when* along came "Life Begins." She staggered them. About the time they were recovering from that shock, up popped "They Call It Sin," and Loretta completely capsized them. So you never can tell about twenty-year-olds!



Ernest Bachrach

"AN' shure the lad has kissed the Blarney Stone—else why should he be so popular with the lassies?" say the envious ones of Joel McCrea. Yet, Joel continues his state of blessed bachelordom—which probably accounts for his jolly smile. Or perhaps he is pleased with his work in "Rockabye," his latest picture with Constance Bennett



Clarence Sinclair Bull

MEET Mrs. Charles Vidor, née Mildred Linton. Better known as Karen Morley or "the lady who walked alone" . . . until she met a certain young director. If Karen is cool, detached and independent in private life, it doesn't prevent her from being intensely dramatic in her pictures. Her acting in "Flesh," with Wallace Beery, was topnotch



SOME people said she looked like Connie Bennett. Others cried: "There's Karen Morley!" when they first saw her in pictures. But this beautifully molded face, these sculptured lines belong to none other than Carole Lombard who, ever since she added *e* to her name, has been stalked by success. Did numerology do the trick? Possibly!



Is this YOUR picture?

. . . *the picture of an attractive girl* ready, without warning, to have the town's smartest bachelor presented to you? Never a worry, an embarrassing doubt, about how your *complexion* looks at that moment?

Such poise *can be yours*, you know! There is a Face Powder that flatters your complexion by its utterly true tone values, that doesn't betray a shiny nose or brow, and that is really invisible to close up scrutiny!

Its name? Coty! Coty presents a true tone for *every* complexion. Each has a delightful *warmth* and rich depth. None has the flatness of color you see in ordinary face powders. Your *individual* Coty Powder tone will never give you a "made-up" look!

Choose *your favorite* from among the *twelve* pure and fragrant tones Coty *blends*. Be sure to look for the powder-puff box!

THE PERFECT FACE POWDER



William A. Fraker

THEY say John Boles once fanned nineteen batters to win for the University of Texas, and we'd say his comeback after the "singies" went out hints that "Unbeatable" may still be his middle name. If his work opposite Nancy Carroll in "Child of Manhattan" bears out the promise of "Back Street" and "Six Hours to Live," we'll be sure of it

"I'll Follow You"...

Says MisSimplicity to the more or less elusive waistline. The cross-strap back (exclusive in MisSimplicity*!) gives you a high bust and outlines your ribs so you may wear your belt of your frock wherever you choose—or none at all! Model 6605, is of peach satin, fine lace and Kendrick elastic.

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. Pat. No. 1:859:198



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THE H. W. GOSSARD CO., *Division of Associated Apparel Industries,*
Chicago New York San Francisco Dallas Atlanta
London Toronto Sydney Buenos Aires

SCRAP OLD IDEAS ABOUT DIETING

sugar *helps* you reduce!



SAYS **Sylvia** WORLD'S FOREMOST AUTHORITY ON THE CARE OF THE FEMININE FIGURE



Once in a great while I find it harder to rid a Hollywood star of a silly idea than to banish a brace of extra chins. And the silliest idea of them all is the idea that sugar has no place in a reducing diet.

But thank goodness, my clients usually listen to me when I tell them that there is a certain "sugar secret" which will actually help them reduce faster. I am going to give you that "sugar secret" here. But first I want you to read my three simple slenderizing commandments. They're part of the advice I give to all my Hollywood clients in my $100 a half hour consultations.

FIRST: Get sufficient exercise. Walk at least two miles a day in the open air.

SECOND: Shun fat, rich foods, gravies or sauces—*and by all means liquor!*

THIRD: Now get this right—*don't starve yourself* on sugar!

Why you reduce FASTER *with my "sugar secret"*

Sugar is the one food element that most quickly and safely melts away body fats. Why? Because fats are fuel . . . *sugar is the flame.* Late dietetic discoveries prove that. You actually lose that excess poundage faster with the right sweet at the right time.

But what is the best sweet for slenderizing? That's the secret . . . and its name is "Life Savers." I prescribe Life Savers to all my clients because they are a *purposeful* candy for reducing.

In the first place, Life Savers give quickly assimilated sugar energy—without a lot of fat-building bulk. Being hard, they dissolve slowly and deliciously on the tongue, thoroughly satisfying the normal hunger for sugar. Slip one on your tongue as often as you have that sweets hunger—*and don't worry about putting on weight!*

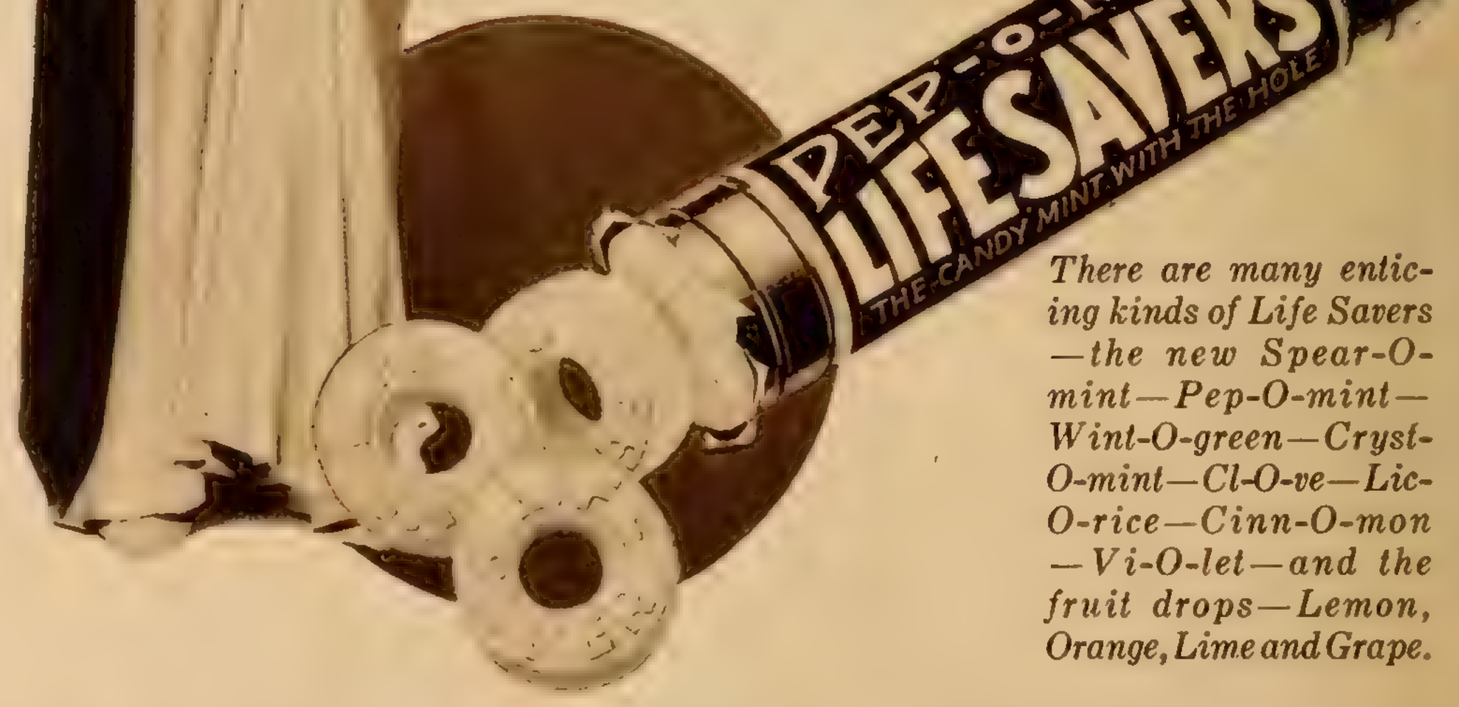
You'll find a Life Savers flavor that you like—there are fourteen members in the Life Savers family. Take your pick. Personally, I'm fond of Cryst-O-mint.

Let's Not Fiddle Around!

I'm in earnest about this reducing business . . . Prove that you are and I'll make you a wonderful gift. This gift is a booklet that sums up information I usually get hundreds of dollars for. Buy two packages of Life Savers and send me the two wrappers with the coupon below . . . and my book comes to you free.

Mme Sylvia

CLAUDETTE COLBERT, *Beautiful Paramount star now being featured in "The Sign of the Cross."*



There are many enticing kinds of Life Savers—the new Spear-O-mint—Pep-O-mint—Wint-O-green—Cryst-O-mint—Cl-O-ve—Lic-O-rice—Cinn-O-mon—Vi-O-let—and the fruit drops—Lemon, Orange, Lime and Grape.

IF YOU MEAN BUSINESS . . . SEND THIS COUPON; IF YOU DON'T, *Don't*

MADAME SYLVIA, c/o Life Savers, Inc.
Dept. P-3-33, Port Chester, N. Y.

Certainly I mean business. Attached are wrappers from two packages of Life Savers. Please mail me your booklet of diet and exercise instructions. (If you live outside the U. S. A. and possessions, or Canada, include 10¢ to cover mailing.) This offer expires December 31, 1933.

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All candy products having the distinctive shape of Life Savers are manufactured by Life Savers, Inc.

PHOTOPLAY

Close-Ups *and* Long-Shots

MIRACLE of miracles! At last one writer is satisfied that Hollywood has done right by his brain child. Noel Coward, distinguished author of the stage play "Cavalcade," is jubilant over the screen version and has congratulated the executives of the Fox Company, its producers. Rather a relief—is it not?—after that parade of malcontents—outstanding members of which were Theodore Dreiser ("An American Tragedy") and Ernest Hemingway ("A Farewell to Arms").

Possibly Coward's opus was fool-proof. However, I do not believe that this is the explanation. Coward is a most skilful craftsman, and it was obviously easier and better to follow the author's plot, rather than to attempt to find some substitute. The case of "Cavalcade" leads me to suspect that authors are sometimes right and that picture producers are not always wrong.

THE fad for burning glances and hot, tempestuous passions is definitely on the wane. The Latin lover type—at least the imported variety—has been displaced by the "made in England" brand, curiously restrained in its amours. These English actors have their own notion of how a man in love should deport himself toward the lady. And the members of the fair sex that attend the movies are inexpressibly surprised and delighted with the change.

The box-office appeal of such finished English actors as Leslie Howard and Herbert Marshall hurried the process already in operation. I believe, however, that the American motion picture public is not sold on English actors as such, but that they sense in them a refinement and subtlety in performance that perhaps have too often been lacking in the general run of screen players.

Motion picture patrons have grown more discriminating and have learned not only to appreciate but to demand those nuances in acting that the more sophisticated audiences of theatrical centers have long not only expected, but demanded, of the stage.

THE "Buy American" movement may or may not affect the motion picture industry. Many of the foreign-born motion picture actors are beginning to wonder whether the idea may result in bias for American actors only.

Hollywood studios are extraordinarily cosmopolitan, and a number of old and rising foreign favorites might conceivably find no call for their services in the face of a united pro-American front. It could easily be argued that neither art nor artist knows any nationality. But argument is often futile in the face of popular movements. When, however, such a picture as "Cavalcade"—British through and through—meets, as it is doing, so tremendous a response from American motion picture patrons, it does not seem likely that the many British actors in the cast are in danger of abruptly losing favor.

Such discrimination would, in the long run, do us more harm than good. American films might be boycotted in foreign markets.

While Russian gasoline continues to sell in enormous quantities in the United States, it would seem rather absurd for us to turn upon actors whose only offense is that they are not American-born.

"WHAT does the public want?" Producers and exhibitors have attempted to answer this question since the beginning of the motion picture industry. A very well-known mid-western exhibitor makes these recommendations:

"One—let the men who nursed this business from the days of the old nickelodeon to the dawn of the talkie determine the type of picture to be made. Send the intellectuals, the sophisticates and highbrows who have nothing but supercilious scorn for this industry, back home.

"Two—quit worshipping the stage; cease looking to it as a chief source for material, inspiration and technique.

"Three—in the field of current literature pay less attention to 'Best-Sellers' and more to 'Best Renters' and regardless of whether it is 'Best' in either class—film it only if it can be filmed—and then let it be adapted only by a person intimately acquainted with movie audiences.

"Four—cease making celluloid novels and transplanted stage plays—make movies."

Unfortunately, these "recommendations" do not solve the problem of "what the public wants." Motion pictures, taken over from stage plays, often are successes; "highbrow" films make a hit with the "masses"; while many a "lowbrow" offering is scorned alike by "intellectuals" and "the common people."

No, there is no formula, no pattern. Each new studio release must, in the nature of things, inevitably be a gamble. Not even the public itself can tell beforehand what it wants. It must see to know.

THIS incident, which occurred during the making of a picture at Paramount, is only typical of the care given children in the studios.

A member of the cast uttered a profane word before little Philip Horimoto. The teacher employed by the board of education to be constantly with the child on the set remonstrated, and the offender expressed his regrets, but the next day he forgot himself again. Whereupon the teacher called a taxicab, took the child home, leaving a waiting motion picture company flat. While overhead mounted, the teacher presented the case to the board of education, which upheld her act. The company was out thousands of dollars and in a panic.

Little Philip returned to work only when a solemn guarantee was given that a similar offense would never again occur in his presence.

TEN years ago PHOTOPLAY published a list of "The Twelve Greatest Figures in Motion Pictures" of that day. The list had been compiled by one of the leading trade journals devoted to films. As PHOTOPLAY explained, "The selections were made, not from the standpoint of popularity, but in an effort to decide on the people who have had the greatest influence and have done the most effective work toward the improvement of the screen." Mary Pickford was the only woman in the list.

David Wark Griffith, Director-producer—Because he was the first director to take the screen seriously, creating the greatest number of useful innovations in production.

Samuel L. Rothafel, Exhibitor—Because he was the first to work at a vision of the great entertainment possibilities of the world's best music with pictures.

Adolph Zukor, President of Paramount Pictures—Because his organization, due largely to his business genius and insight, has assisted in the financial stabilization of pictures.

George Eastman, President Eastman Kodak Company—Because of his dependable production of the fundamental physical supplies; and his Eastman Theater at Rochester, New York.

Mary Pickford, Actress-producer—Because she was the first big box-office attraction and because she has made a sincere effort to keep faith with her public.

Charles Chaplin, Actor, director, producer—Because, judged by all the scientific standards of genius, he is the one genius the motion picture has directly produced.

Douglas Fairbanks, Actor-producer—Because he abandoned an established type of product and gambled in bigger things, through a desire to make better pictures.

Thomas Alva Edison, Inventor—Because he evolved the one workable method of making motion pictures, thus making the films possible as a business.

William A. Johnston, Editor "Motion Picture News"—Because he created and developed a high type of trade journal, and has endeavored to maintain it honestly and fearlessly.

Will H. Hays, Director-general of the film industry—Because he has focussed public attention on pictures; because he led the victory in the Massachusetts censorship battle.

J. D. Williams, Executive—Because he organized First National, which brought the exhibitor in closer touch with the producer.

Cecil B. DeMille, Director—Because he is one of the best optical reporters of our time, combining artistry and entertainment; because he has made many stars.

TWO of the twelve—Eastman and Edison—have passed away; Griffith's name has lost its magic, and some of the others, for reasons due largely to changing conditions, are not of the importance they enjoyed when this list was first published. Rothafel still sits in the seats of the mighty. Radio City—but recently opened—is a monument to his energy and imagination. Will Hays remains the over-lord of the industry, and DeMille one of the great directors. Pickford, Chaplin and Fairbanks continue as international figures.

Who would essay to pick the dozen great ones of today? A difficult task, indeed, far more difficult than was the case only a decade ago.

THEY learn young. The other day, Joan Bennett laid out some shopping money on her dresser and imagine her surprise to see her little daughter, Ditty, just four, walk into the breakfast room with the money in her hand.

"Why, Ditty," Joan said, "where did you get that?"

"Oh, at the studio," said Ditty, tossing her little head. "They've got lots of it to give away for just nothing."

And Joan nearly passed out.

IT isn't the high powered press-agents or publicity ballyhoo that always does the stars the most good. Not always. For instance, in a small Hollywood beauty shop the other day, a customer firmly announced that her favorite movie person was Richard Barthelmess.

"I'm for him because he's square," the woman said. "I live near his chauffeur. They live in a little flat near my home. And in all this depression, that chauffeur has never had one cut, or been laid off without wages while Mr. Barthelmess is away. All the other servants have been treated with the same fairness and consideration. And a man who treats his servants honestly and fairly, is good enough for me on the screen."

And the half dozen customers hurried out to tell their friends about Richard Barthelmess.

KATHRYN DOUGHERTY

The Eyes of Men···The Eyes of Women Judge your Loveliness every day



You can hardly glance out of the window, much less walk in town but that some inquiring eye searches you and your skin. This is the Beauty Contest of life in which all women must compete. Not even a queen escapes it. And a modest country girl can win it · · · if her skin is lovely.



• *Make a rich lather with Camay, a soft cloth and warm water, massaging it into your skin. Rinse with cold water. Then note how soft and fresh your skin feels.*



• *This is creamy-white Camay, the famous beauty soap that thousands of lovely women use for their complexions, for their hands and in their bath.*

Copr. 1933, Procter & Gamble Co.

You may be sprightly and sixteen; fair and forty; or serious and sixty. Yet you cannot deny that every pair of eyes that looks at you commends your beauty or regrets its lack. For life is a Beauty Contest for every woman. And she whose skin is soft and fresh has a wonderful advantage.

THE SOAP OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN

To possess a lovely, clear complexion take infinite care in choosing your beauty soap! Use gentle, creamy-white Camay, the Soap of Beautiful Women! Its lather is rich as cream · · · luxuriant in any kind of water. It is made of pure, delicate oils, safe for the most delicate feminine skin.

NEW LOW PRICES

Never in all your lifetime have you known a soap of such exquisite quality to cost so little! The price of Camay is now so low you will want to buy a dozen cakes today!

CAMAY

THE SOAP OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN



Which Movie Star

Here are a few great favorites among masculine screen personalities. Each, to our mind, has a million dollars' worth of outstanding, vibrant "feminine appeal." We've classified them according to type. Then we analyzed their separate appeals, and found, to our surprise, that we'd discovered a lot of secrets about you women who admire them. What do you think about this? We'd like to have your opinion. THE EDITOR.

WE'VE been suppressing a little theory of our own with considerable effort for some time past. It's all about why we think a certain type of woman goes all weak-kneed and trusting when Clark Gable sets his teeth and flashes an electro-magnetic dimple in her direction.

Or why another type forgets about the roast that's burning, or that she promised little Tommy to take him to the zoo this afternoon, when Leslie Howard starts to make love in that half-serious, half-whimsical manner of his.

When we couldn't keep our pet theory on our chests any longer, we threw on last year's copy of an Agnes hat and rushed off to consult a real authority on the subject.

The authority in question was Dr. John B. Watson, eminent American behaviorist psychologist. Really not half so fearful as it sounds!

Dr. Watson has spent years and years compiling proofs that human behavior is not such a queer, unpredictable thing as some people would have us believe.

According to Dr. Watson, there are certain primal responses in men and women—responses which definitely explain why a certain type of woman is strongly attracted to, say, Ronald Colman, and reacts about as violently to Johnny Weissmuller as she would to her Aunt Tabitha's Maltese cat.

Now, these basic, *potent* motives for the attractions between men and women literally knock in the head all those old *village* axioms, such as:

"Opposites attract," or "There's no accounting for tastes," or "Love is blind." And a hundred others, just as scientifically unsound.

After I finish telling you his ideas and add a few of my own *gratis*, you might let PHOTOPLAY know whether we've typed you correctly.

It's quite possible, of course, that you fit our description of the woman who would desert home and fireside and all the nice, safe things of life after just one good, resounding smack from that hardy fellow, Jimmy Cagney. Yet Jimmy might actually leave you as chill as the peak of Mont Blanc. While, in reality, young, sort-of-fragile "appeal-to-your-mother-instinct" Charlie Farrell or Eric Linden could do things to that



Photomontage by Lazarnick

Dominates You?

By Hilary Lynn

capricious feminine nature of yours that were . . . well . . . positively . . . well, just positively . . . !

But speaking psychologically and very generally, there are two broad classifications into which most normal women will fall:

Those who want to be dominated by their men.

Those who want to do the dominating.

Women who *want to be possessed.* Or women *who want to possess.*

MIND you, when we say *dominate*, we don't mean the "step-on-'em, wipe-up-the-floor-with-'em" kind of thing. Oh, we're being much more subtle than that. Often the subconscious impulse to get the upper hand is softened into a mere desire to "protect."

Have you ever noticed, for example, that there are certain women—and certain men, too. for that matter—who, when in love or attracted to someone of the opposite sex, actually seem to enjoy suffering! Sounds odd, doesn't it?

Yet this is a very normal instinct, to be found in women who want to be mastered. Who want to be completely over-powered by a dominant male personality. Who desire to know definitely that they're yielding!

The highbrows call this impulse *masochism.* And its opposite—the impulse to inflict the suffering—is called *sadism.*

I saw "Flesh" a while ago, a picture that seemed made to explain this type of "suffering" female adoration. The girl, Karen Morley, was madly infatuated with a slick guy (Ricardo Cortez). She knew he was using her for his own ulterior purposes. She knew he was "yellow." She allowed him to beat her. And hating herself for it, she continued to love him and follow out his crooked instructions. Why? Obviously, he had that fatal fascination of the masterful male for her. And she was obviously the type of woman who desired to be enslaved!

And do you remember the amazing popularity of Fannie Brice's song: "My Man"? Of course! That's the way any number of women want their men. If it weren't recognized as true, do you suppose for a minute that vaudeville managers would continue to engage those "sensational Apache dancers, straight from the heart of Montmartre"? That "we love to suffer" business has a widespread appeal that any clever showman recognizes!

Well, then, does your heart burn for Clark Gable? Or expand to the bursting point at the approach of Chester Morris? Go all tight and constricted at the thought of Jimmy Cagney? Do a double flip-flop for Johnny Weissmuller? Well, then . . .!

Now comes a much subtler example of the *masterful male.* The man who stings a woman [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 86]

FUNNY FEUDS *of*

By Sara Hamilton

ILLUSTRATED BY VAN ARSDALE



Lupe Velez draped her arms to the elbows in napkins, imitating Tashman's long white gloves. Imagine Lil's feelings

THERE'S no use talking, when people get mad in Hollywood it's a panic from beginning to end. A trapeze act, tea for two and a wrestling match all in one. A smack 'em down and kiss 'em quick. In fact, it's a riot. A downright riot with everyone joining hands and coming in on the chorus until no one knows who started it or what it was all about (if anything) in the first place.

Dear me!

When people get mad in Podunk, they get normally, healthily mad with just cause and no kidding and that's that. But in Hollywood—

First of all, there's Lupe Velez. Seems Lupe is constantly getting herself into high class feuds. Her first was with exotic Jetta Goudal on "The Drums of Love" set.

The fiery little Mexican was rating too much attention for Miss Goudal's comfort, so Jetta remarked in passing something in Mexican, and Lupe made an emphatic comeback. And for the next two hours of her life the calm and icy Goudal held off by her strong white hands what looked like a sure and active threat of mayhem.

It looked for a while as if Miss Goudal were about to finish "The Drums of Love" in small, fantastic pieces. Which wasn't what Mr. Griffith, the director, had planned at all.

Of course, you remember the time Lupe wrapped her arms to the elbows in white napkins at the Embassy and pretended she was Lil Tashman in long, white gloves. And did Lil burn? Then there's Lupe's take-off on her calm and dignified country woman, Dolores Del Rio. With Dolores saying nothing in public but doing plenty of hot tamale thinking.

Things have been just a bit strained too, between the frank and open Barbara Stanwyck and the terribly elegant Ruth Chatterton, since the day Ruthie walked onto the set where Barbara was making her first screen test. Music blared, people were flying about, and the place seemed all atwitter.

"Deah, oh deah," Ruthie said, "is it necessary ("nessry," Ruth pronounces it) to have all this music and what-not while that young lady makes a test?" Instantly things stopped dead in their sound track. "Listen," Barbara said, and can't you hear her say it? "I don't like this music any better than you. But they want it, so what?"

So what, indeed, as the Chinese say. At any rate, it's been slightly frigid in the Stanwyck-Chatterton vicinity ever since.

THEN, of course, there's that famous clothes feud between Constance Bennett and Lilyan Tashman. And the famous feud between Lil and Eleanor Boardman, when Lil criticized Eleanor's taste in clothes. And the Bennett-Swanson feud when Connie stepped in and annexed Gloria's Marquis and her favorite movie, "Rockabye."

And the newest, hottest Bennett feud is on right now between Connie and the handsome Joel McCrea. It seems Connie proceeded to criticize Mr. McCrea on the set. Joel calmly and deliberately informed Miss Bennett she could, in fact did, get

HOLLYWOOD



Ooh, la, la! What that Maurice thinks of Stu Erwin—and it's mutual, my dears, quite

Buddy Rogers and Dick Powell drove the neighbors crazy of nights in their saxophone duel over pretty Mary Brian

away with that with plenty of people, but not with him, and to everyone's utter astonishment, walked right out of the picture. And the amazed and stunned Miss Bennett was left without a leading man. At this writing the "mad's" still on.

Jimmy Cagney and Eddie Robinson, since their "Public Enemy" and "Little Caesar" hits, eye each other with a slightly glassy and suspicious eye. No gangster should try to outdo another even if it is just a screen scrap.

And let me whisper that Chevalier, *that* Maurice, thinks Stu Erwin is the unfunniest fellow he has ever heard of, while Stu goes around mumbling something about darned Frenchmen think they're cute and they're not. And if "Schnozzle" Durante ever turned up that nose at Buster Keaton the way Jimmy feels like doing, it would call for the lifeboats. Women and children first.

Oh, I tell you, every one feuds in Hollywood. Even the children. For instance, the Coogans just never see Mitzi Green around. And Mitzi simply doesn't know Jackie or Bobby Coogan ever lived.

Some women visitors to the Paramount lot had little Bobby Coogan at their table for lunch while "Skippy" was being made. They were utterly enchanted with the child. So unHollywood like, my dears. So unactorish.

"And don't you just love making movies?" one woman cooed.

"Gee, yes," Bobby piped up.

"And don't you just love little Mitzi Green?" another cooed.

Instantly, there was a change in the child. He laid down his fork and glared. "She's a punk actress," Bobby announced, and strode indignantly away, while six women stared open-mouthed. And flabbergasted.

Oh yes, my hearties. It's Hollywood and you'll feud and like it.

There's one wretched family in Beverly Hills that's been the innocent victim of one of the most hilarious feuds known to mankind. It began between Buddy Rogers and Dick Powell, the lad who scored in "Blessed Event."

BOTH boys are musical. Both boys have been rushing Mary Brian. And what's more, both boys live but one house apart. Dick would take up his saxophone of an evening and toot, "Here Lies Love." Buddy would come right back with his saxophone, "Say It Isn't So," with variations. Then Dick's trombone would blare forth, "I've Still Got a Dollar" and back would come Buddy's trombone with "Brother, Could You Please Spare a Dime." Then Dick's flute would pipe out, "Pul-leeze, Mr. Hemminway," until the poor innocent victims sandwiched between them would run screaming out singing, "Let's Put Out the Lights and Go to Sleep."

So on and on the feud went. With Dick and Mary dancing somewhere one night. Buddy and Mary dancing somewhere the next night. But Dick had one up on Buddy. He could play the violin. Buddy couldn't. So Buddy hires himself a teacher and proceeds to learn violin playing.

Hollywood had no idea where the thing would end when a radio broadcast finally called Buddy out of town. He stood very forlornly in his backyard the morning he left as he mournfully played toward Dick's window, "I Surrender, Dear."

Remember that amazing "mad on" between Gloria Swanson and Pola Negri, when Gloria was [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 100]



Joan the demure, who came, saw, conquered, after all Hollywood thought "no sister need apply," by reversing the expected Bennett tactics

Two's A CROWD!



Brilliant Connie, who literally dazzled her way to the front. But after Joan's quiet, sure rise, all moviedom wonders which system is better

Yes indeed, when they are sisters. But where others failed, Joan had the winning trick

THAT'S usually the case with sisters—two *is* a crowd.

Especially is it the case in Hollywood, where you can count the sisters who have triumphed together on the fingers of one hand. The Gish sisters, Norma and Constance Talmadge, Katharine MacDonald and Mary MacLaren, Viola Dana and Shirley Mason—these are outstanding and, currently, the Bennetts.

Yes, currently, the Bennetts—Constance and Joan. A contrast if there ever was one, and a crowd by themselves.

In fact, Constance alone was quite a crowd when Joan came quietly to Hollywood and put herself in the toughest spot an actress could possibly pick. Constance, already a star, was a scintillating queen of the cinema. She outshone a lot of other stars who, dramatically speaking, are quite as brilliant as she; especially spectacular in everything she was or did, she dazzled the whole movie sphere.

And into the shadow thrown by that glittering dazzle, literally crept little sister Joan.

Joan probably didn't know it at the time—and probably wouldn't have let it stop her if she had—but she was attempting to do the next to impossible, something which had rarely been done before. She intended that her own sun should rise and shine in the face of her sister's resplendent glory.

Perhaps, if she thought about it at all, she thought that Constance's blazing aurora might help her, not realizing that it was bound to be her greatest handicap.

Let's reminisce a little and think how many times that same attempt has been made and what usually happened. Consider Mary Pickford, for instance, and what happened to Lottie. Consider Loretta Young and sister Polly Ann. Consider Lois Wilson and Diana Kane, Marian Marsh and Jeanne Morgan, Laura LaPlante and sister Violet—eh, consider oodles and scads of such examples. Hollywood is full of 'em, for Hollywood, hitherto, has been almost entirely a one-to-a-family town.

Certainly it has been a one-sister town ever since the time of Viola Dana and Shirley Mason, and that was a long, long time ago. They were just about the last pair of sisters to come up together; until, that is, Miss Joan Bennett showed up on the scene.

As everybody knows, Constance, Barbara and Joan are the three daughters of Richard Bennett, a sire of most illustrious name both upon stage and screen. Inasmuch as Bennett *pere* is an actor of such excellence, it was perhaps inevitable that his three daughters should seek theatrical careers; in the Bennett family, the stage is at least as much of a tradition as with the Barrymores.

Constance came, saw, conquered—and how! Barbara, after achieving something of success, retired to raise babies as Mrs. Morton Downey. Joan, the infant of the Bennett *menage*, was the last of the trio to "break in," and consequently most under the gun.

NOT only was she the last of the three to come to Hollywood, but before coming at all she waited to get unhappily married and happily divorced, between the two having a baby of her own. Meanwhile, Connie was shooting up and up like an unloosed comet. Thus Joan was at an enormous disadvantage before she ever got to Hollywood. For Hollywood was using about all of its trumpets tooting for Connie, and there wasn't any wind left over for Joan.

However, Joan was smart.

If Joan had attempted to come, as Connie did, heralded and press-agented, midst copious bouquets and countless wardrobe trunks, here might easily have been a sad, sad story, mates, to relate. If she, too, had attempted to put herself over as the best-dressed woman in the world, earning the biggest movie salary,

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 101]

By Reginald Taviner

Gloria's New Troubles

Husband Michael's film producing urge ends her hopes for quiet rest





Once Gloria was too busy with her film work to be able to take many dinners with her husband. She gave him a part in "Perfect Understanding," and so the situation was reversed. Michael couldn't find time away from the studio

It does seem that nothing can daunt our Gloria Swanson! In spite of recent strain and difficulties, she is looking positively years younger. Perhaps it's the English climate

NO one can picture Gloria Swanson living a truly quiet stretch of existence. Each quiet pause has been, seemingly, merely an interlude between the cascade of emotions over which she has just tumbled, and the dangerous whirlpool looming ahead.

Gloria thought her marriage to Michael Farmer and the birth of her beautiful daughter were to bring that "happiness and peace forever after" which all women believe they want. She thought the same, of course, when she married Wallace Beery, Herbert Somborn and the Marquis de la Falaise.

She believed it when she left Mack Sennett for Paramount; when she repudiated Paramount and twenty thousand dollars a week to produce her own pictures; when she left Hollywood to make a picture in the traditional "quiet peace" of old England.

By Ruth Biery

Right now—with the experiences of childbirth and producing a picture in London behind her—she believes it will come through a quiet farm on the Riviera where she and Michael and the three children can live close to the peace of nature, and forget the turbulence of life entirely. "Retirement" spells "peace" to her imagination, just as every other change has, heretofore, offered it—in imagination.

NATURALLY, it won't happen. In the first place, she can't retire to a farm because her husband does not want it. He wishes to return to Hollywood and study the making of pictures. He has tasted the excitement which always accompanies picture-making and likes it. He would never consent to farm life, not even the colorful one of the Riviera. So to secure her present desire, Gloria would, I firmly believe, be obliged to go her own way, and Michael his.

But deeper far than that, Gloria Swanson is one of the women of our generation who will live drama until death—as Cleopatra was in her age. Gloria can no more remain in peaceful retirement than a skylark could be content in a closet. She belongs to the world of zestful action, high emotion, romance and tempest.

Nothing could be more typically Gloria, from beginning to end, than "Perfect Understanding."

It was not alone Gloria's decision to make a picture in London. Everyone had advised it. They told her how cheaply, how easily, she could do it. They advised her this way and that.

Gloria listened. Somehow, Gloria always listens. As often as she has been ill-advised, still she listens. It is another peculiarity of her type of woman.

The other afternoon, while she was curled into a tiny [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 110]



Is It Goodbye to Each Other as a Studio Team?

UNITED they stand, separated they shall fall! Hollywood is whispering this prediction about Josef Von Sternberg and Marlene Dietrich.

Can it be true that two vivid personalities set up an entity for each other—that one becomes a necessary complement to the other?

Before Von sailed away for his "holiday" in Europe, he told our reporter that he was through with pictures—"sick and tired of the silly stories which had been thrust upon him."

He went on to explain, however, that this did not mean he was through with studios or his own ideas about pictures. Von Sternberg claims his mind was trained along philosophic lines and that fiction is no material out of which to make movies.

He is going to see the world, absorb the feeling of the Orient, live in far-off places where he can shake the studio cobwebs from his mind and come back—sometime perhaps—with ideas which he shall develop. He makes no plans, living entirely on inspirations.

Marlene is his pet prodigy. Wasn't it Von who found her as a struggling nobody in Germany and with his genius eye perceived her possibilities?

Marlene says she realizes that without Von Sternberg's guidance she would no doubt have remained just where she was, in a drab little theater, trying vainly for a place in the sun.

When she left America some time ago, she, too, said she was through. But she wasn't, actually. She returned and when the legal battle with Paramount over breaking her contract was finally adjusted, Marlene went back to Hollywood, like a dutiful little girl, to complete "Song of Songs" under Rouben Mamoulian's direction.

Will Marlene be content to remain in Hollywood under a strange director's tutelage? And if she does, will *any* director, except Von Sternberg, be able to bring out her ethereal loveliness as this one man has been able to do it?

When Marlene came to Hollywood she had already made "The Blue Angel," in Germany, under Von Sternberg's direction, and it was his camera eye which, little by little, developed the soulful qualities which stamp La Dietrich the orchidaceous lady of filmdom.

And Marlene is grateful. Yet, on the other hand, Von Sternberg's genius may never have impressed us if he had not found such promising material as Dietrich with which to work.



Fandom shed tears over its Gaynor-Farrell dream, when Virginia Valli appeared as Charlie's bride



Charlie and Janet sometimes danced together. Lydell and Janet, Charlie and Virginia were all friends

Now What *Next* Janet?

What will follow her separation from Lydell Peck? Even Hollywood will not prophesy

By James Fidler

HOLLYWOOD was stunned by the news of Janet Gaynor's separation from Lydell Peck.

But this is not the first shock Janet has given Hollywood. She did it three years ago when she married Peck at a time when Hollywood expected she would marry Charles Farrell.

And now that Hollywood is again able to sit up and take nourishment, it wonders what connection — if any — lies between Farrell's recent departure from Fox studios and Janet's decision to leave Peck.

In a manner of speaking Janet Gaynor may be said to be a woman with two men in her life — one her screen "sweetheart," Farrell; the other her real life husband, Peck.

The former, her companion in studio work; the latter her home man.

The Gaynor-Farrell screen romance that the public has delighted in has been Hollywood's most enduring speculation. It began in 1926, when the two worked together in "7th Heaven." Before completion of that picture, Hollywood decided they were in love. They seemed so ideally suited, so Hollywood said, with their clean, untarnished, youthful desires and their ambitions. They were two dreamers, and they seemed as complementary to each other as two love birds; as dew to dawn.



And here's Lydell Peck, who many say resembles Charlie. Do you see it or don't you?

Throughout the years that followed "7th Heaven," Hollywood saw the two constantly together, and Hollywood wondered when they would marry. But Hollywood did not know that which I knew: That both Janet and Charlie feared the effect of marriage on their screen future.

Janet said to me one day: "I am afraid to marry. I have been told it might ruin my career."

Then—if not now—Janet regarded her career before all else.

But as sweethearts they were as constant as heart beats. No première was complete without them. They worshipped each other to the music of Cocoanut Grove orchestras. Summer months found them romping and adoring together at Malibu. The sight of one without the other was rarer than wingless angels.

If Charlie was seen alone, the first question asked of him was: "Where is Janet?"

If she was encountered alone, the question became, "Where is Charlie?"

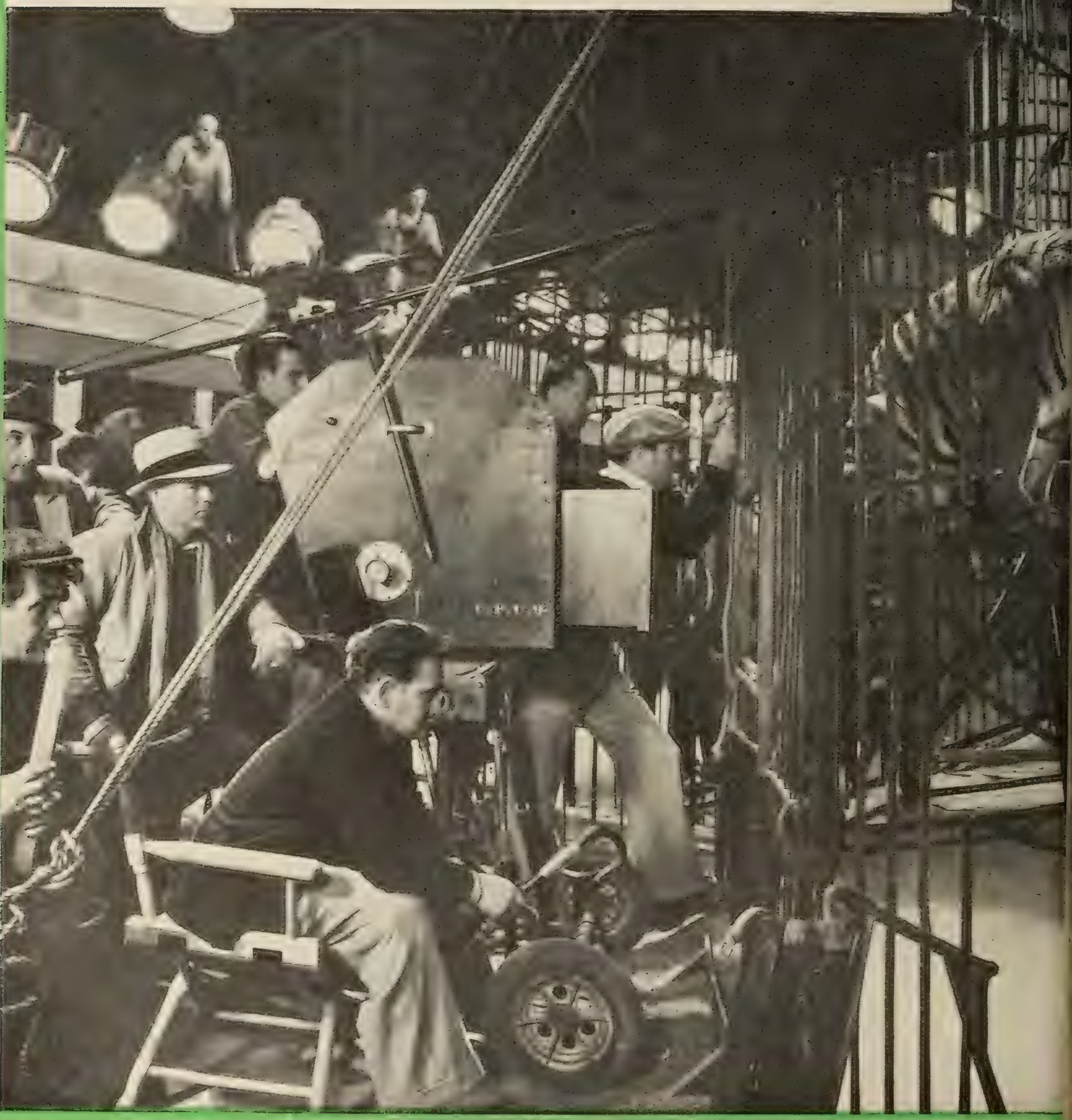
Enter Lydell Peck, a handsome young San Francisco attorney.

When Peck, with dogged persistence, claimed more and more of Janet's attentions, Hollywood was agog. The townsfolk

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 105]

Tarzan and the Lions? Tame

"THROWN to the lions!" A score or more of them ringed around you. Some two dozen tigers added for good measure. And you in the middle, armed with a whip and a chair, your life hanging on your powers of eye and nerve. Not a mean thrill, would you say, to find yourself in such a spot? Well, that's just about where you'll be when you view Universal's new Clyde Beatty film, glimpsed here in production. The camera keeps you at the champion trainer's side every instant as he parries each blow, and finally subdues his snarling felines. The film is titled "The Big Cage"



Stuff! Just Ask Clyde Beatty!



Photo by Stagg

TALK about quickness of the hand deceiving the eye! Here, a death-dealing paw swoops faster than the cameras can catch it! Even with only two-hundredths of a second exposure, our photographer couldn't "stop" the big cats. But Clyde Beatty, world-famous star loaned by Hagenbeck-Wallace for this film, does it quite well, as you see. More than that, circus men say that what he's attempting here—taming both lions and tigers, and both males and females of each species—is a feat no other trainer ever before dared attempt. Nero, the brute in the center, once clawed Beatty into the hospital for ten weary weeks

My Sister, Ann



O. R. Seeley Studio



From the little baby with angel curls to one of the most acclaimed stars in all filmland—what a vista of memories stretches before Ann Harding's sister, as she takes pen in hand to tell the story! To the right we see baby Ann—Dorothy Gatley in those days—as she appeared when strangers stopped her on the street to finger that enchanting hair; while above is the author, smiling serenely as she fondly recollects those far-off times

"ANN HARDING Signs New Contract—Becomes One Of Highest Salaried Stars In Industry." To me, older sister of the girl christened Dorothy Gatley, the words held no great surprise. But the sight of that banner on the newspaper did bring a rush of pictures to my mind, a kaleidoscopic review of our life together—memories of a happy childhood—glimpses—

A young mother is walking along the Alamo Plaza, in San Antonio, Texas, holding the little hand of a pink and white cherub. They stroll past a photographic studio and the mother is somewhat astonished when the photographer himself rushes out, gazing at the cherub.

"Please, madame," he begs, never taking his eyes off the solemn little countenance, "will you not permit me to photograph your child? I will gladly give you any number of poses for the privilege of placing one portrait in my window. Oh—so lovely the baby!"

"Thank you," replies madame, rather frigidly, "but of course, I could never dream of allowing my child's face to be displayed to the public!"

WHITE curls, with a very pink scalp for background; dark blue eyes that looked straight through you at the age of one; a grand disposition even in the infant stage, with occasional outburst of rage at some imagined grievance, resulting invariably in pulling out diminutive handfuls of the white curls . . . Transplanted to Ft. Sheridan, on Lake Michigan; first glimpse of frosty weather, and an excited little three-year-old bundled up in a dark blue chinchilla coat and leggings, struggling heroically with a snow-ball twice as big as herself, destined to become the tummy of a snow man.

When Dorothy made her first excursions into the world beyond the front gate, to her dismay, she found that she could not set foot upon the street without being stopped by someone who simply couldn't pass by without remarking upon the white curls.

Mother would see the admiring gleam in approaching eyes and quicken her steps, but to no avail. Their path would be blocked, hands would reach out to touch the shining hair and there was no stopping the question that became so hateful—

"Where did you get those beautiful curls? May I have one?"

Mother had coached her in polite rejoinder, but tears of exasperation refused to be winked back and the corners of the little rosebud mouth would square off as she replied,

"God gave 'em to me"—sniff—"but I'd love to give 'em to you if I could!"

AND how she meant the last part of that speech!

The fun of occasional shopping trips to Chicago was completely spoiled by still more people who would stop the child and reiterate the question. One such trip just escaped tragedy. Mother and Dody had had a particularly trying session with the admiring multitude in Marshall Field's and mother was waiting for change on the last purchase. She relinquished her grasp of the moist little hand at her side to accept the change—and when she turned and looked down with the cheerful news that they were going home now, there was no baby.

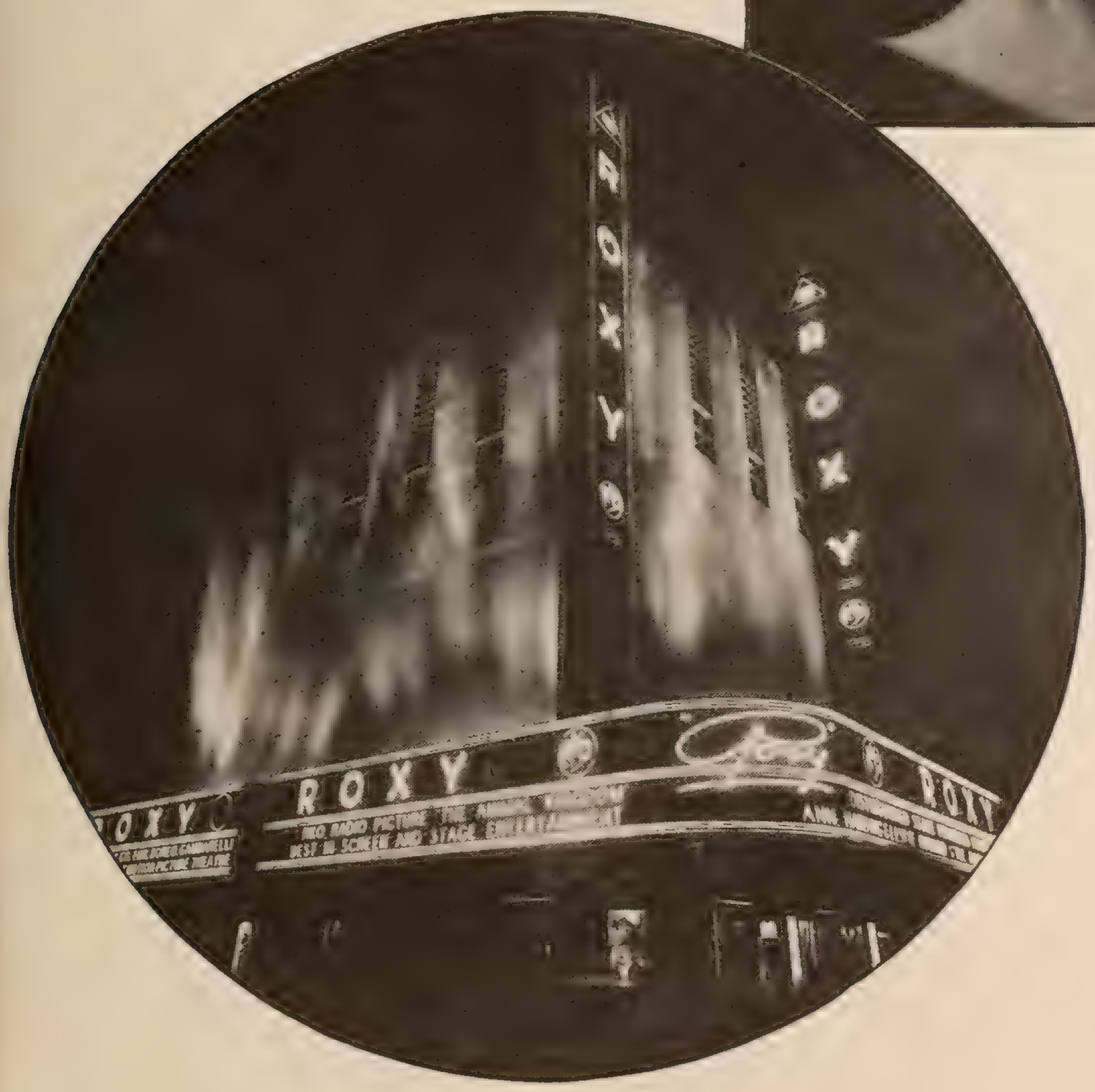
Frantically, mother turned to the salesgirl—"My baby's—gone!" The woman signaled to a detective who sent out a general alarm, while mother made a superhuman effort to get hold of herself and fight off ugly visions of kidnaping. After what amounted actually to only two or three minutes, a small, starched figure appeared at the door, one hand pulling a white

Harding

By Edith Gatley Nash

The life story of a girl who dodged stardom for years only to have fame thrust upon her almost overnight





The latest tribute to Ann Harding's supreme art—for the opening of the dazzling new Roxy Theater in New York's famed "Radio City," the choice was Ann Harding and Leslie Howard (above) in "The Animal Kingdom." To the left is Ann's name blazing forth to New York throngs

piqué hat down to hide the curls, the other swallowed up in the firm clasp of a strange man in a derby hat.

He was a store detective who had been standing at the entrance to the store and before the alarm was sent out had noticed a child following a woman who apparently paid no attention to her. The woman seemed so poorly dressed in comparison with Dorothy that it had aroused the man's suspicion and he trailed them.

THE following year found us back in San Antonio, Texas, again. Dorothy was just old enough now to climb a tree, and whenever I think of her as a child, the first picture that comes to me is that of a little figure swaying in the top of a tree, utterly content with her own quiet company.

Then off to join father in Cuba, where he had been sent as instructor of field artillery to the Cuban army. Through the customs, with military dispatch, we were driven out to the army post, Camp Columbia. Little black-haired, black-eyed, tanned youngsters, lined up at neighboring fences, jabbered away excitedly in rapid-fire Spanish entirely unintelligible to us except for the painfully evident fact that two very blonde *Americanas* were under critical discussion.

ANOTHER picture — a straight-backed, pink and white little "General," white curls tucked up under father's military cap, a wooden sword held firmly in strict accordance with army regulations, a clear little voice ripping out military orders in fluent Spanish to a serious dark little squad of soldiers, each equipped with a wooden sword of the "General's" fashioning . . . Acknowledged leader, having mastered the vocabulary of childhood, she had soon reached the point where she spoke their language better than they, with ten times the force, and full accompaniment of Latin gesture.

Being stationed at the same post for two years was quite a novelty, so we were not surprised to hear of orders to return to the States. Our education had become a serious problem by this time, so it was decided that mother should take us to New York, where her mother lived, and make an attempt at "staying put" until we had finished school. We stayed there just one year, moving to Montclair, New Jersey, shortly before the outbreak of the World War.

Ann's First Triumphs—in School





How would you like to see Ann Harding as she appears at the right? This fearsome shot was taken when, in her 'teens, she played *MacDuff* in her boarding school's presentation of "Macbeth," on two days' notice. And note how, when stepping off to school along a quiet New Jersey street, she was already showing the poise and grace which now add so much to her charm on the screen!

The remaining years of Dorothy's school life were more or less uneventful, with a few highlights—a year's sojourn at the Baldwin School in Bryn Mawr, and a flourishing conclusion of her scholastic career when she completed the last two years of high school in one at East Orange High, New Jersey. At the Baldwin School, the Christmas play was quite an event—"Macbeth: A Tragedy by William Shakespeare. Produced by Mrs. Otis Skinner." Dorothy was originally cast for *Ross*, a minor part as she was just a sophomore and newly come to the school. However, *MacDuff* came down with the measles two days before the performance and Dorothy's extraordinary ability to memorize won her the rôle.

MOTHER and I arrived at the school shortly before the curtain was to go up. Our first sight of daughter and sister was rather terrifying: heavy makeup, ferocious eyebrows and mustache, armor breastplate, enormous boots and clanking sword—and in one mailed fist, a tube of white vaseline which she was swallowing as fast as possible.

"Lost my voice," she croaked in a hoarse whisper, "trying to talk like a man. But I think I'll get it back in an hour if I can only swallow this stuff. Mustn't talk any more now—" and down went another gulp of vaseline. Sure enough, the well-oiled vocal chords responded to the heroic treatment and she got through the evening nobly.

Dorothy left Baldwin with regret, but as it was financially impossible to continue there, that was that, and she entered East Orange High. Her memorizing faculty made quick work of studying. She always finished the next day's homework during school hours, not with the idea of impressing her teachers but simply because it gave her free time to go to the movies and practice her piano in the afternoons. Nevertheless, she got the reputation in school of being something of a bookworm—highly proper and admirable, but not so much fun on a party—"highbrow," in other words.

SO it was, that when she announced her intention of going out for the lead in the senior play, its author, Garrett Fort (now a well-known scenario writer and playwright) begged her not to do it. The part was that of a very languorous vamp who turned out to be a secret service agent in the last three minutes.

"You know the faculty will give it to you," exploded Garrett. "You're teacher's pet around here—but, doggone it—you'll ruin my play. This is a *vamp* part—do you realize that? Lord knows *you* haven't any 'jazz' in your elbows—it'll be a complete flop."

To his dismay, she carried out her intention and walked off with the part tucked under the jazzless elbows. She proceeded to rehearse it in a very proper manner, dear to the traditions of the faculty, but nothing less than heartbreaking to Garrett. The night of the show found him slumped into a far corner of the auditorium. His heart sank as the curtains were drawn, disclosing—he sat up with a jerk—what was this?

In a purple chiffon gown and the one and only marcel wave she was ever known to inflict upon her hair, Dody, who had been a devotee of the movies since grammar school days, gave an imitation of the current super-siren of the screen that brought the audience right out of their seats.

To Garrett's bewildered delight and the petrified horror of the faculty, she glided through the part with sinuous undulation of hip, sophisticated shrugging of shoulder, half-closed, heavy-lidded eyes, and parted lips. The audience, unaccustomed as it was to anything like this coming from the senior class, stamped and cheered and howled its enjoyment of the play and the performance. The leading lady and the author were heroes of the hour.

School days were over for both of us. Father had returned from a year spent overseas with the Rainbow Division and the Army of Occupation. A Kentucky village had been commandeered as part of a field artillery training area—a desolate little town thirty miles out of Louisville. He was sent there to turn it into a permanent post and it was time for the family to foregather once more.

AT first it was fun—Dody was made daughter of the regiment, a great ball was given in her honor, various officers' wives entertained for her; but by the time I joined them a seething restlessness had taken hold of her. Riding horseback was our one great solace, paper chases cross-country the one "social event" to which we could look forward with enjoyment.

Day after day for many months we would order our horses for eight-thirty and explore the surrounding country for miles on every side. This daily trek [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 108]



THOUGH bull-fighting ran in the family, Antonio Damaso De Alonso preferred to cede the matador honors to Sidney Franklin and try his luck as a lover—on the screen. He changed his name to Gilbert Roland. Now he's changed his type from the romantic lover in "Call Her Savage" to the sleek villain in "She Done Him Wrong"



Clarence Sinclair Bull

WE just can't resist the adorable drawl of our little ladies from the "sunny South." But her Southern accent is only one of the points that bring perky little Una Merkel closer and closer to the winning post with each new film she makes. "Whistling in the Dark," in which she starred opposite Ernest Truex, was a big step to the fore for Una



Clarence Sinclair Bull

WHILE fans grew wide-eyed over Madge's diamond ring, a certain young broker in New York, and other rumored romances—Miss Evans looked out on the world with limpid eyes. And continued to climb the wobbly ladder to movie success. She recently completed "Hallelujah, I'm a Bum," and is now hard at work on "Hell Below"



William A. Fraker

"TO the city of a million moods"—says Nancy Carroll, the sparkling "Child of Manhattan," raising her glass in one final toast to the *one and only* skyline. Now, to prove that she's as versatile as her beloved New York, Nancy, of the burnished tresses and the lovely curves, is picked to thrill us with Cary Grant in "The Woman Accused"

Roland *and the* Ladies

Mr. Young talks bashfully on the most interesting subject in the world

By Jack Jamison



"Welcome," Mr. Young greeted me, looking up, with a smile, from the letter he was writing. "But would you mind not tripping so much on the rugs? I just can't bear to hear men's bodies fall"

The Editor of PHOTOPLAY:

DEAR SIR: You told me that Roland Young was one of the best loved men in pictures, and that he must have a lot of sex-appeal, to judge from the flood of letters coming in to him from women all over the country. You said I was to go see him and find out why—find out what's the secret of his peculiar charm.

He's no lily for looks, and he's certainly not romantic if you compare him with Leslie Howard or Clark Gable (or even with a cigar-store Injun) but he does get baskets and baskets of love-letters from women.

But, if you want to know anything about those letters, *you* try interviewing him. Just try! In the first place, Roland is very shy and retiring. In the second, he's a gentleman, and no gentleman, the way he looks at it, talks about his love letters, even when they come by the basket.

If you think it's easy, *you* just try to pry something out of that guy! Opening oysters with your fingers is a juvenile pastime compared with pulling Young out of his shell.

Here's what happened when I tried to interview him. I'm telling it to you word for word, just as it happened.

Hopelessly yours,
Jack Jamison.

THE SCENE *is Roland's den, in his big house on Linden Drive in Beverly Hills. It is a small, snug room, with French windows looking out on the garden. The walls are crowded with etchings, wood-blocks, and book-cases. A shelf bears hundreds of figurines of penguins. It is a cluttered, cosy, masculine room, except for the flowers in a penguin motif holder. A fire crackles cheerfully in the fireplace.*

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Mr. Roland Young, actor.
Mr. Jamison, brilliant and handsome young author.
Robert, the butler.
Mr. X (name unknown), an insurance solicitor.

As the curtain rises, Mr. Young is sitting at a desk writing a letter. He is wearing a dark flannel coat, flannel trousers with a carnation in his lapel. Robert shows in Mr. Jack Jamison.

Jamison (tripping over a rug and falling flat): /#$*&'()/#$.

Roland Young (raising his eyebrows): Dear me, dear me! Such a commotion!

Jamison: I fell down.

Roland Young: So I see. I fall down myself. You ought to have seen the famous Roland Young Fall of the Spring of '83. It was at a benefit tea for the wives of radio tenors who had been killed by angry mobs. I came down some steps to a polished floor, and along the floor, in a row, there were a lot of little rugs, a big bearskin rug, and the hostess sitting at a tea wagon. I tripped over the bearskin rug, skidded on the little ones, and ended up on top of the tea wagon with my head in the hostess' lap. That's a graceful way to enter a drawing-room!

Jamison: Well, I guess you'd like to know why I'm here. Mr. Young, PHOTOPLAY has decided that you have sex-appeal!

Roland Young: Tch, tch! Gracious!

Jamison: What do you mean, tch, tch? I'm supposed to find out whether you have it or not. Have you?

Roland Young (blushing): If PHOTOPLAY says yes, who am I to say no?

Jamison: Now, I've written down some questions to ask you. (Reading): Do you know what sex-appeal is?

Roland Young: Whose?

Jamison: Yours, of course. You've heard of sex-appeal, haven't you? You know what it is, roughly? [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 108]

Cal York Announcing-



Stax

Guess who poses in this entrancing black Duchess satin gown with tulle ruffs? The Viscountess of Do-Dad? Don't tell me it's *Mrs. Oliver Hardy!* You say she's playing in "Twice Two"? Without hubby? Oh, come! You can't fool us, Stan Laurel!



Here we see Joan improving each shining moment by reading (is it a French book?) between scenes of her new picture, "Today We Live," which title seems to impress *La* Crawford. It's a World War story. Gary Cooper supplies lover interest



They say Bill Powell and Carole Lombard have undergone a "turnabout." Bill who used to be retiring now likes gayety. Carole who was a "party" girl prefers the fireside. Here, they seem to be equally happy viewing the Agua Caliente races

WELL, well. Freddie March and *ia* Dietrich. That's what we'll get in "The Song of Songs," Herr Sudermann's shocker of a generation ago.

As we remember it in a sketchy fashion, the lady's name was *Lily.* So now you know. One of those girls named *Lily.*

Chances are, they'll have to pep it up a bit for present day audiences, at that!

GLORIA SWANSON'S picture plans evidently do not extend beyond the completion of the production she has just made in England.

Irving Wycoff, her business manager, has returned to the United States and after a few more weeks, winding up certain matters, he will be looking for another job.

At the same time, the skeleton organization Gloria has maintained in Hollywood during her absence abroad will be disbanded.

It will be the first time in more than ten years that Gloria will be without an organization. At times she has had hundreds of people on her payrolls.

At other times, her crew has shrunk until only the department heads and a few old retainers remained.

"HEY Clark," hailed one of those officious acquaintances, "what was the matter with the old bus? What'd you want to go buy a new one for?"

"Well, you see," smiled Mr. Gable, with that easy Gable smile, "I went into a salesroom to use the telephone and didn't like to come away without buying something."

KATHRYN CARVER MENJOU is one of the most popular of Hollywood's women who have visited Europe.

The highest compliment one woman can pay to another was paid to her in Paris. "Kathryn Carver is the kind of woman who once a friend is always a friend."

In fact, Europe was all for Mrs. Menjou

The Monthly Broadcast *of* Hollywood Goings-On!



Keystone

"Oo would 'ave thought we'd be see-in' the 'hit' girl in Waterloo *Stition*," said cockney porters when the one and only Clara stepped off the train with her cowboy husband, Rex Bell. And we're dying to know what you thought of Lunnon town, Miss Bow

when it heard of that promised divorce between her and Adolphe. One would have thought that suave, well-dressed Adolphe would have come off with the honors on that sophisticated continent.

JACK BARRYMORE has one about John and Jenny who went to grandmother's for the holidays.

Evening came, and the dear old grandmother said:

"Now dears, say your prayers at granny's knee, like good little children."

"Ha, ha, the joke's on you, baby," exclaimed the dear little tots, "we don't know any prayers!"

IT was the custom of Aline MacMahon to make one Warner Brothers flicker and then hop right off to New York to visit friend husband, a New York architect.

So, when Warners talked Aline into signing on the dotted line, Aline stipulated in her contract, that she be permitted to make four trips to New York every year. They agreed.



Stax

If this lady in a tea gown, diamond tiara and real (?) pearls, is *Stan Laurel's sister*—would she be indulging in these—er—pardon us—disconcerting gestures? They say she's appearing in the comedy, "Twice Two." Now Oliver, behave!



Keystone

Ah there, children, lots of fun traveling abroad with parents, Harold and Mildred Lloyd, isn't it? Gloria—right—and adopted sister, Peggy, said the ice-skating on the Palace rink at St. Moritz, was just grand and a treat for the Californians

Then, friend husband decided to transfer his business to Hollywood, and here's Aline, with a contract, a husband and four trips to New York besides.

Is she smart?

AND there's that priceless story of the producer who called together all the writers for a ten o'clock meeting on Saturday morning.

At 11:30 he came bursting in. "Sorry," he said, "but I was out late last night. I'll just bet you fellows can't guess where I was *at*?"

"Night School," called out one brave lad from the rear.

SYLVIA SIDNEY did not go to New York between finishing "Madame Butterfly" and beginning "Pick-Up."

"I haven't any boy friend there any more," she said.



Wide World

After we had picked this picture as an example of the ideal married couple, report arrived that Frank Fay had walked out of a play financed by wifie, Barbara Stanwyck. But Barbara denied the rumor she would ever be separated from Frank



Keystone

What? An armful of Garbo? Because Berliners were so enamored of a portrait bust which Sculptor Peter Fechner created of the divine Greta, they ordered a "carving factory" to reproduce hundreds of duplicates in wood. Something which America surely overlooked!



International

Doesthismakesense? Theworld's most seductive feminine star going in for wool trench coats, light blue flannel trousers for daytime—and gentleman's formal attire for evening parties. Marlene, we're agog. No wonder he wants an autograph! Wouldn't we all like one, too?

IN Mae West's new riot, a scene showing a pickpocket in action was about to be shot. They decided to secure a real pickpocket as technical advisor. Somewhere they located their man, who was to teach all the little tricks of the trade to the actor. He proved to be an expert at the job. In fact, he was so expert that when Director Lowell Sherman glanced toward his wrist watch that evening, there was no watch to glance at.

The "technical advisor" had calmly lifted it, completed his job and vanished.

And was Sherman upset!

LA DIETRICH is still wearing the pants, but she has gone out and raised herself a brand new temperament.

Whether or not the absence of Von Sternberg has anything to do with it is still an unrevealed mystery.

All we know is that she graciously autographed albums and things for everybody outside the Brown Derby the other day—an unprecedented event from Dietrich.

Everyone on the Paramount lot is proclaiming how good natured she is these days. Is it the calm that precedes a storm—or is she really, at heart, a placid little German frau?

We have always had a sneaking suspicion in favor of the latter.

AND did Hollywood's foolish speculators almost develop apoplexy recently?

And did those who jump to premature conclusions spend a sleepless night not so many moons ago?

For Marlene was seen lunching with the new director assigned to "The Song of Songs"—Rouben Mamoulian.

And at four o'clock they appeared again, to linger over tea—which they seemed to enjoy!

What could it mean? Dear, oh dear—was Hollywood in a dither?

"AND now is the time," says Jimmy Cagney, "for every good man to come to."

LOVE, marriage and the rest.

Although they will deny it, Bert Wheeler, Bob Woolsey's partner, and his first wife, Betty, may be remarried soon.

Having divorced her third husband, Lionel Kaye, her second, by the way, since she and Bert parted, Betty is back in Hollywood.

In the meantime, Bert and his second wife, Bernice Speer, have separated.

Who says Bert and Betty are to wed again?

One of her former husbands is said to know something of the plan.

THAT romance between Cary Grant and Virginia Cherrill has reached the diamond bracelet stage, and looks rather serious.

Lyle Talbot's latest and newest thrill is none other than Loretta Young. Although some whisper it's really Loretta's sister, Sally Blane, that has the gentleman aflutter.

Paulette Goddard has been seen lunching hither and yon with Gary Cooper recently.

The final and last word from the Maureen O'Sullivan—Jimmie Dunn romance, is a nice friendly, dignified statement to the press (from



A wistfully humorous picture to store in your memory! Our Mary being taught by brother Jack to ride a balky mule for a scene in "Through the Back Door"—which he co-directed. That was in 1921. Today Jack Pickford lies forever at peace in Forest Lawn Cemetery in California



Ernest A. Bachrach

Don't spoil my illusions by telling me that this meek, flat-footed schoolmaster is the Apollo, John Barrymore. Yet in "Topaze," he'll reveal that a *Barrymore* doesn't have to show his classic profile to enthrall!



Acme

Here's a new kind of very modern marriage that seems to work! When Norman Foster and Claudette Colbert were seen together recently, every one knew that hubby probably phoned for a date. Because Claudette's marital arrangement calls for separate establishments!

Maureen) that all is over forever. But Hollywood has heard that one before. And Isabel Jewel, by the way, still remains Lee Tracy's very best girl.

Jeanette MacDonald, of the MacDonald-Chevalier screen team, announced her engagement to her business manager, Robert Ritchie, at Cannes, France.

Lila Lee engaged to George Hill, ex-husband of Frances Marion, scenario writer.

John Wayne to Josephine Saenz, daughter of Jose Saenz, Panama consul.

HELENE COSTELLO married Arturo del Barrio, prominent Cuban. Helene's first husband was John Regan; her second, Lowell Sherman.

Lillian Roth, screen actress and "torch singer", married to Justice Benjamin Shalleck, of the New York Municipal Court. Her second venture. Lillian was divorced from William C. Scott.

Elinor Fair, former wife of Bill Boyd, married in Yuma to Thomas W. Daniels, Los Angeles aviator. Next day she said marriage was a mistake and started proceedings to have it annulled.

Teddy Hayes and Lina Basquette married for a second time. First marriage took place in 1931 before Teddy received final divorce from former wife.

Charles Butterworth, screen and stage comedian, married Ethel Kenyon, former wife of Director Eddie Sutherland.

TO Morton Downey and Barbara Bennett (sister of Connie and Joan), born a son.

To James Kirkwood, former husband of Lila Lee, and Beatrice Powers — born a daughter. Baby has been named Joan Mary.

The Joe E. Browns adopted a girl baby to take the place of the little one they so recently lost. The newcomer makes the fourth of a growing family—two boys and two girls now.

Louise Fazenda expects the stork sometime in March. Says, "Since I can't get dramatic mother rôles, I had to achieve real motherhood to prove that I'm not a comic."

Alice Joyce and James Regan who had the knot tied way back in 1920 finally decided to have it severed.

Helen Kane got a Mexican divorce from husband Joe Kane.

Nils Asther asked the judge to have the divorce decree granted to wife Vivian Duncan changed to stipulate that their daughter Evelyn can never be taken out of the country without his written permission.

Norman Kerry, one-time screen actor, and his wife, the former Helen Mary Wells of New York, have separated, after a marriage of a few months.

NOW the report is that Katharine Hepburn and Johnny Farrow are that way about each other.

Of course, Katharine is trying to keep her private life pretty much a secret while Johnny's is known from the Hollywood hilltops—but anyway, they've been dating, dining and dancing together if that means anything.

AND their intimates say Harpo Marx at last has got serious about something.

He and Susan Fleming are going to be married soon.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 88]

"I'll Take An Actress"

"Lilyan and I never bore each other," says Eddie Lowe

As told to Reginald Taviner

"A CHINAMAN and a white woman married to each other won't get along so well," sez *Sergeant Quirt* Eddie Lowe, "and how could they? They have entirely different viewpoints. Mentally they live in completely different worlds—their ideas and ideals are totally different from one another. How can such a disparity result in happiness? It takes an Oriental to understand an Oriental—and an actress to understand an actor."

Wife Lilyan Tashman is essentially an actress, just as Eddie is essentially an actor.

They are happy largely because life for them is really a stage which they share together. If Lilyan were not an actress, Eddie believes, she wouldn't be able to carry her part. She wouldn't be able to "play up" to his lines.

"I think both husband and wife should have careers of their own," he said, "and that in the case of picture people, at least, it should be the same kind of career. In the majority of cases only a medically trained woman makes an ideal wife for a doctor, and the underlying psychology is the same.

"Wives who haven't had medical training are almost invariably jealous of a doctor's women patients—and a wife who hasn't herself been on the screen is nearly always just as jealous of her husband's love scenes.

"That's human nature, and nothing we can do or say is going to change it. And jealousy is an almost insurmountable obstacle to happiness in any marriage."



"Imagine the compliment paid a man," says Eddie, "when his wife lives with him because of love—not because she's got to stay to be sure of a living"

BUT for Eddie the thing goes deeper than that.

Quite aside from the motion picture world and his own actress-wife, Eddie believes that every wife should have something to do. He believes so most emphatically, and to the extent that he explains a lot of things which happen to marriage in America with the statement that most American wives have too little to interest them and therefore too much idle time on their hands.

"Perhaps the one thing which leads to most misunderstandings and marital unhappiness in the modern American home," Eddie asserted, "is simply that the wife has no adequate outlet for her energy. Women of this type live mostly in apartments or hotels and haven't a thing in the world to occupy them—so, when a husband comes home, dog-tired after a hard day's work, she wants to step out. He doesn't feel like it. Naturally there is resentment on both sides, which leads perhaps to a quarrel. And that's what leads to much of the trouble so many couples seem to be having nowadays."

As far as Eddie and Lilyan are concerned, each understands that after a day on the set the other is tired. So they don't try to drag each other out.

They attend to their social life between pictures, when both are free.

"And how is it," Eddie asked, "that so many women who at most have only to run a home—and as often as not they escape even this responsibility by being hotel or apartment dwellers—are so busy with bridge, cocktail parties, pink teas and so forth that when their husbands come home the best they can do by way of dinner is a can of sardines and some cole slaw from the delicatessen? Lilyan works hard making pictures, but still she has time to run our house, pick out and buy her own clothes, attend to the million and one things that every prominent picture player has to attend to—and still not neglect me! If she can do all this, why can't [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 104]

"A Private Wife For Me"

"No house is large enough for two audiences," says Frank Morgan

As told to Ruth Rankin



"To make a successful marriage, a woman must lead her man's life! I want to be *head* man at home," says Frank. Well, Frank, it looks as if you are!

"I'VE been married nineteen years to a non-professional," said Frank Morgan. "We're getting better and better acquainted all the time, and I have an idea it's going to work out all right. But do you think for one minute I could have been happy that long with an *actress?*"

"Why couldn't you be happy with an actress?" I retorted.

"Why not, indeed!" Frank retorted. "Because some man, probably the one playing opposite her, would have been running around waiting on her all day, so she wouldn't trip over her eyelashes. And what would that make me, if I came home tired and wanted a little service? She would be all worn out with looking beautiful and playing hot love scenes, and my pitiful laments, my stories about what the director said to so-and-so and how hoosis went up in his lines, wouldn't mean a darn thing to her. She would have a lot of her own to tell. And you can't have two audiences in the same house! I guess maybe I have head-man trouble. Anyway, I want to be head-man at home."

Frank shifted his left eyebrow into third. (You'll notice the gesture in "Hallelujah, I'm a Bum," the Jolson picture, in which he plays the Mayor of New York.)

Just then Alma breezed in, fresh and rosy from the sharp, late afternoon air. She greeted her husband as if she hadn't seen him since two weeks ago Friday, and had a crush on him.

"DON'T you think an actress's husband can be head-man?" I made bold to inquire, when we had settled down again after Alma's refreshing entrance.

"Oh, I suppose he can be—there's no law against it. But from where I've been sitting all my stage life, he almost never gets to be, whether he's an actor or not. Look at the husbands of Elsie Ferguson and Jeanne Eagels, for instance. Fine business men, crazy about their wives. But they couldn't make it successful. Men are not as adaptable as women."

"How much adapting should a woman do?" Alma asked him, with a sly twinkle at me.

"To make a successful marriage," Frank informed us, "a woman must lead her man's life. And a man who leads his *woman's* life, as he is forced to do to a large extent if the wife is an actress—well, he sacrifices something very definite that makes him a man. If he holds out and doesn't sacrifice, then the marriage doesn't hold out."

"But listen, Frank. Isn't it rather selfish to expect a woman to lead her man's life altogether?" I asked sweetly, inviting fireworks. And getting them.

"Selfish!" he exploded. "Then she shouldn't get married! Either she loves him enough to know that he is making the direct life for both of them, with her indirect assistance, or she doesn't. She must be satisfied to be the power behind the throne, she must be free to go where he goes. Marriages of actors and actresses have to suffer innumerable separations. Separations are dangerous. Absence makes the heart grow fonder—of somebody else."

"And, of course," Alma remarked, "all actors are just a little bit crazy. It helps if their wives are, too, actresses or not. That is, if they are careful to be crazy at the same time."

Frank tossed his right eyebrow into the ring.

"Being Alma, she works up her enthusiasm right along with mine, and if we have found an old place which I enjoy planning to remodel—my favorite vice, by the way—she says, 'We'll put the fireplace over here, and don't you think this would be a lovely spot for a high window?'

"So we go on blissfully planning [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 104]

How I Gave Constance

YOU are missing something if you haven't been following this new series of articles by Sylvia, the famous masseuse and physical culturist, who has reshaped the lives of half the famous actresses of Hollywood through corrective exercises and diet.

Each month Sylvia covers a different star who has been her client. Watch for your type. You may thus learn to attain the beauty of the star you most resemble in physical characteristics.

Sylvia has agreed to do something she has hitherto always declared impossible. That is, to answer personally your letters. Her expert services are now freely at your disposal. See her statement on the opposite page. Address Sylvia, in care of PHOTOPLAY, *221 W. 57th St., New York City.*



The girl who once was told her shoulders were too large for her ever to become a screen actress. But Sylvia evolved the charming Constance Cummings whom you see here. Whether or not you are Miss Cummings' type, there is much valuable information here for you, too. (Inset Sylvia)

THE story of Connie Cummings that I'm about to tell you should jar a lot of you lazy girls right out of your lethargy. You see Constance Cummings up there on the screen. She is beautiful, she has poise and grace. You envy her, I'll bet.

Well, let me tell you something. You can be like her if you want to be, but you've got to have plenty of grit. I've watched Connie go through more than her share of trouble and I've seen the kind of stuff she is made of. Handicaps—good heavens, how many of those she had. Now don't get impatient. In just a little while I'm going to tell you exactly how I helped her overcome these handicaps—and, if you share them with her, you can do exactly what she did. But first of all I've got to tell you about the girl herself.

The story goes that Sam Goldwyn saw her on the stage in New York and signed her because she looked so much like his pretty wife. But Goldwyn's too smart a man for that. He gave the kid a contract because she had talent. With a lot of fancy hullabaloo they brought her to Hollywood to play opposite Ronald Colman in a picture. They made some screen tests of her and then one night after midnight they called me on the telephone and asked if I would take her as a patient.

Her legs, it seems, were too big and her shoulders too broad. They gave me quite a fine line about how grand it would be for me to treat this new star, but after you've pounded the daylights out of sixteen women a day, one piece of flesh looks about like another, so I wasn't very impressed. But because they were so insistent I said I would take her the next day at my lunch hour.

An assistant director brought her over and left her. Connie was a happy, freckled-faced, muscular, athletic girl. I liked her

Cummings *A New Figure*

By Sylvia

Here You Are, Girls, Sylvia Answers All Your Questions! On Page 92

NOW I have done it! When I announced last month in PHOTOPLAY *that I would break the rule of a lifetime and answer your questions, through the pages of this magazine and by mail, I didn't realize what I was letting myself in for.*

Letters, letters, letters! Questions, questions, questions! Whew! What a pile of mail. Here, let me dig out from under, but I've promised to answer you—so the more the merrier. I don't care how thick and fast they come.

If you want a personal reply enclose a stamped self-addressed envelope, otherwise letters will be answered here, in their turn. Now that the lid's off, write me all your troubles about your figure and I'll tell you what to do. Write enough details to enable me to answer you intelligently. Be sure to give your full name and address and don't be afraid of your name appearing in the column. Address me in care of PHOTOPLAY.

SYLVIA

right away, but I knew what the trouble was. Ronald Colman isn't a giant and I felt sure that Connie's broad shoulders wouldn't look well in closeups with Ronnie. I can take off flesh—as any of you who have followed my advice know—but I can't whittle down bone.

Then I took a look at her legs—typical dancer's legs, with big muscles on the calf. "Oh, baby," I said to her, "this is going to hurt." She smiled. "I don't care," she said, "pound away."

And I did, but no matter what I did, Connie grinned. And that—all you girls who want to be as lovely as she—that's the spirit. She had nice ankles so I began to work on the calves. Here's what I did, and you can do the same, like this. Dig under those muscles on your legs with your fingers and dig in until it hurts. Then squeeze the muscles with your hands as hard as you can. Do this for *half an hour a day*. Yes, that's what I said! Then with a Turkish towel spread over the muscles pound with the flat of your hand until you make yourself yell.

IF, as Connie had, you have muscular upper arms and muscles on the shoulders do the same thing, working the left arm with your right hand—and vice versa. I treated her this way for an hour every day and in two weeks I had brought those muscles down. If you will work on yourself for one hour every day for two weeks you can do the same thing. I know it! I proved it with Connie.

But, as I have told you, I couldn't whittle off any bone from the shoulders and I knew what was going to happen to the poor kid.

It was interesting—and a little sad— to watch her expression day by day. Every day I'd ask her, "Well, how are you getting along at the studio?"

And here are the sort of replies I'd get:

"They are awfully nice to me, but they are having difficulty in finding just the right costumes," and "They are really sweet at the studio, but they say I'm quite an athletic type."

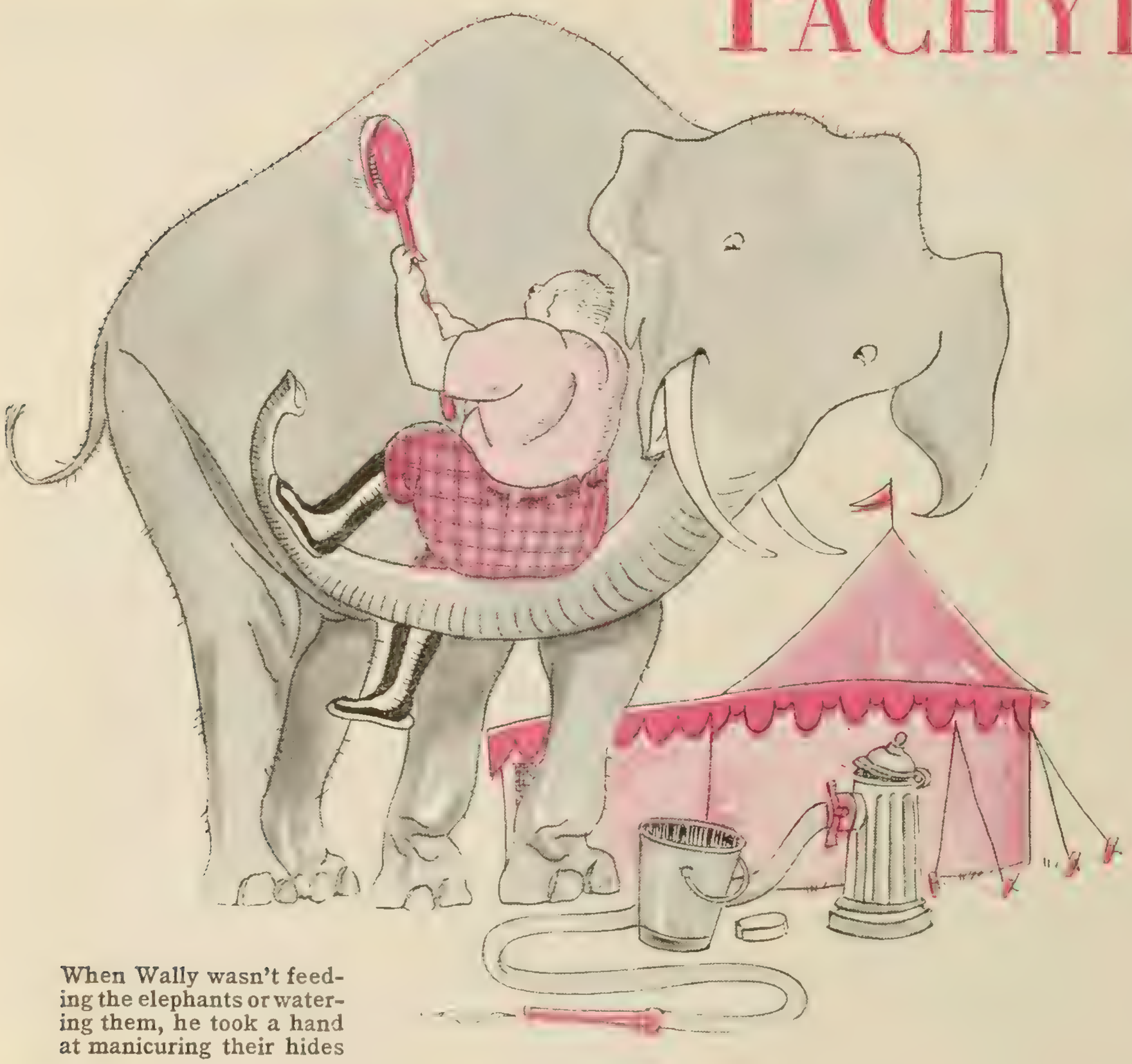
How well I knew what was coming! You can look lovely and healthy in private life and still not photograph well.

Now remember that Connie wasn't fat, it was just the muscles that needed working on, because she had engaged much in athletic sports. The only place that she was slightly fat was in the bust. So here's what I told [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 92]



Sylvia was able to reduce the flesh but not the large bone frame of Constance. But then there was the matter of dress. Constance found she could conceal the breadth of shoulders by clever selection of gowns. Above is an example. Remember, without Sylvia's aid Constance might never have been a screen success

WALLY *Knows His* PACHYDERMS



When Wally wasn't feeding the elephants or watering them, he took a hand at manicuring their hides

Women and elephants never forget, they say, but neither does Mahout Beery

By Ruth Biery

WHEN Wally Beery started playing water-boy to a herd of circus elephants at the age of sixteen, he had no way of knowing that about thirty years later he'd be cast as a wrestler—the pachyderm of athletes—in a talking picture. He wouldn't, in fact, have known what a talking picture was. Nor a pachyderm, either, for that matter.

But he soon found out that a thick skin sometimes hides a sensitive soul. The feelings of an elephant, he learned, are easily ruffled. And Wally's interpretation of *Polikai*, the wrestler, in "Flesh" shows, for all his thick hide and hard skull, frequent glimpses of a super-sensitive soul.

Wally knows all about elephants. And while he doesn't claim that his two years as a valet to the big fellows qualified him as a psychologist, he does believe that working and training and living with them taught him much that can be applied advantageously to the immensely interesting business of living contentedly with human beings.

What did he learn from them? Let him tell it:

"You can do more with sugar than with a lemon."

So instead of using the bull-hook—the lemon—Wally established the reward system with sugar and sweet potatoes.

"Elephants, like people, appreciate attention. Attention and intelligent consideration."

So Wally showered care and attention upon his charges and became their pet.

"Punishment, discipline, which is sometimes necessary, should be administered with reason and an objective."

And mahout Beery chained the truculent members of his herd to a wise old bull named "Baldy" who passed on to them sage elephant advice punctuated with significant "whams" from his snout.

In three months Wally was graduated from waterboy to manager of the entire herd.

Actually, there is something, some quality, about Wallace Beery that is not unlike the serene disposition of the lordly elephant. Big, strong, heavy, hardly handsome by any standard, he pursues his calm, unhurried way, a universal favorite. Kind, generous to a fault and peaceful, he is as sensitive as a photographic plate—or an elephant—but the trumpeting of an angry bull does not far surpass his hoarse bellowing when he is aroused.

He's a hard worker, too. That first three-month period of bull-whacking taught him the primer lesson of success: The fellow who works harder than the other fellow gets to the top first. And its corollary: Staying at the top means even harder work, and more of it.

Wally learned that long before he ever heard of Hollywood. Rising to the very prominent position of head valet to an elephant herd was a simple matter compared to staying there. But he stayed. And though he's been through in pictures any number of times, he is more strongly entrenched at the top of his profession today than ever before.

That speaks for his staying power. He knows that one or two good pictures may serve as an elevator to success, but that a couple of poor ones can be a greased slide back to the bottom. So Wally Beery plays in mighty few poor pictures. He has never given a poor performance.

He has to fight for his place. He raised holy hades before he accepted the part of *Preysing* in "Grand Hotel." But his characterization of the overbearing German manufacturer was a distinct contribution to the film's selection as the best produced picture of the year, a potent, three-dimensional performance in a congregation of [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 106]

By May Allison Quirk



Why did the ultra-polished Ruth of yesteryear go hard-boiled on us in "Frisco Jenny"? She did it because it was thought that good girls don't stir theater patrons like the other kind. Yet you can see the cultured, sweet Ruth we used to know still peeping through this garb

from

Lady *to* Judy O'Grady

Ruth Chatterton turns "bad girl" and says she likes it

GOOD girl—bad girl, which shall it be for Ruth Chatterton?

Ruth has been a lady so long that she's kicked over the traces and decided to go "baddie" for a while. She's broken the Ten Commandments on the screen—and what's more, she says she likes doing it.

Ruth Chatterton talking! No, you wouldn't believe it. But it's Ruth, all right. And she has a reason for turning savage woman, gulping liquor and pulling on ciggies through all those reels of Judy O'Grady's stuff.

Nobody is sure that Ruth Chatterton is doing the correct thing in her "right about face" from the rôles of suffering ladyship to the ugly characters she has gone in for recently. Those who have always loved Chatterton in her best drawing room manner have fallen away from the box-office now. They claim there are enough movie actresses of lesser talent to do the waterfront stuff which Chatterton has chosen for herself.

"Why have you become 'Frisco Jenny'?" someone inquired of Ruth as she sat sedately attired in a smart sports costume watching a tennis match. She answered promptly.

"Nothing dramatic ever happens to a good woman. Even if it did, her reactions would not develop dramatic interest. All good women are good in the same way, while bad women characters offer varied dramatic opportunities."

RUTH CHATTERTON is not a great personality. She is a great actress and because of it she can run the gamut of emotions from the very proper English lady at home in a London drawing-room to the boisterous, rollicking rowdy. Right now, it seems as if Chatterton were enjoying the bed rock of emotionalism after the sickening feast of [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 106]

Select Your Pictures and You Won't



☆ *TONIGHT IS OURS—Paramount*

HIGH romance, dainty charm and just enough pathos—these are the ingredients, added to outstandingly deft work by Claudette Colbert and Fredric March, which make this rendition of Noel Coward's "The Queen Was in the Parlor," a hit with every woman and most of the men.

Claudette, as the delectable Queen of a pocket-handkerchief, Graustarkian kingdom somewhere east of Paris, and Fredric as her commoner-lover, fairly sweep you into the carefree, hectic spirit of Paris, then cap the story with a rendezvous—hence the title—in her apartment the night before her marriage to a prince "for the good of the land." Thereafter, things happen so true love may triumph.

Paul Cavanagh, Arthur Byron and Alison Skipworth give fine support.



☆ *HARD TO HANDLE—Warners*

BUT certainly anything but hard to take! This furiously fast and funny comedy is just swell entertainment for the whole family. Jimmy Cagney—well, you can guess what he'll offer as the sharpshooting young publicity-promoter, who starts with a dance marathon and winds up, via a sojourn in jail, as a Big Business Man. But excellent as he is, he still has to share honors with Ruth Donnelly, his sweetheart's designing mama, whose off-and-on antics tie you into knots.

Claire Dodd, too, as the modern young miss who most emphatically knows what she wants, will bear a lot of watching.

Mary Brian is sweet, and all the cast is splendid. In fact, from the first scene to the tag, this is a riot.

The Shadow Stage

(REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.)

A Review of the New Pictures



☆ *RASPUTIN AND THE EMPRESS—M-G-M*

THE much-heralded united front of the Barrymores—all of them—in one picture now is with us, and we take occasion here and now to say you can't miss their offering. We urge this in spite of liberties taken with history, and considerable lack of epic proportions that could easily have been attained; for these defects are submerged in the rich display of Barrymore art.

Ethel's talking-screen début is exceedingly fortunate, for her subdued fire is exactly suited to portraying the regal, but timid and anxious Imperial mother. And contrary to certain anticipatory fears, John's dashing *Prince Chegodieff* and Lionel's sinister, debauched monk, blend with Ethel's performance to provide a presentation as unified as the various facets of one gem.

Add to this Ralph Morgan's superb *Czar*, one of the best characterizations seen on the screen in many a day; Tad Alexander's profoundly moving, pathetic *Czarevitch;* and Diana Wynyard's winsome *Princess Natasha;* and you have a feast of personal art rarely exceeded in the picture realm.

In keeping with the excellent work of the principals, Director Richard Boleslavsky has provided a lavish Russian court background, and in his use of news shots of the 1914 Russian mobilization attains the grand manner.

Have to Complain About the Bad Ones

The Best Pictures of the Month

RASPUTIN AND THE EMPRESS
TONIGHT IS OURS
WHISTLING IN THE DARK
NO MAN OF HER OWN
CAVALCADE
HARD TO HANDLE
SHE DONE HIM WRONG
GRAND SLAM

The Best Performances of the Month

Clive Brook in "Cavalcade"
Diana Wynyard in "Cavalcade"
Herbert Mundin in "Cavalcade"
John Barrymore in "Rasputin and the Empress"
Ralph Morgan in "Rasputin and the Empress"
Lionel Barrymore in "Rasputin and the Empress"
Mae West in "She Done Him Wrong"
Noah Beery in "She Done Him Wrong"
Ernest Truex in "Whistling in the Dark"
Claudette Colbert in "Tonight Is Ours"
Fredric March in "Tonight Is Ours"
James Cagney in "Hard to Handle"
Paul Lukas in "Grand Slam"
Ruby Keeler in "42nd Street"

Casts of all photoplays reviewed will be found on page 118



☆ *CAVALCADE—Fox*

VERY rarely a film succeeds in presenting not only a poignant human story, but also in conveying the sweep and power of world events against which the humans work out their lives. It is this rare achievement which makes Fox's version of Noel Coward's stage success, "Cavalcade," so outstanding. Starting with a heart-broken upper middle-class mother (Diana Wynyard) sending her officer husband (Clive Brook) to the Boer War, it portrays his safe return and happy years rearing their two boys, until maritime disaster takes one (John Warburton), and the World War snatches the other (Frank Lawton) on Armistice Day. Yet at the end the aged and broken parents still carry on with indomitable British spirit. Woven through this, their butler (Herbert Mundin) and maid (Una O'Connor) live out the rise, decline and death under drink of a Cockney parent, while their daughter (Ursula Jeans) rises to fame via the music hall stage.

A cavalcade, yes—a kaleidoscope, too—yet through it all sounds the mighty tread of history's march, portrayed in epic scenes that still blend beautifully with the detailed human sorrows and joys. Magnificently staged and every rôle, major and minor, is outstandingly done, especially the comedy bits by Beryl Mercer, Tempe Pigott and Merle Tottenham. You *must* see this!



☆ *WHISTLING IN THE DARK—M-G-M*

DON'T hesitate if you fail to recognize the names in this. It's one of those surprise packages Hollywood occasionally passes out, and it's as fresh and lively a comedy-melodrama as you could ask.

Ernest Truex, one of the stage's most nimble-witted comedians, is just as delicious on the screen, while Una Merkel, as his fiancée, steps right up to stellar rank among fun-makers.

The picture shows what happens when a crime story writer and his fiancée are kidnaped and treated to some of the real thing.

All the writer need do to save his own and his girl's life is lay out a perfect crime which the thugs can use on a victim. Then he has to balk his own ingenious plot.



☆ *SHE DONE HIM WRONG—Paramount*

A BRAWLY howl of a picture that for sheer first class spicy rough stuff, takes the cake. So cleverly has Lowell Sherman directed the story, so real is Mae West's characterization, that a great deal of the bad taste is overlooked in the perfection of the telling.

Mae West as *Sady Lou*, a Bowery moll of the gay nineties, grabs up the story in her be-diamonded hands and dominates every scene from the moment she steps her buxom self into the film.

A singer in a beer hall, she does her man wrong while he languishes in prison. He escapes and then the fun begins, with Mae finally landing the man she wants. Cary Grant, Noah Beery, David Landau and Owen Moore are nigh perfect. But remember: not for auntie or the children.

The National Guide to Motion Pictures

(REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.)

☆

NO MAN OF HER OWN —Paramount





☆

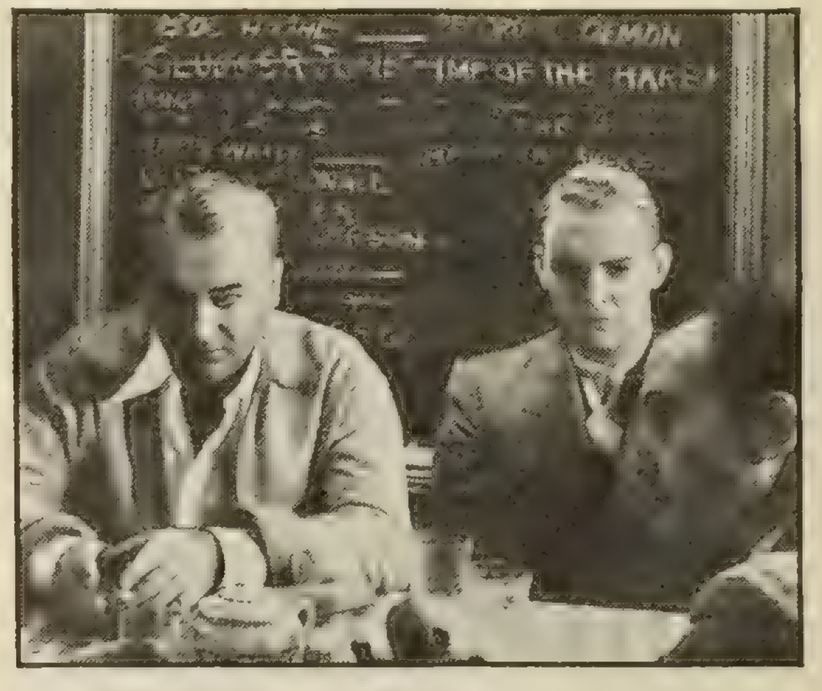
GRAND SLAM— Warners

CLARK GABLE devotees and fanciers of Carole Lombard should take to this one. Gable in his best heart-fluttering way, and Carole, with lines as scintillant as her person and clothes, turn in delicious love-making episodes that more than redeem the story, a rubber-stamp affair about a card sharper who reforms for love. Fine support, particularly by Grant Mitchell, Elizabeth Patterson and Dorothy Mackaill.

OH, will Ely Culbertson's face be red when he sees this gorgeously funny satire on bridge and bridge experts! Paul Lukas is a Russian waiter, and Loretta Young, as the check girl, is crazy about him. The fun begins when a society lady (Helen Vinson) has him sent to her home to play bridge according to his remarkable new system. Eminently enjoyable support by Frank McHugh and Ferdinand Gottschalk.

42ND STREET —Warners





LUCKY DEVILS— RKO-Radio

RUBY KEELER'S début as a picture personality—and, make no mistake about it, a new star is born. As the country girl who comes to Broadway and steps in at the last minute for a musical queen, she makes good in a big way. Almost an out-and-out musical, with one number at least sufficient to stop any show. Excellent performances by Warner Baxter, Guy Kibbee, George Brent, Bebe Daniels, and Ginger Rogers.

STUNT men glorified. A new and thrilling story about the lads who risk their lives daily to add realism to movies. Bill Boyd, William Gargan, Creighton Chaney and Billy Bakewell are the fearless stunt boys, with Rosco Ates adding a bit of fun. Dorothy Wilson does some nice work as the girl. It begins with a bang, ends with a thrill and packs plenty of punch throughout the story.

HOT PEPPER —Fox





THE BILLION DOLLAR SCANDAL— Paramount

SERGEANT QUIRT and *Captain Flagg* (otherwise Edmund Lowe and Victor McLaglen) are with us again, hard-boiled as ever. This time they run the gamut from a crooked crap game to the rum-running business, with much pepper on the side from Lupe Velez, doing a South American dancer in a night club. Creaks somewhat in the telling, but loads of fun. We might add, just a bit rough.

SHADES of Teapot Dome! Here's the whole oily imbroglio with us again, in an excellent thriller worked out by Robert Armstrong, as an ex-athlete and ex-convict who discovers the deal and braves threats on his life to expose all. Olga Baclanova, as a dizzy manicurist and masseuse, and Constance Cummings, as a daughter of the scheming multimillionaire (Frank Morgan) provide satisfactory romance. Not for the children.

Saves Your Picture Time and Money



THE PAST OF MARY HOLMES—RKO-Radio

TOO bad for Helen MacKellar that Louise Dresser scored so mightily in "The Goose Woman" several years ago, for Helen's repetition of the rôle is inevitably dimmed. Nevertheless, her portrayal of the half-mad, gin-soaked ex-opera star who lives alone with her geese until a murder drags her to notice, is gripping enough. Eric Linden, Skeets Gallagher and J. Carrol Naish help plow through a tangle of sub-plots.



PARACHUTE JUMPER—Warners

WITH a vagabond air and dash, this snappy story of two discharged aviators of the Marines, hops from one crazy situation to another. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and Frank McHugh find themselves in New York, jobless; discover Bette Davis, also jobless, and together they go aero-rum-running, parachute jumping and gangster chasing. Fairbanks, grand; Bette Davis, McHugh and Leo Carrillo add plenty of interest.



THE MYSTERIOUS RIDER—Paramount

BY dint of using such actors as Irving Pichel and Warren Hymer to support Kent Taylor and Lona Andre, this one turns the usual Western formula into good enough melodrama for anybody. Director Fred Allen also did a lot to make something highly satisfactory from the Zane Grey plot, which has to do with a night rider foiling the attempts of a crooked lawyer to grab the homesteaders' lands.



HELLO, EVERYBODY! —Paramount

STRICTLY for Kate Smith fans—all four million of 'em. It's a simple country yarn, tailored to fit Katie, which takes some tailoring. In it she's the farmers' friend, who uses her head and the voice God gave her to foil the wicked power interests, out to dam the farmers' water. Several good songs in Kate's best manner, and she brings down the house with her dance routine. Excellent cast.



THE MYSTERY OF THE WAX MUSEUM—Warners

PREPARE to shiver when you see this Technicolor successor to "Doctor X." Lionel Atwill, as a wax museum owner, crazed and horribly mutilated by a fire, invades New York with a gruesome (and lethal) method of obtaining figures for his show. Fay Wray is all but snuffed out before all is set right. Glenda Farrell, Frank McHugh, Holmes Herbert and Allen Vincent excellent in support. Don't take the kiddies.



HALLELUJAH, I'M A BUM—United Artists

NO great shakes as a story, but if you go for Al Jolson, you should get a kick from the swell music and lyrics present. Al, as "King of Central Park," or in other words, head of the bums, delivers the ditties as incidents of his effort to straighten out a tangled heart-affair between the mayor of New York (Frank Morgan) and his girl (Madge Evans).

[ADDITIONAL REVIEWS ON PAGE 123]

Mary *Returns To* Herself



Karl Dial

"My greatest difficulty," says Mary Pickford, "is keeping busy. This is complicated by the fact that I am an artist-producer." Unlike the big film companies, every picture that she produces has to make money

But not the self of curls and "Little Annie Rooney" rôles. Much deeper than that, it is a matter of the *spirit*

By Mark Larkin

"Defeat is not important unless it brings discouragement. It is discouragement that keeps you from trying, not defeat. Discouragement brings hopelessness, and hopelessness brings oblivion. The antidote for both is activity."

All this comment came amid a whirl of activity which marked the completion of "Secrets," at least the shooting of "Secrets." Mary sat at a makeshift table sipping tea and eating a wafer while Frank Borzage, filmland's prize-winning director, and Ray June, runner-up cameraman, were changing the set-up.

Old Man Budget, grizzled bugaboo of the business office, peered from recesses and croaked his dismal refrain, "Overhead," driving gaffer, juicers, grips, boom-men and sound crew at a frantic pace.

Mary talked fast, for soon Borzage would want her to take a make-believe ride across the continent on the Lincoln Highway with Leslie Howard for the fadeout of the picture. The car stood ready for this final close-up, an elopement scene between two characters already married in the script.

"The first thing to consider about any story," Mary said, "is its entertainment value. Next, whether the vehicle fits. A good story, no matter how well done, in which the star is miscast is never entertaining. Nor is a bad story, regardless of how excellently produced. And there is no such thing as 'type of entertainment.' A good war picture will succeed today, or a good gangster picture, or a good sex picture. But it must be *good*.

"OF course, people do get tired of seeing the same old story over and over in different theaters, or the same players over and over in practically the same rôles. A 'cycle' of pictures is nothing but a series made from the same plot with slight changes. The same players are featured in the same type rôles until the public gets sick of seeing them!"

The greatest difficulty that confronts Miss Pickford is keeping active, she explained. "This is complicated by the fact that I am an artist-producer. Although I am a company, I also am an individual. All the big companies with their many stars and featured players, make fifty-two pictures a year, while I, the Mary Pickford Company, a lone star, am fortunate to do one."

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 100]

WITH the screen as her blackboard and pretty clothes and romance her chalk, Mary Pickford is re-drawing the outline of her career.

She is strengthening that delicate fabric of lines which fits together with jig-saw puzzle precision to form the pattern of her cinematic fate.

To protect that image, Mary is returning to herself.

But she does not view this return with any undue alarm. On the contrary, she regards it definitely as a step forward. And she feels that the very implication of the word *return* rings false. In fact, she will have none of it, claiming it in no sense applies to the current Pickford status.

"To say that I am returning to myself infers," she said, "that I am going back to little girl rôles such as were shown in 'Little Annie Rooney,' or 'Sparrows,' or even 'My Best Girl,' and I assure you I haven't the slightest intention of that. Also, to return, one must have been away, and I have been right here in pictures all the time, looking for new stories, selling old ones, and planning, always planning."

Mary Pickford believes it an ill-found philosophy which dwells upon the discussion of mistakes; also she thinks that absence from the screen and not so much bad pictures is the thing that jeopardizes a film career.

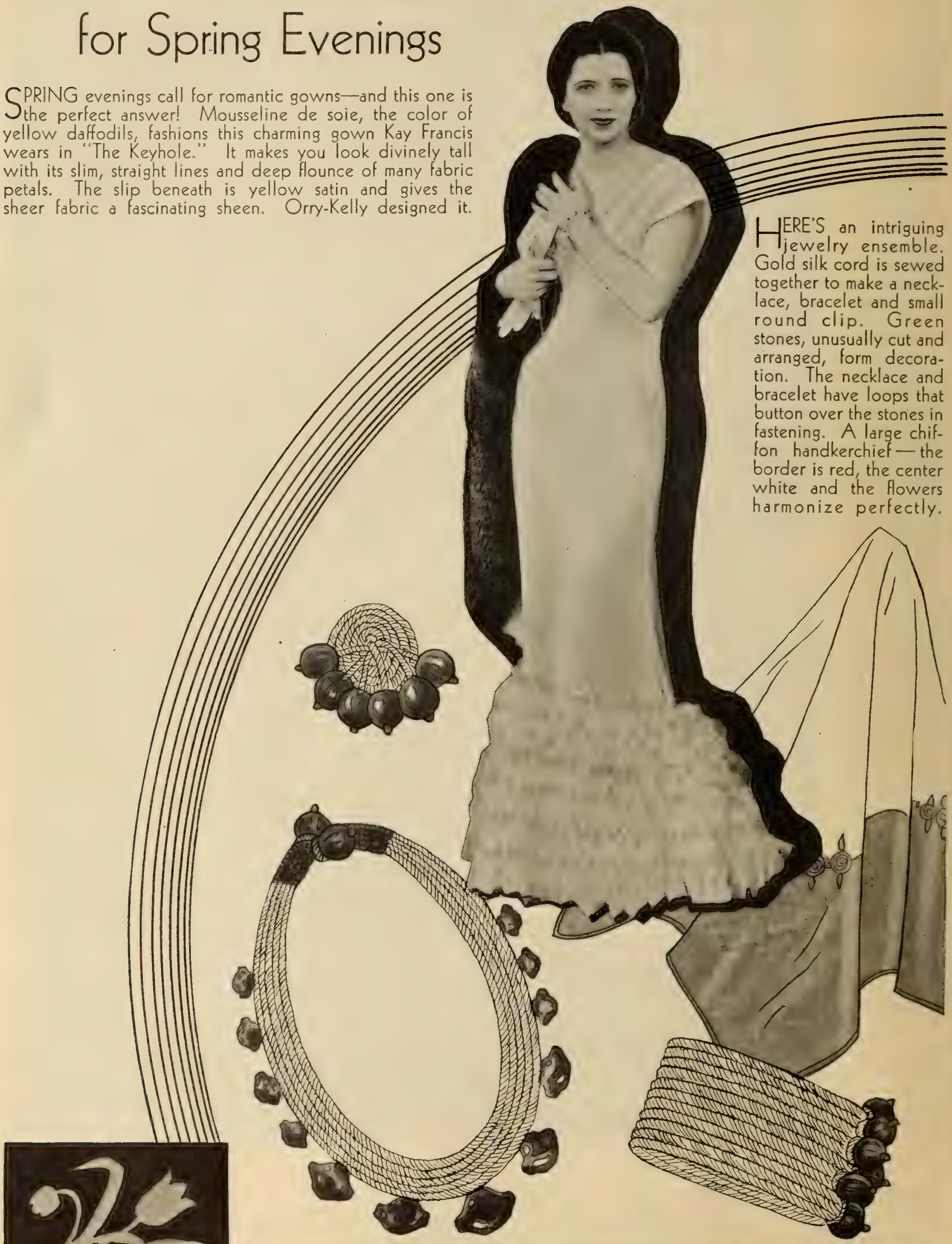
"Irving Thalberg once told me that you can't always be right but you can always be busy, which is indeed a sage remark. No one's judgment is infallible. It isn't the mistakes you make that down you, it's the inactivity. No one can stand still and go ahead. And you can't move forward and look backward. You go in the direction you look.



"SECRETS," forsooth! Doesn't it just look as though we were having a forbidden peep at this group of Hollywood's great, foregathered in conference on the set of Mary's new picture? There they are—Frank Borzage, Leslie Howard, Mary herself, and Doug Fairbanks, Jr., who had just dropped in for a visit—and it has all the air of a dire plot. But the photographer says it was just "time out"

Kay Francis Wears Yellow for Spring Evenings

SPRING evenings call for romantic gowns—and this one is the perfect answer! Mousseline de soie, the color of yellow daffodils, fashions this charming gown Kay Francis wears in "The Keyhole." It makes you look divinely tall with its slim, straight lines and deep flounce of many fabric petals. The slip beneath is yellow satin and gives the sheer fabric a fascinating sheen. Orry-Kelly designed it.



HERE'S an intriguing jewelry ensemble. Gold silk cord is sewed together to make a necklace, bracelet and small round clip. Green stones, unusually cut and arranged, form decoration. The necklace and bracelet have loops that button over the stones in fastening. A large chiffon handkerchief — the border is red, the center white and the flowers harmonize perfectly.

Two Smart Hollywood Notes



IT'S a young fashion, this gay evening frock that Myrna Loy wears in "Topaze." Pert frills flare out like sleeves but actually the arms are bare except for small fastenings near the neckline. Demure but fascinating are those white gardenias. Myrna wears this in black but you may choose it in soft tones, as well. The skirt is instep length and the waistline curves up in front, down in back —a new detail. Rose Crowley is the clever designer.

EVEN though Katharine Hepburn has made but one picture, she has already established herself as a young person who knows what's smart. She likes simple, dramatic things like this unusual evening coat which Howard Greer has designed for her to wear in "A Great Desire." It has been copied for you in a shorter length than Katharine's—just so you can wear it for both spring and summer evenings! The collar buttons right up to the chin, flaring out in a flattering manner.

—Seymour



NEW accessories for your first spring costume . . . a vestee of white silk with high neckline . . . a new bag in gray ribbed felt with wooden buttons . . . a clever umbrella, small enough for a bag but yet big enough for protection!

BARBARA BARONDESS is a new star to bring smart fashions to you. She wears this charming frock designed by Robert Kalloch in "Fever." In beige rough crepe, it has a trick striped scarf tying at one side—note the buttons.

LEAVE it to Ginger Rogers to wear a knockout suit in her newest picture "Broadway Bad"! A short bolero tops a jacket dress with collar and tie of white pique. In black rabbits wool as designed by Earl Luick.



HOLLYWOOD FASHIONS

sponsored by PHOTOPLAY Magazine and worn by famous stars in latest motion pictures now may be secured for your own wardrobe from leading department and ready-to-wear stores in many localities. . . . Faithful copies of these smartly styled and moderately-priced garments, of which those shown in this issue of PHOTOPLAY are typical, are on display this month in the stores of those representative merchants whose firm names are conveniently listed on Page 122.



CAPES have the "ayes" for spring. Fur ones, especially, top all costumes smartly. This one has a demure turnover collar—buttons are a new detail. This is soft beige kid.

ANOTHER youthful frock by Travis Banton, this time for Frances Dee to wear in "The Crime of the Century." It's a beige silk with white cotton faille collar and taffeta bow.

WHAT a grand frock Travis Banton has designed for Sari Maritza to wear in "A Lady's Profession!" It's black silk crepe with unusual jabot. The cuffs are of white whipcord pique.







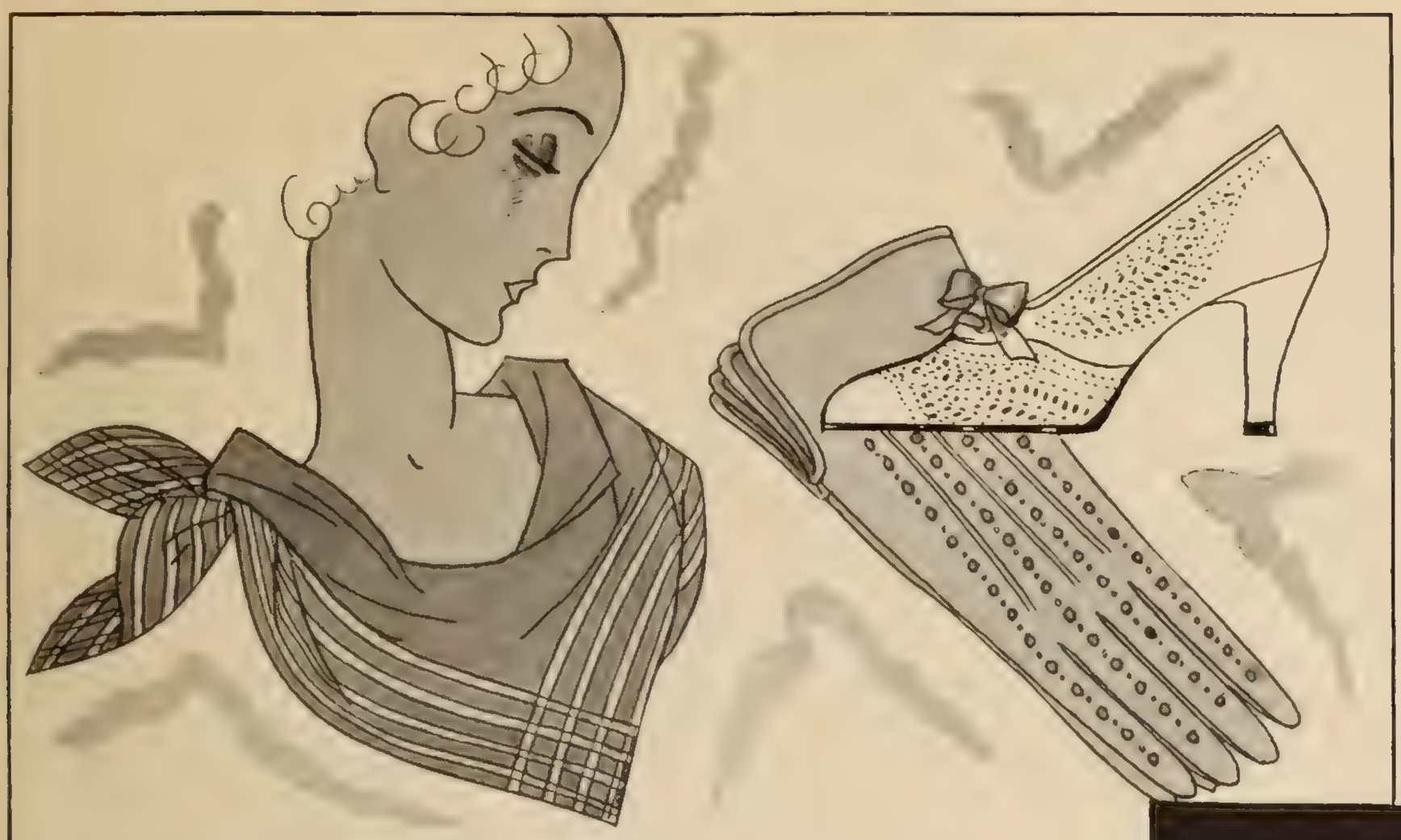
YOU may have music wherever you go! Just carry one of the new pint size radio sets in this trick zipper case of tan fabric.

Seymour Picks These New Spring Styles On Screen



"CENTRAL AIRPORT" is the intriguing name of Sally Eiler's new picture—in it she wears this attractive evening gown designed by Orry-Kelly. Pastel silk crepe is fitted slimly to the figure, while pleated ruffles of mousseline de soie give flaring accent to the neckline and hem. The hem ruffle narrows as it rises to a point above the knee.

AFTER wintry looking clothes, the first ensemble is always a thrill. This one of Miriam Jordan's is especially practical because it combines a coat and dress so neatly. The coat is a light woolen and the dress of silk with silver buttons and a trick belt. The coat is unusually smart because of its swagger style and cleverly cut sleeves. The fur collar adds a flattering note. This is worn in "Dangerously Yours," and you will see it in one of the most exciting scenes. Lambert gets the credit for the design.



JOT these accessory notes down on your list! A wool scarf in a gay plaid and a new knit. A trim perforated oxford called "Cabana." And a pigskin golf glove that also uses the popular perforated detail.

ALWAYS save the exciting for the last—an ensemble worn by Connie Bennett in her new picture "Our Betters." Imagine wearing an ensemble exactly like one the inimitable Constance wears! This is a three-piece affair consisting of soft wool knit coat and skirt and a contrasting knit sweater. The coat is swagger style with distinctive wooden buttons and frog fastening. The sweater has a scarf type neckline. Smart!

— Seymour





THE very latest gasp in chamois sports jackets. The puffed sleeves are a feminine concession but the zipper down the front is a practical one. Sporty, what?



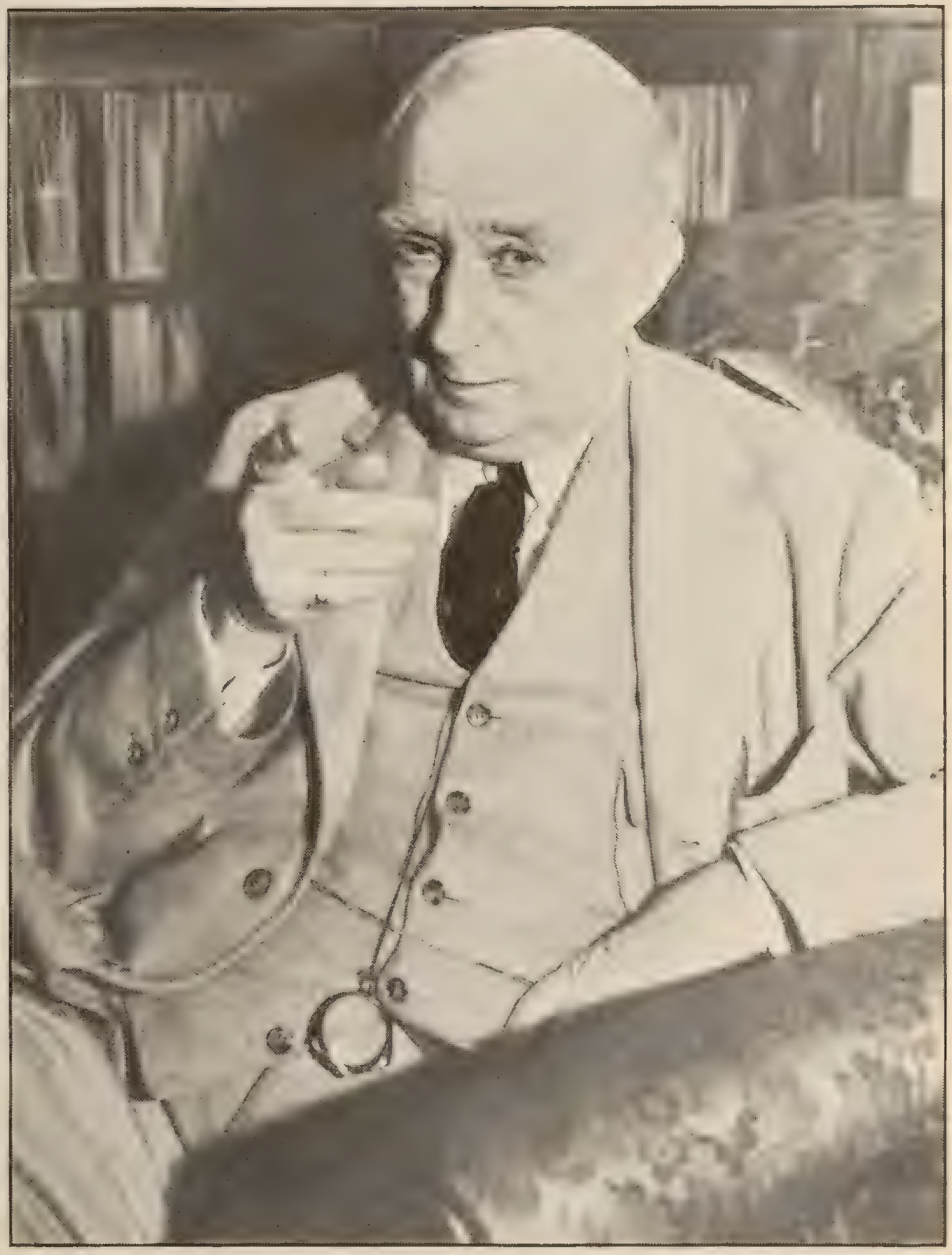
Hal Phyfe

WHEN Queen Ethel Barrymore watched Diana Wynyard in "Rasputin," she commented, "The finest young actress I've seen in Hollywood." Later, the critics sang paeans of praise over her unforgettable performance in "Cavalcade." Oh, lady of the wind-swept blue eyes and the chestnut hair—we wonder what new worlds will you conquer with your next picture "Men Must Fight"?

Bless You, My Children!

Alec B. Francis can say that to almost all the stars you know. He's been screen-father to them all

By Harold Benton



Is Alec proffering some sound, fatherly advice? Well, when he does, all Hollywood loves it. After he's finished "daddying" them on the screen, the stars have come to like him so well they simply love to take their business cares, heartaches, and what have you, to him in real earnest for solution

KING SOLOMON was famous because of his wives.

Peggy Hopkins Joyce is famous because of her husbands.

A lot of youngsters are famous because of their parents—

But the most famous father in film history is Alec B. Francis.

Any father would be swell-chested indeed to claim Greta Garbo, Joan Crawford, Norma Shearer or Janet Gaynor as his daughter, but Alec does better than that. He claims all of them. They are merely twigs on his screen-family tree, a few of the scores of children whom he has fathered in some picture or other.

He has been at it for twenty-two years now, and that gives him considerable of an edge over any other screen parent.

He began it back in the days when the movies were made in Flatbush-on-the-Hudson.

In those days you saw Edith Storey, Florence Turner, Kitty Gordon and Barbara Tennant. In those days Mary Pickford hadn't even been heard of, and D. W. Griffith was still sweeping stages, instead of staging epic cinema sweeps.

Alec started raising his screen brood then. Among them are numbered the most celebrated youngsters in the world. For Alec has played father not only to almost every star now of importance on the screen, but to almost every star of any importance who has ever been on the screen.

Lillian Walker, Elaine Hammerstein, Mae Marsh, Geraldine Farrar, Naomi Childers, Pauline Frederick, Ruth Roland—these are only a few of the film great whom he raised.

AS for the present day stars whom he has fathered—well, just list about all there are in alphabetical order and look 'em over for yourself. Alec won't have missed many of them.

If you stroll along Hollywood Boulevard almost any bright, sunny morning, the odds are that you'll bump into him. A rather tall, white-haired gentleman, with the milk of human kindness all over his face. A twinkle in his pale blue eyes, a sprightly step, and a bit of a feather stuck jauntily into the band of his hat. He'll be carrying a stick in his hand, there'll be a pipe in his mouth, and he'll bid you a cheery good-day. And as like as not, if you can keep up with him, he'll tell you a reminiscence or two.

Really, he's one of those gentle, lovable creatures that can be created only by God or Sir James Barrie. That's why every star with whom he has ever worked adores him and confides in him not only her screen joys and troubles, but often her real life ones as well.

"I think that perhaps Geraldine Farrar was the most interesting of my screen children," he'll tell you, "while Naomi Childers possessed the most exquisite grace and poise. We used to gather under Geraldine's window when I was working with her, because she always sang in her dressing-room, and we would stay there for hours just to listen to her sing."

Alec's mind is a rich honeycomb of memories. For instance, Kitty Gordon was the first movie star to receive public adulation wherever she went, and that was not because she was in pictures, but because of her compelling personality itself and also her famous back.

Mae Marsh, who returned to the screen as the mother in "Over the Hill," was for many [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 109]

So Hollywood Got Her!

By Richard Talbot



Dorothy Peterson lived where short sleeves, dancing and movies were forbidden by law. She fled to Hollywood, and the home-towners have never quite forgiven her for it

THEY said a lot of things in Dorothy Peterson's old home-town when they heard that she had gone into pictures. It made no difference that she was cast in sweet mother rôles; to them it was the same as going to—well, the permanent abode of condemned souls. You probably saw her mothering Constance Bennett in "Bought," or Dick Barthelmess in "Cabin in the Cotton," but the home-towners never did.

For Dorothy Peterson's home-town is Zion, Illinois, and to all who dwell in Zion, pleasures and pastimes such as dancing or the movies are pitfalls of the devil.

You've probably heard of Zion and of "King" John Alexander Dowie, its founder, high priest, and prophet. You probably know that he was a modern "miracle man" whose followers flocked to his healing cult. They flocked to Zion by the thousands—and among those who flocked were Dorothy's parents. At the time, she was a little girl of six.

Dowie is dead, now. He died while Dorothy was a child. But Zion is still going strong. Even as Elijah's mantle descended to his successor, Elisha, in the Old Testament, so Dowie's prestige descended upon the present General Overseer Voliva. Dorothy remembers Voliva well. Every Sunday, back in Zion, she had to go and hear him preach whether she wanted to or no. His austere tenets were the terror of her childhood. His rigorous discipline dominated her father and her mother and, through them, herself until she was eighteen.

Movie folk have come from everywhere. They've come from before the thrones of emperors and from behind the steering wheels of trucks; they've been grand duchesses and waiters. But of all the film players in Hollywood, Dorothy Peterson undoubtedly has the strangest background of the lot. She came to the home of glamour and tinsel from the home cradle of a religious colony.

ZION is perhaps the one place on earth where there are still no movie theaters. There are movie theaters in Zanzibar and Timbuktu. The Dyaks of Borneo and the aborigines of Australia have seen Garbo and Gable in pictures. But in the United States of America, within forty miles of the city of Chicago, there exists today a community of over 5,000 souls, not one of whom ever sees a motion picture or ever hears of a movie star. Well, hardly ever, anyway.

Dorothy Peterson came to Hollywood as an actress—from there.

In Zion, Dorothy carried a volume of Dowie's teachings under her arm instead of a make-up box. She got up and went to bed at the hours Dowie had prescribed. She dressed her hair as Dowie had directed; no powder ever touched her cheeks or rouge her lips. There were no parties—just prayer-meetings there.

In Zion, Dowie decreed even what and when she should eat. He specified the foods which were best for her soul—and she had to eat them, too, because the Board of Elders and the Council of the Apostles ran the stores.

Contrast that with naughty Hollywood!

Dorothy went to Zion because her mother became a convert to the Zionist faith. And for the [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 105]



WHAT'S this—a pinch, and Mae West trying to yarn her way out of it? Well, not quite. They happened to have time out one day while filming "She Done Him Wrong," and Mae just naturally gathered in the coppers who function in the show and started telling them a few good ones. You can judge for yourself whether she got over

PHOTOPLAY'S Hollywood



All the beauty tricks of all the stars brought to you each month



"BLOW, blow, thou winter wind," gleefully commands Joan Blondell as she airs, refreshes and exercises her blonde hair before an electric dryer. Fresh air is a great hair tonic. An electric fan is a fine substitute for Joan's electric dryer; or expose your hair to fresh air when possible. Tiny hats, short coiffures, have done much for hair health.

SUSAN FLEMING guards her skin beauty with a deep cleansing cream. "Remember," she warns, "to cleanse very thoroughly at the outer nostrils and the chin curve." There the skin seems inactive and if not thoroughly cleansed a clogged condition will result. Remember to follow every cream cleansing with a skin tonic or lotion. Unusual eyebrows, those.

Beauty Shop

Conducted By
Carolyn
Van Wyck





A GLOW of color, low, along the jawbone adds a subtle radiance to the face. Genevieve Tobin shows you a new way of rouging for evening. Avoid this, however, if your lower face is very thin, hollow or narrow.



JOAN CRAWFORD'S new coiffure gives us a brilliant idea for a very different arrangement to be achieved by yourself in ten minutes with aid of a warm curling iron. A wide left part, a coy shingle curl to contradict the severeness of that broad forehead sweep, up-turned ends, and there you are! Hair does not have to be shingled for this style. Simply roll that curl very tight and high. Good for straight hair.

BEAUTIFUL shoulders have long been eulogized in poem and picture. Gwili André's lovely shoulders should inspire every girl to correct posture, care of neck and shoulder skin. Proper exercise will teach you correct posture, develop or reduce neck or shoulders. Foundation cream by day will avoid that discolored, unbecoming V.

This and That From Hollywood's Beauty Lore



THAT is snow you see drifting over Madge Evans' hair and face. This direct exposure to snow or rain is one of Madge's pet skin beauty secrets. It is magical for refreshing, refining the skin to pearl-like beauty. Protect yourself thoroughly from chill and damp.







ROSALIE ROY finds those lipstick tissues that come in purse-size pads ideal for removing lipstick. Remember always to remove old before applying new.

Jean Arthur's eyebrows are an interesting study. Straight, low brows are often becoming to large, clear eyes. Hollywood brow styles appear to be lower, straighter. Watch them!

"Smile, and your rouge smiles with you," sings Mary Carlisle. That area brought into prominence when you smile is the rouge area for the full, youthful face.

Coiffure Classique Featuring Shadow Curls





GLORIA STUART'S coiffure conceals the temples and reveals the ears. The latter is a matter of choice, though, for the hair may be combed over them if you wish. Notice that those temple curls are almost a bang with the ends curled in shadow effect. This type headdress fits comfortably and becomingly under small hats, for there is no loose hair to break the smooth outline.

CONTINUING in the classic coiffure tempo, comes Gloria Stuart with a shadow curl arrangement designed especially for her by a famous London hairdresser. Shadow curls outline the entire head, except the center forehead, as you can see from other pictures. The hair is finger-waved in broad undulations and the back is massed in corkscrew and shadow curls. Ideal for fine hair.



AREN'T these curls beautiful? The wide finger-waves merge into the tight vertical curls which in turn are fringed by shadow curls. That shadow fringe is made by combing out the lower curl ends. Comb them out for evening; curl in tight for day.

The Basic A, B, C's of Skin Beauty



GWILI ANDRÉ knows that a rub-down with eau de Cologne following the bath is as refreshing and revivifying as it is refining and beautifying to the skin. Its slight fragrance will not conflict with your perfume.





IN time, those laughter lines at the mouth may become deep and harsh unless a tissue building cream is used to keep the skin soft and well lubricated. Raquel Torres takes no chances. Nightly she uses a rich tissue cream.

THE eyes need a light application of tissue building cream every night, even with the very young, thinks Raquel Torres. Pat in gently with finger tips.



RAQUEL always follows the day use of cream by a skin lotion to remove all cream, to refresh, to tone. Pat on briskly with absorbent cotton pads.

(For More Beauty Tips Turn to Page 94)

Born *to be a* Villain

But Lyle Talbot wishes they would let him go straight



His real name is Hollywood and his mother's name was Warner and today he is a Warner star in Hollywood. Lyle Talbot started his acting career as a hypnotist's assistant

USUALLY the villain in his screen rôles, Lyle Talbot is probably the most unvillain-like person in Hollywood. He's a quiet, unassuming young man with a bright Irish wit, who lives alone in a modest flat with his dog, likes golf and tennis and goes bicycle riding every chance he gets. He cares little for publicity ballyhoo and wants to spread his career out over a period of years, rather than have it burst into a sudden skyrocket of flame and then die out.

The amazing thing is, his real name is Hollywood and his mother's name was Warner, and today he's a Warner star in Hollywood. Seems like a nice bit of foresight, doesn't it, on the part of the fates? But not so, not so. Not at all. It made no end of trouble when his time came to flash upon the screen, and had to be ripped all to bits.

Of that, more anon. Meanwhile, to save bother, we'll call him Lyle Talbot throughout.

Born in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, he moved to a small town in Nebraska when he was still a baby, and later moved to the city of Omaha. His parents were on the stage and Lyle lived with his grandmother.

Never dreamed, of course, that he'd be anything but Lyle Hollywood to the end of his days. But "Man Proposes—" you know how it runs. Meanwhile, some early ups and downs of his career.

Graduating from high school in Omaha, he set out in his parents' footsteps and joined a small stock company. Later, at his grandmother's urging, he attended the University of Nebraska, but his brief taste of the stage was too strong to resist, so he left college to travel as a hypnotist's assistant. Knowing no more about hypnotism, of course, than your dear old grandmother.

He graduated to tent shows that played through the Middle West and for three years Lyle was that handsome young juvenile who knocked them right out of their seats. Soon after, he owned his own stock company in Memphis, Tennessee.

Things looked bright until the stage hands upped and went on strike and Lyle was left to shift his own scenery and arrange his own props. So he finally gave up in despair. Knocked out, so to speak, just when that siren Prosperity was promising to come tiptoeing around the corner. His name still stands on the front of that Memphis theater, where a burlesque company now holds forth. That is, at last reports. We can't guarantee how things might change in times like these. But back to our subject, and his next steps up the ladder to fame.

By Sara Hamilton

In all his acting career Lyle had never seen New York, when suddenly he was asked to join a stock company in Manchester, England. He played there a short time and then returned to make Broadway at last, playing in "The Criminal Code." While playing in New York, he made a Warner Bros. short that brought no results, so he put the thought of movies out of his head. From New York he journeyed to Dallas, Texas, to join the famous stock company playing that city.

News of the young actor who was wowing them in Dallas soon reached Hollywood, and the Warner star-hounds sent for him to come on and make a test. So Lyle arrived, thrilled but speechless. He had lost his voice en route and could only gasp things at an astounded studio.

Recovering his voice, he made the necessary tests, giving scenes from the play, "Louder Please." That was where fate had another little joke all ready for him. He went through it blissfully unaware that the play burlesqued certain people in certain departments of the very studio that was testing him.

DISCOVERING, to his horror, two days later what had happened, he quickly packed, ready to sneak out of town, when Warners, amused at the whole episode, promptly signed him to a contract. His first rôle was in "Love Is A Racket." You've seen him in "No More Orchids" with Carole Lombard; "Ladies They Talk About" and "42nd Street."

And that, mates, is where the cinematic name met its fate. "Hollywood of Hollywood"—"Hollywood was born in Pittsburgh"—no, it just wouldn't do. So Lyle Hollywood became Lyle Talbot. Everyone happy—just like that. Now a few details, since our hero has landed.

He's five feet, eleven and a half inches tall; weighs 172 pounds, has brown hair and blue eyes that a girl would give anything to possess. He has grand taste in clothes, his ties, socks and shirts always blending.

He is never seen where actors are usually seen. He drives a Ford, loves filet of sole, and his pet economy is cheap socks.

He loathes people who talk too much. Lyle himself talks well and at length. He's made fourteen pictures in eight months and frets considerably about the villain thing. He never wants to be just a nice young hero but he would like to be a little nice on the screen for a change.

He's not married and he's twenty-nine years old.

Joan Wears Her Newest

And designed by Adrian for her picture "Today We Live," they give you advanced ideas for a new season. A fashion scoop!

Photos By
Clarence Sinclair Bull

A new Crawford dress of the "Letty Lynton" type—but Adrian has made it distinctively different by using fluted ruffles. They curve up across the shoulders in the back and ruffle down the skirt. Black velvet bows on white

It's crisp and tailored, this brown tweed dress, just the type of thing Joan likes so much. Starched linen gives a side lapel accent, under cuffs are starched, too. The round neckline is youthful, as is the fabric belt

Who but Adrian would think of putting myriad little white cotton pique bows on a crinkle crepe silk gown? And what you can't see is the slit skirt—a daring touch for a demure gown! Isn't Joan's hairdress charming?

"In California...in Chicago...on the Continent, these creams have guarded my skin constantly since I was a girl"— says beautiful Mrs. McCormick



In 1929 *Mrs. McCormick was Miss Joan Tyndale Stevens of England, which accounts for her delicate English beauty. "Years ago I started to use Pond's," she says.*

"I SPENT my girlhood on the Continent . . . In Chicago I learned about extremes of climate . . . And here in Santa Barbara I am out in the open most of the time.

"Isn't that a test of one's beauty methods?"

Mrs. McCormick has the most heavenly skin you ever saw—she is a typical British blonde.

"Even on the other side, when I was a girl," she says, "I always used Pond's. I was so absolutely sure of their purity."

Skin Soft in Harshest Weather

"But it was in Chicago, where the winters are stinging and the summers burning, that I realized how *absolutely necessary* Pond's Two Creams are if one's skin is to keep its young-girl freshness.

"The Cold Cream is indispensable for cleansing, and I use the Vanishing Cream constantly for protection. It heals chapping and it is the most effective powder base.

"Here in California I spend most of my time in my garden. Again, Pond's Two Creams have proved themselves invaluable."

See Your Own Skin Improve

Try these Creams on your own skin, and see what wonders they accomplish for you. Pond's Creams bring back the suppleness of young skin.



Today *Mrs. Alister McCormick's fresh beauty is even more apparent. She spends most of her day working among rare tropical plants which she has collected. "I rely entirely on Pond's Two Creams to keep my skin nice," she says.*

HEALS CHAPPING. Pond's Vanishing Cream is famous for its healing and soothing qualities.

To *prevent* your skin from drying and cracking smooth on Vanishing Cream before going out. It keeps your skin beautifully soft and white.

CLEANSES—PREVENTS LINES. Use Pond's Cold Cream for thorough daily cleansing. It floats out every speck of grime without clogging the pores or drying the skin! A bit left on overnight after cleansing will keep away age-telling lines!

WHITENS ROUGH RED HANDS. Pond's Vanishing Cream quickly smooths roughened skin and relieves irritation. Watch it whiten and soften reddened hands.

Thousands of women use and praise Pond's Two Creams. Among them:

Lady Louis Mountbatten
Mrs. E. Wrenn duPont Lady Violet Astor
Mrs. Reginald Vanderbilt
Miss Anne Morgan Mrs. Morgan Belmont

Send 10¢ **(to cover cost of postage and packing) for choice of free samples**

POND'S EXTRACT COMPANY, Dept. C
114 Hudson Street New York City

Please send me (check choice): *Pond's New Face Powder* in attractive glass jar. Light Cream ☐, Rose Cream ☐, Brunette ☐, Naturelle ☐.
OR Pond's Two Creams, Tissues and Freshener ☐.

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Leo Reisman on Pond's, Fridays, 9:30 P.M., E. S. T. . . . Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt, wife of the President-Elect, Speaker . . . WEAF and NBC Network

3 famous Stars of the Screen



Complexions that fascinate—*even in a snapshot*

Why don't YOU try Hollywood's Beauty Care

THE Hollywood screen stars are lovely *always*. Even a snapshot shows them radiantly fresh—youthful!

Snapshots are not *kind* — every woman knows that. But the stars face even this test fearlessly! How charming is the trio above—Loretta Young, Polly Ann Young, Sally Blane — snapped by John Boles in an informal moment at the popular Cocoanut Grove!

How alluring they are—these beautiful stars! What is the secret of their matchless charm?

"Above everything else," says lovely Sally Blane, "we take exquisite care of our complexions. I started using Lux Toilet Soap my first day in the studio, and find it helps keep my skin smooth and glowing."

Loretta Young, and Polly Ann, too, like scores of other fascinating stars, use this gentle care to keep their skin always youthfully alluring.

9 out of 10 Screen Stars use it

Of the 694 important actresses in Hollywood, including all stars, 686 use this fragrant white soap regularly!

Not only at home in their own

LUX Toilet



Snapped by
JOHN BOLES
at the
Cocoanut Grove
in Hollywood

enlargement

luxurious dressing rooms, but in their studio dressing rooms as well. Because the stars' preference is so well known, this fragrant white soap has been made official by all the big film studios.

Why don't *you* try the Beauty Soap of the Stars — guard *your* complexion as the world's most beautiful women do? Buy several cakes of this gentle soap. Begin at once to give your skin the care that will keep it always temptingly smooth and fresh.



Soap — *The Beauty Soap of the Stars*

Ask The Answer Man



Tommy Conlon, whom the readers are most interested in this month. Bet he will give us a bigger smile when he hears about this

TOMMY CONLON is the readers' favorite this month. Although he is just a lad of fifteen, everyone, young and old, is asking for information about him. And here it is!

Tommy was born in Philadelphia, Penna., on June 21, 1917. He is of Irish-American descent. Has auburn-brown hair and blue eyes. It is hard to tell just what his height and weight are because he is growing so fast.

Back in 1924, Tommy began his picture career in "Our Gang" comedies. Later he appeared in a number of serials for Universal. Then he left pictures for three years and lived in the East with his father. He returned to the screen in 1931 when Fox gave him the rôle of *Johnny* in "Over the Hill." Other pictures that followed were "Flying High," "Young America," "Caught Short," "Song o' My Heart," "Charlie Chan's Chance," "She Wanted a Millionaire," "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm," "Those We Love," "The Sign of the Cross" and "No Man of Her Own." Quite a record for such a youngster.

His father, William E. Conlon, appeared in a number of Henry Miller productions, but now devotes his time to managing his son's affairs. Tommy lives with his dad on a ranch in Tarzana, Calif. The town is called Tarzana because Edgar Rice Burroughs, author of the "Tarzan" stories, has a 12,000 acre ranch there.

J. O. Gish, U. S. Naval Academy, Annapolis, Md.—The name of the little lady who made such a hit with the midshipmen was Elizabeth Allan. She played the rôle of *Sylvia* with Leslie Howard and Benita Hume in "Reserved for Ladies." Benita was the *Countess Ricardi.* In 1927, Adolphe Menjou and Kathryn Carver made the silent version of this picture which was released under the title "Service for Ladies." Remember?

Dorothy, Los Angeles, Calif.—What a popular fellow Cary Grant is becoming! He is a native of Bristol, England, born there on January 18 (doesn't tell the year). He is 6 feet, 1½ inches tall; weighs 174 pounds and has black hair and brown eyes. He appeared on the English as well as the American stage before he went into pictures in December, 1931. His real name is Archie Leach. Like Cary Grant better? He is still single. Jack Gilbert first saw light on July 10, 1897.

C. B. Forbes, Greenville, N. C.—Josephine Dunn was the cute little blonde who played the rôle of Al Jolson's wife in "The Singing Fool."

Elda, Grand Island, Nebr.—Clara Bow's correct birth date is July 29, 1905. That will make her 28 years old this July.

M. Jollow, Brandon, Man.—Will you please stop calling him William Gargle? His name is William Gargan. He is married to Patricia Kenny and they have one little Gargle—I mean Gargan—a lad of about 4 years. Bill was born in Brooklyn, New York, on July 17, 1905. Is 6 feet tall; weighs 170 pounds and has reddish hair and blue eyes.

Read This Before Asking Questions

Avoid questions that call for unduly long answers, such as synopses of plays Do not inquire concerning religion, scenario writing, or studio employment. Write on only one side of the paper. Sign your full name and address. For a personal reply, enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

Casts and Addresses

As these take up much space, we treat such subjects in a different way from other questions. For this kind of information, a stamped, self-addressed envelope must always be sent. Address all inquiries to Questions and Answers, Photoplay Magazine, 221 W. 57th St., New York City.

He was on the stage for eight years before he entered pictures. His latest is "Lucky Devils."

Agnes Nechas, Chicago, Ill.—Are you listening, Agnes? That big handsome hero, Joel McCrea, hails from Los Angeles, Calif. He was born there on November 5, 1905. Is 6 feet, 2 inches tall; weighs 185 pounds and has brown hair and blue eyes. Not even *one* beautiful lady has been able to lead Joel to the altar, yet. Norman Foster is still very much married to Claudette Colbert. Norman was born in Richmond, Ind., on December 13, 1903. He is 5 feet, 11 inches tall and weighs 155 pounds. Has dark brown hair and blue eyes.

Dorothy Williams, New Orleans, La.—The beautiful Claudette Colbert was born in Paris, France, on September 13, 1907. She is 5 feet, 4 inches tall; weighs 112 pounds and has very dark brown hair and dark brown eyes. Is married to Norman Foster. Claudette made a name for herself on the stage before she entered pictures in 1928. Deserted them for the stage for a while, but came back to the screen with the talkies. Don't miss seeing her with Freddie March in "Tonight is Ours." But remember that doesn't mean you should play hookey from school.

Jack Diether, Vancouver, B. C.—The author of "The Mysterious Island" is Jules Verne, and the director of the picture, Lucien Hubbard. In the picture the rôle of *Dakkar* was played by Lionel Barrymore; *Sonia* by Jane Daly; *Nikolai* by Lloyd Hughes; *Falcon* by Montagu Love; *Mikhail* by Harry Gribbon; *Anton* by Snitz Edwards; *Dmitry* by Gibson Gowland and *Teresa* by Dolores Brinkman. For the other casts you mentioned you will have to send me a stamped return envelope. I haven't space here to list the characters.

G. M. Edwards, Lennoxville.—In "The Big Broadcast" Connie Boswell was seated on the right of Martha, and Vet stood just behind them. The three girls at the switchboard are known to radio listeners as "Major, Sharp and Minor."

R. M. C., Jamaica, Long Island.—I agree with you that Lewis Stone was rather foolish to throw the golden sword into the sea in the picture "The Mask of Fu Manchu." Anyway, it will probably give some ambitious writer a plot for another story. You know the kind—"Fu Manchu" as a deep-sea diver.

Ruth Lauren, Dayton, O.—Ann Dvorak was born on August 7, 1912. She is 5 feet, 6 inches tall and weighs 110 pounds. Karen Morley weighs 106 pounds. Ann is married to Leslie Fenton and Karen is Mrs. Charles Vidor.

Both **tinted** *nails and* **natural** *on the Ile de France*









Miss Nancy Morgan in white skirt and brown striped sweater and Coral nails. For this blue and white check Miss Faith Hollins chose Rose nails. Miss Virginia Kernochan wears Ruby with red and white.

Natural just slightly emphasizes the natural pink of your nails. Goes with all costumes, but is best with bright colors—red, blue, bright green, purple, orange and yellow.

Cardinal contrasts excitingly with black, white or any of the pale shades. Good with gray or beige . . . the new blue.

Rose is a shade that you can wear with any color dress, pale or vivid. It is subtle and charming with pastel pinks, lavender blues . . . Smart with dark green, black and brown.

Garnet is smart with frocks in the new tawny shades, cinnamon brown, black, white, beige, pearl gray or burnt orange.

Coral nails are bewilderingly lovely with white, pale pink, beige, gray, "the blues"—either daytime or evening frocks. Smart also with deeper colors if not too intense, black and brown.

Ruby (new) is such a real *red* red, you can wear it with anything when you want to be particularly gay and dashing.

The Smart World which travels on the Ile de France knows all the tricks which make for greater Allure.

One of its favorites is Variety in nail tips. In deck chairs . . . curved over the ship's rail . . . in the Salon . . . you'll see Rose, Coral, Cardinal, Garnet and red, red Ruby finger nails. Each tint just the right accent to the frock.

So, if you're planning on slipping off on a cruise, get prepared! Competition is Keen on shipboard. If you want to be in on all the exciting things that happen . . . or the Romantic things that Might . . . see that your nails are as beckoning as butterflies.

Those Who Know never travel without their Cutex. For Cutex is made by the World's Manicure Authority. It not only has the most ravishing lot of colors to be found on either side of the Atlantic. But it is one polish which flows on smoothly. And Stays On.

If this isn't your year for traveling on boats, you'll still want Cutex for success in your Home Campaigns. See how the right color nails will make even year-before-last dresses take on Parisian chic.

EASY CUTEX MANICURE . . . Scrub nails. Remove old cuticle and cleanse nail tips with Cutex Cuticle Remover & Nail Cleanser. Remove old polish with Cutex Polish Remover. Brush on shade of Cutex Liquid Polish that best suits your costume. Then use Cutex Nail White (Pencil or Cream). Finish with Cutex Cuticle Oil or Cream. After every manicure, and before retiring, massage hands with new Cutex Hand Cream.

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2 shades of Cutex Liquid Polish and 4 other manicure essentials for 12¢

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I enclose 12¢ for the new Cutex Manicure Set, which includes Natural Liquid Polish and one other shade which I have checked.

☐ Rose ☐ Coral ☐ Cardinal

Which Movie Star Dominates You?

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31]

into piqued interest by his veiled or apparent indifference. By his display of "I've experienced everything and I'm bored." By his insolence. Or by his superior, critical attitude.

Characterize these men in a general way, and you'll find that they're suave and very sophisticated. Even slick. That they pretend not to give a faded gardenia if women go for them in a big way or not.

If they're the glib penthouse variety, they dress like an advertisement of what the well-groomed man will wear this spring, and talk like an edition of Walter Winchell or Noel Coward. In bright, glittering epigrams. With pat remarks which have a more insidious influence over their desired victims than any Olympic champion, physique-of-Hercules chap could ever hope to gain.

'Way back in the good old days, there was Adolphe Menjou, raising his inimitable eyebrows and twirling his rapier-like mustache in "The Woman of Paris," "The Ace of Cads," in "Men Call It Love." He had what is known as "*savoir faire.*" He made love conversationally in the beginning. Oh, so provocatively! All the while looking at the lady in question with half-closed eyes. Like a cat. And just as smart, too.

TODAY, there's George Raft in "Night After Night" and "Under-cover Man."

In the former picture, Georgie as the eminently successful but discontented speakeasy proprietor sees the goal of his social ambitions and the living vision of his romantic dreams in an orchidaceous Park Avenue damsel (Constance Cummings). But when he discovers that her impetuous kiss, which so ballooned his hopes, means no more to her than it would to any lady with evenings for sale, he does a disgust act in the grand manner. He snaps his fingers at her and all her silken sisters with magnificent insolence, telling her off in a lashing speech which brings the lady to his abode in double quick time and in, oh, what a state of piqued rage!

In other words, ladies, the foxy George knew what he was doing! He realized that this sort of treatment usually brings about a kind of agitation in a woman which is often nothing more nor less than love or passion turned inside out!

THINK of the host of pictures in which this type of despot just described flaunts his way gayly or arrogantly through reels of silver screen. While languishing ladies, or those pretending an irritation which they really don't feel, "give their all" and beg for more of the same domineering shameless treatment! The William Powell and Warren William type.

And how their women suffer! If ZaSu Pitts were writing this article, she'd just wilt and groan: "O . . uh—uh, mi . . iy de . . ah . . r," and you'd know exactly what she meant!

Sometimes, though, this type is harder to define. Because he conquers his willing prey by a more indirect method. He has a sad air of mystery. An unvoiced suggestion of a glamorous past. He's quiet and restrained. His tantalizing reserve provokes women to grades of folly which are nothing short of epic.

That's your Ronald Colman in many rôles. In "Arrowsmith," in "Cynara."

Ronnie is always a bit out of reach! Either, as in "Arrowsmith," his love of his profession comes first in his life (it happened to be medical research in this case) and thus shuts out the woman who adores him and would sacrifice anything for his sake . . . even her life, which she actually does. Or, as in "Cynara," the *someone else* (Kay Francis, wife of *the barrister*, Ronald Colman) who permanently occupies his heart despite his passionate excursion . . . always keeps him spiritually remote from the little shop girl (Phyllis Barry) to whom he makes love.

In other words, if a man closes the doors of part of his life to the woman who loves him, that man becomes ever more desirable to her . . . *because unattainable.* It seems to me that this would logically explain the domination that the *reticent*, the *mysterious*, the *glamorous male* has for numberless women. What one doesn't know or understand completely is always much more exciting than what is obvious!

Well, 'fess up! Do you enjoy suffering at the hands of these experienced devastators? If so, after what we've said, you should have your own number, so to speak.

AS far as we're concerned, the type, just mentioned, is far more provocative and galvanizing than the big, burly, thews-and-sinew animal-magnetism chap. But tastes differ. And how!

Completely the opposite of these intriguing tyrants are the lads who appeal to the woman who, herself, strongly desires to be conqueror.

This woman wants to dominate! She may merely show signs of an active, maternal instinct. Or she may actually possess certain definite masculine characteristics. No matter what the subconscious motive—this type of woman finds her heart shattered by such delicate, rather helpless Princes Charming as Charles Farrell, Richard Cromwell and Eric Linden.

Let these lads open wide their dewy, boyish eyes; let them merely fumble at their hats and choke a bit when about to skate around the burning question, and emotional havoc takes place in their female devotees!

Suddenly, across my mind flashes the story of Charles Farrell. The wistful, boyish screen lover who didn't marry his girl sweetheart, Janet Gaynor; but instead married Virginia Valli. A mother type? Possibly.

Some clever men deliberately play the rôle of the naïve, bashful boy, because they know so well what ravages they can work with a woman's heart when they appeal to her on the basis of her pity and sympathy. Fie upon you, you delightful, sinister racketeers!

Then there's another kind of "little boy" man whose every glance makes the mother instinct rear its rampant head.

He may be a wise-cracking, [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 102]

Type I

The Masterful, Dominating Male: Assured, self-assertive, highly-satisfactory lover.

(a) The rough, tough, two-fisted, *direct* he-man lover. He knows what he wants and goes after it in somewhat primitive fashion. Examples: Clark Gable; Jimmy Cagney; Johnny Weissmuller; Chester Morris.

(b) The suave, highly sophisticated man of the world. He's often indifferent; sometimes slightly insolent; usually keeps his women guessing. Examples: Adolphe Menjou; George Raft; William Powell.

(c) The lover of many moods, chief among which is glamour and mystery. Examples: Ronald Colman; John Gilbert.

Type II

The Gentler, to be-mastered Male: Shyer, less assertive and more "virginal" type of lover. Usually dominated by a woman.

(a) The immature, inexperienced boyish lover. Often awkward and bashful; he arouses a woman's maternal instinct, her sense of pity and desire to protect. Examples: Charles Farrell; Richard Cromwell; Eric Linden.

(b) The wise-cracking, gay, nonsensical lover, with inhibitions and a large slice of sentimentality. Examples: Robert Montgomery, Jack Oakie; Lee Tracy.

(c) The sensitive, romantic, idealistic lover; cultured and often poetic. A more spiritual, self-sacrificing type. His love is of a higher order, often relinquishing its own self-interests for the sake of another. Examples: Leslie Howard; Ramon Novarro; Phillips Holmes; Richard Barthelmess.



For a rainy day save the Colgate way...

"The quarters I save on Colgate's help me weather the storm"

Buy Colgate's the first time *just for economy's sake*—that quarter saved. Then, discover that it cleans teeth better than any preparation you've ever used, at any price. Discover that—though its makers offer no extravagant promises, make no wild claims—it does for you all any toothpaste can do. And—having enjoyed its flavor, its cleansing powers, its low price—just ask your dentist about it. Here's what he'll probably say: "Colgate's? I should say so. Does all any toothpaste can do . . . cleans teeth thoroughly and safely. I've been advising it for years and years." You try Colgate's—once. Feel the fresh, wholesome cleanliness of your teeth and those extra quarters in your pocket, too. You're a Colgate user for life!



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Cal York's Monthly Broadcast from Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 51]



When famous cinemactress confers with famous and only successful woman motion picture director, you can expect big things. Dorothy Arzner is discussing Billie Burke's part in RKO-Radio's picture, "A Great Desire." Mark it on your cuff, for Katharine Hepburn's in it, too

MILDRED and Harold Lloyd had never been to Europe before. Harold wanted to see some of the night life. But he didn't feel he should take Mildred. Not quite the thing, you know. So he went out with a bunch of men.

So Mildred got hold of a friend who secured her a couple of passes, too. Harold came home and saw them. He started. "Do you know what these are for?" he asked. Mildred didn't. "A nudist colony," said Harold.

Of course Mildred didn't use the passes. But from then on Mildred and Harold did all the sight-seeing together.

"I'm working my way through college," said the man at the door.

"What—again?" said Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.

DIANA WYNYARD arrived in Hollywood about six months ago, and during that time she has played important parts in two of the biggest pictures ever made, "Rasputin and the Empress" and "Cavalcade." Also a fine rôle in "Men Must Fight."

She was doing "The Devil Passes" on the stage in New York when M-G-M signed her to a term contract. They figured that after all her good work since she came to Hollywood, she rated a nice vacation, so Miss Wynyard departed for her native England a short time ago, where she will remain until June.

SO Eddie Sutherland is married again—for the fourth time. Dear, dear, we can remember Eddie when he didn't have a wife to his name. Not so long ago, either. Only about ten years. In those days he was courting May McAvoy, in spirited competition with Bobby Agnew. May married neither of them, and Bobby never married at all. Probably figures Eddie is doing enough in the matrimonial line for both of them.

AFTER a certain hilarious party, a famous star began telephoning all his friends the next day. "Did you come home with me last night?"

It seems, none of them had.

"Well, gee, that's funny," the actor said. "Someone came home with me and finished my jig-saw puzzle before he left. If I ever find that guy, I'll kill him."

THE rumor persists that the real reason for the reconciliation of the Adolphe Menjous, practically halting her attorney on the courthouse steps, divorce complaint in hand, is that she is going to present Adolphe with an heir sometime in the summer. "Where did you hear such an amazing story as that?" Mrs. Menjou counters in reply to inquiries.

WHETHER Ann Harding will have decided "to be or not to be" the second-time wife of Harry Bannister by the time you read this—is another of those bewildering questions which rests in the laps of the capricious gods. At the moment though, not even the most confident of predictors knows whether to believe or not to believe this rumor.

In the meantime, Harry Edington, Ann's manager, who has lately returned from his own private honeymoon with Barbara Kent, emphatically says: "There is nothing further from the truth than those reports of Miss Harding's intended marriage."

And Harry Bannister maintains that oppressing silence which drives reporters mad.

HEADLINE from the Chicago Daily News: "WILL ROGERS RAGGED PANTS CONCEAL A HEART OF GOLD."

And what did he have up his sleeve?

THIS bouquet didn't come over any footlights. Norman Taurog, who recently directed George M. Cohan and Jimmy Durante in "The Phantom President," and who is now directing Maurice Chevalier in "A Bedtime Story," received a letter on the set. It read:

"Dear Norman: Sorry to hear about your present job. It's an awful drop, Norman, from Durante to Chevalier. Well, you can't stay on top all the time—you've got to take the breaks as they come. Yours in regret,

Jimmy Durante."

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 90]



This *is* news! Bert Wheeler and Dorothy Lee, who usually "go places and do things" *separately*—despite the fact that they've been teamed so often in pictures—actually dancing together at the Cocoanut Grove. And very obviously enjoying it. Were they avoiding publicity before—or afraid they'd have to talk shop?



AS YOU DESIRE ME

To make your skin and you lovely—try this 30-day treatment experts prescribe

OLIVE OIL helps to avoid aging skin. Olive oil has a flattering way of putting youth into your skin, of keeping it there.

That is exactly why over 20,000 beauty specialists advise Palmolive Soap—because Palmolive is the soap made with olive oil. They say the lather of this beauty soap puts youth's elasticity and firmness back into the skin.

Do this for 30 days: night and morning, work up a fine, rich lather and give the pores of your whole body (not merely your face and throat) a deep, refreshing cleansing.

There's a challenge to age, all right! Tingling vitality underneath and smooth, delicate, surface softness—a combination that makes your skin, and you, lovely, desirable!

THIS EXACT AMOUNT

Actual photograph of the amount of olive oil that goes into each cake of Palmolive.

Keep that Schoolgirl Complexion

Cal York's Monthly Broadcast from Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 88]

JEAN HARLOW has not been sitting around idly while M-G-M decided what her next picture was to be. She kept as busy as any little housewife, selecting furniture and making drapes to go in her new home out in Holmby Hills, where she will live with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Marino Bello.

Jean is living very quietly these days. She went down to Caliente over New Year's, but most of her recreation consists of going to the neighborhood movie—even as you and I.

BILL POWELL ran into two friends who were having a grand time swapping symptoms.

Bill listened in sympathetic silence —until he could bear it no longer. "This conversation reminds me of Mandy and Liza.

"Mandy said, 'Liza, has you-all evah been X-rayed?'

"Liza thought a moment, and replied, 'No, but I been ultra-violated twice!' "

"I HAVE lived more than most men, and I am tired—so tired!" These words Jack Pickford whispered in the American Hospital in Paris, where he died January 3rd. As he himself said, he lived so intensely—crowding into his thirty-six years of life, hundreds of joys and sorrows that less volatile souls never realize in a lifetime of four score and ten.

Born John C. Smith, in Toronto, Canada, he appeared in his first stage production while still wearing long baby clothes.

At the age of 23, long after Mary had become "America's Sweetheart," and after a brief stage career of his own, Jack entered the films.

As Jack Smith, he worked alongside Mack Sennett, his sister Mary Pickford, and Lillian and Dorothy Gish in the old Biograph Company. For $5 a day!

IT was not until he created the rôle of *Tom Sawyer* that he really attracted attention.

But from that moment on, followed a succession of triumphs in which this debonair youth enthralled so many, many cinema audiences with his lovable charm.

In 1920—the same year he legally adopted the name Pickford, which had already been trumpeted through the world—he began his mercurial and ill-fated career as a husband.

First to Olive Thomas, whose young life was cut short by an overdose of a sedative. Then, two years later, to Marilyn Miller, of "Sally" fame. They were divorced in 1927.

His divorce in 1932 from Mary Mulhern, young Follies beauty, terminated his third marriage and his spectacular marital career.

So lived Jack Pickford—swiftly, recklessly, impetuously. Eternally boyish to the end—when, for a moment there flashed across his thin, lined face a phantom of the old grin, and he murmured, so faintly that his nurse could scarcely hear: "The world owes me nothing, now does it?"

Now, in a crypt at Forest Lawn Cemetery, in Southern California Jack Pickford lies forever at peace beside his mother, Mrs. Charlotte Pickford.



Those faithful fans who have waited patiently for the return of their favorite, Mrs. Wally Reid, are finally to be rewarded. After a five years' absence, she re-appears on the screen to play a tender "mother" rôle in "Diamond Cut Diamond"



Claudette Colbert's motto must be "If at once you don't succeed, try, try again!" As *Empress Poppaea* in "The Sign of the Cross," she vamped Freddie March in vain. But he's finally succumbed to her wiles, from the looks of this rehearsal. He plays the royally romantic lover to her charming queen in "Tonight Is Ours," from a play by Noel Coward

AN amazing study in contrast—the vivacious Paulette Goddard and Charles Chaplin. Paulette is young and lively. Charlie sober, and even melancholy at times. Paulette's once platinum locks now border on the raven hue. Charlie's once raven locks are now as platinum as Paulette's were.

Yes, the brunette Paulette and platinum Charles, certainly come in for their share of attention from passers-by.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 126]

SHE HAS BROUGHT BEAUTY

into the lives of millions - with her famous Pasteurized Cream!

And in order that every woman in America may know the wonders of this cream, and also become acquainted with her marvelous Youthifying Tissue Cream, Helena Rubinstein is making a SPECIAL BEAUTY OFFER.

Business women whose careers are made or marred by personal appearance! Mothers, anxious to keep the admiration of their children! Wives who are intelligent enough to know what an important part attractiveness plays in the successful marriage! These and millions of others, young, middle-aged, and older women of all types, all temperaments have found new interest in living because they follow—step by step—the beauty wisdom of Helena Rubinstein, famous authority on loveliness.

PASTEURIZED FACE CREAM, THE FIRST STEP TO BEAUTY

Outstanding among her triumphs—one of the highlights of her career—is Helena Rubinstein's unique creation, Pasteurized Face Cream. Unique because it has so many marvelous qualities no other cream possesses!

You smooth this lovely rich-textured cream on your face. And then Pasteurized begins its work of cleansing—penetrating deeply into the pores, far beneath the surface, where lines and wrinkles have their origin.

But Pasteurized Face Cream does more than cleanse! It puts vibrant new life into the tissues, banishes that tired, drawn look, molds the contours of the face and throat upward and youthward!

No woman of any age who has once used Helena Rubinstein's Pasteurized Face Cream will want to be without it. For Pasteurized Face Cream preserves and increases the freshness and beauty of young skins, revives and re-creates the beauty of older skins.

In addition to its other marvelous qualities, Pasteurized Face Cream serves as a powder foundation and protects the skin from wind and weather.

PASTEURIZED FACE CREAM IS THE IDEAL ONE-CREAM BEAUTY TREATMENT—the greatest one-cream beauty value that a dollar can buy. But Helena Rubinstein knows, from her vast experience, that most skins require a second cream—most skins require a cream for stimulating, enlivening. And that is the function of her Youthifying Tissue Cream.



HELENA RUBINSTEIN
Internationally Acclaimed Beauty Specialist

HELENA RUBINSTEIN'S BEAUTY GIFT, A DOLLAR JAR OF YOUTHIFYING TISSUE CREAM, BRINGS YOU THE SECOND STEP TO BEAUTY!

This lovely mellow cream, a blend of rejuvenating herbs and oils, nourishes the tissues, irons out lines and wrinkles, keeps the skin alive with the glow of youth.

Together Pasteurized Face Cream and Youthifying Tissue Cream form a perfectly balanced two-cream beauty treatment that will last from six to eight weeks. And because Helena Rubinstein is so eager for the women of America to know the wonders of this two-cream beauty treatment, she is offering, with her compliments, her dollar gift jar of Youthifying Tissue Cream with every dollar purchase of Pasteurized Face Cream.

LAST BUT NOT LEAST, THE THIRD STEP TO BEAUTY

Once you've used Pasteurized Face Cream in conjunction with Youthifying Tissue Cream, you'll realize that here is a complete two-cream beauty treatment you will never want to be without. But if your muscles are relaxed and flabby, or if the first glow of youth has gone from your skin, you will want to finish your beauty treatment with the third step to beauty, toning-bracing.

If your skin is normal or oily, you will want to tone-brace with Skin Toning Lotion. This mild astringent is wonderfully refreshing. Closes the pores, braces the tissues, tones and firms the texture. Serves as an excellent powder base.

If your skin is dry you will want to take as the third step to beauty the Anti-Wrinkle Lotion (Extrait). For lines, wrinkles, and dry skin, it is marvelously effective. It erases crowsfeet and expression lines, cools and refreshes and acts as a general tonic for the skin.

PASTEURIZED FACE CREAM SPECIAL FOR DRY SKIN OR PASTEURIZED FACE CREAM FOR NORMAL AND OILY SKIN. EXCELLENT FOR DISTURBED ADOLESCENT SKINS THAT ARE BLEMISHED . . 1.00 INCLUDING GIFT JAR OF YOUTHIFYING TISSUE CREAM.

YOUTHIFYING TISSUE CREAM	Tube, 1.00 Jar, 2.00
SKIN TONING LOTION . .	1.25, 2.50
ANTI-WRINKLE LOTION (Extrait)	1.25, 2.50

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Dear Mme. Rubinstein:
I am enclosing ($1.00) for which please send me a jar of your Pasteurized Face Cream and a dollar gift jar of Youthifying Tissue Cream. In order that I may have the third step to beauty, I am enclosing an additional ($1.25) for your Skin Toning Lotion_____ Anti-Wrinkle Lotion_____. Total amount enclosed ($). My skin is dry_____normal_____oily_____.

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Helena Rubinstein's powders, lipsticks, rouges, and eye-make-up are as famous as her beauty preparations. If you would like to have the genius of the cosmetic world suggest a Personality Make-Up for you, fill out cosmetic coupon below and mail to Helena Rubinstein, 8 East 57th St., New York City.

Color Skin____light____medium____olive____

Color Eyes_____

Color Hair_____

Oval Face_____

Round Face_____

Long Face_____

How I Gave Constance Cummings a New Figure

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 55]

her to do, and I'm passing it on to you folks who need only the bust reduced.

For three days do this: First thing in the morning drink six ounces of buttermilk. Drink six ounces of buttermilk every two hours all day long. Then at night have a dinner about like this—small juicy steak, potato, two vegetables, half stalk of celery, green salad, fresh fruit and demi tasse. When the three days are up do this: First thing in the morning take six ounces of orange juice, then take six ounces of liquid every two hours for the rest of the day. This liquid may be a choice of four, taken as you like—tomato juice, orange juice, grapefruit juice or water, but be sure to get in at least two glasses of tomato juice and take the orange juice around 3 P.M. for it's a great stimulant. At night have a nice dinner about like the one I've described. This covers a period of six days and you'll be amazed at how quickly the flesh in your bust will disappear if you'll just do it.

I put Connie on that six day diet and it was marvelous the way she responded. Her complexion improved a hundred per cent, too. That diet is wonderful for the complexion. And as I watched her getting slimmer and losing those stubborn muscles, I knew she couldn't fail, but Hollywood is a strange town. One Saturday night as I was treating her she jumped up off the table and walked across the floor with her shoulders all hunched together and with quite a stoop.

"Sylvia," she said, "do you think I could learn to walk like that?"

"Why, of course," I said, "anybody can learn to walk in that frightful way, but why in the world do you want to?"

"Well," she said, "they say it might help to make my shoulders look less broad if I walked that way in front of the camera."

"Don't you do it," I screamed, "don't you dare do it. The minute you start being conscious of yourself in front of the camera, the minute you aren't natural and easy—you're licked." And that's true in real life, too. Don't any of you girls ever stoop or draw your shoulders together just because you want to look shorter—or for any other reason.

But I knew that their asking her to walk that way was the beginning of the end. Two days later she came to me crying pitifully. "I'm not going to play opposite Ronald Colman," she said, "I'm heartbroken. They say I'm not suited."

"AND didn't they know that before they brought you here?" I asked. "Not suited, eh? You're suited as far as talent and intelligence go—you're just too large-boned for Colman—that's all. But there are plenty of stars in Hollywood whose leading lady you could be and for whom you would be suited. Now what are you going to do?"

She told me that they had given her and her mother tickets back to New York and she supposed that's all she could do—go back. And then suddenly she looked up and said, through her tears. "But I'm not going back. I'm going to stay and show them."

Well, I gave her a slap on the back you could have heard a couple of blocks (And very good for the muscles in her back it was, too). "Atta girl," I said, "stay and fight them and you'll make a hit."

I knew what Connie had—spirit and talent and intelligence. I knew she would be a success.

And hasn't she shown them? "Movie Crazy" and "Night After Night" put her on top, where she belongs.

She gets a small salary, but that won't be for long!

And take that as a lesson, you girls. There's something more to making yourselves beautiful than just half-way following my instructions. Meeting your daily problems with courage and spunk will give your face character and make you a real personality. Look at Connie Cummings and take courage.

She wears her clothes well but, because of her athletic build, wears mostly tailored clothes, as she should.

Even her evening clothes are tailored, and for you girls with broad shoulders her manner of dressing is good to pattern.

But what I want you girls to remember is that you've got to take disappointments in life with a fighting spirit. It makes you better looking. And I wish you could compare the Connie Cummings who first came to me with the Connie Cummings of today. She has one grand figure now (and you can have the same) as anybody who sees her on the screen can testify.

Answers by Sylvia

REDUCE

Dear Sylvia:

I've always been inclined to be fat but I didn't care much. Now I'm engaged to be married and am going to have a big wedding and want to look pretty in my wedding dress. Do you think I can lose twenty pounds in a month?

M. T. R., Los Angeles, Calif.

I know you can. I don't advise people taking off more than fifteen pounds in one month—but this is a special case and deserves drastic measures. This month I told you how I helped Connie Cummings to reduce her bust by going on a three day buttermilk diet, but you can reduce your entire figure by another buttermilk diet. Here it is: For three days drink nothing but buttermilk, six ounces every two hours. Then for three days eat three meals a day, but light ones, avoiding creamy soups, creamed vegetables, rich foods, pies, pastries, etc. Don't drink water with your meals and don't eat between meals. Then, after three days, go back to buttermilk. Do this until you have lost the twenty pounds. I hope it's a beautiful wedding and that you look grand in your white satin dress.

My dear Madame Sylvia:

I've been on the diet which you recommended in PHOTOPLAY, for several months with great success. Now my sixteen-year-old daughter wants to lose a little weight. Do you think it would be harmful for her?

Mrs. J. J. C., Baton Rouge, La.

If she is a healthy girl, not at all. On my diet you get plenty of good nourishing food. You haven't felt weak on it, have you?

INSOMNIA

Dear Sylvia:

I'm coming to you as a last resort. I used to be nice and plump, but lately I've lost a lot of weight and I know it's because I've gotten so I can't sleep at night. Please help me.

L. W., Birmingham, Ala.

I don't like being a last resort, but I can tell you how to sleep. In bed at night, lie on your stomach and with your fingers work up and down your spine. Then turn over on your back, lie straight in bed and relax and with your fingers gently massage the outer corners of your eyes with a rotary movement. Press slightly as you do this. Then with your hands work the back of your neck and the back of your shoulders to get those muscles loosened up.

Before going to bed drink a glass of grapefruit juice. Relax during the day whenever you can, and whenever you feel yourself tightening up, massage the muscles at the back of your shoulders and neck with your hands. If you wake up in the wee small hours of the morning and have trouble going back to sleep, don't just lie in bed and toss—get right up, dress and read or walk around the house or take a shower. Do anything, but don't lie in bed awake. The next night you'll fall right off to sleep. Don't *try* too hard to go to sleep. Let it come naturally.

PRETTY FINGERS

Dear Sylvia:

My fingers have been made blunt by constant use of the typewriter. I play bridge a good deal and would like to have pretty hands.

D. D., Billings, Mont.

You can mold the flesh on your fingers exactly as you can any other part of your body. With the thumb and forefinger of one hand press the stubby fingertip tight, and pull until the hand with which you are massaging slips off the end of your finger. Press hard—simply squeeze the flesh off to make your finger ends pointed. This can be done.

Give each finger about ten minutes of this treatment a day. And it won't hurt to massage the whole hand with lots of hand lotion on it. Work at your fingers as if you were pulling on a tight glove. It's grand for molding the hands.

RICH FOODS

Dear Sylvia:

My husband likes fried meat and rich pastries. So do I, but I've been trying to go on your diet and it is certainly hard to do it when I have to cook the things I like for my husband but can't eat any myself.

Please tell me how to reduce the upper part of my arms, particularly.

Mrs. J. T., Los Angeles, Calif.

Certainly, it's hard to see foods you like and not be able to eat them but that's what I've been trying to tell you. You've got to have courage and grit to be beautiful. And you've got to stop whining. I suppose you think it wasn't difficult for Connie Bennett to leave a party at which she was having a good time to get home at nine o'clock! But she did it—and even a professional pastry cook can keep on a diet if she really wants to. Snap out of it and stop complaining.

To reduce the upper part of your arms stand with your face to the wall and reach up along the wall with your hands. Stand on tip-toe. Do this in your stocking feet. Then, slowly, trying to keep your finger tips in their original place on the wall, sort of wiggle and jerk down to your heels, concentrating on keeping your fingers high. Of course, your hands will move slightly, but try keeping them up. You can feel the muscles in your upper arm pulling and you will know you are doing the exercise correctly.

CRESTA
CONQUERORS
APPLAUD
"la cigarette
Spud"



Daring, gay, connoisseurs in pleasure, the crowd who frolic in the snows of St. Moritz. "La cigarette Spud" won instant approval from them when Americans brought it to the Engadine. Spud is now one of the good-time cigarettes of Europe...a delightful, moist-cool round of tobacco enjoyment appreciated by those chic internationals who spend infinite care on the smallest details of the art of living. **SPUD *MENTHOL-COOLED CIGARETTES***

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Turning Their Backs to Beauty!

By Carolyn Van Wyck







IF YOU will press on your powder, instead of patting or rubbing, it will stay longer, look lovelier. Phoebe Foster shows you how.

HAVE you ever tried a talcum or dusting powder spray? It sends a cloud of powder over the skin. Eleanor Holm likes hers.

OR YOU may prefer a long-handled powder puff, such as Dorothy Jordan is using. You can reach every inch of your back with this. A cunning gift idea, too. And any girl would love one.

WHO wouldn't like to have Joan Blondell's personality? Who wouldn't like to be brimful of energy, gay, vivacious, captivating, pretty? There are so many beautiful girls, charming girls, winsome girls, alluring girls on the screen, but I can't think of anyone who has just that joyous gaiety, that *joie de vivre* of Joan.

And so I sought her out in the Hotel St. Moritz, breaking in on her honeymoon (as were all the other editors) to ask Joan just what she could tell the rest of us about that Joan Blondell personality.

Joan, attired in dark blue slacks, light blue shirt, was ready to tell all. She sleeps, does Joan, hours and hours. Sleep is the secret of her aliveness, she says. Always to bed early when she is working. And she has been working straight for two years. Twenty-seven pictures in that time. Divide, and you will see that she has done more than a complete picture every month for two years.

IT is trite, perhaps, but true that all the big things of life are very simple things, after all. And so we find that the enviable, desirable attributes of this little actress have their roots in the simple business of getting plenty of sleep. Unquestionably, there is no greater beautifier except happiness.

Joan's hair is golden blonde, her round eyes are grey-green, violet or blue on occasions, I suspect, and her skin is an even, golden tone. She gave me a skin beauty secret that almost stunned me. After removing make-up, she covers her face with olive oil, leaves it on a few minutes, then takes a handful of table salt, rubs it thoroughly over the skin. The salt she removes with cold water, the oil with tissues. For you who do not care for the French dressing aspect of this treatment, I can tell you of two splendid toilet preparations designed for exactly the purposes of the oil and salt, that is cleansing, softening, lubricating, then gently scouring off that dead outer cuticle, which has a very drab, deadening effect if left on the face.

When Joan becomes very tired—she tries to see that this does not happen often—she stands very erect, folds her arms at the back, elbows as high as possible, takes deep breaths, about ten of them, breathing in and out very slowly. It gives her new energy to begin all over again This is also a good exercise for developing the chest, overcoming round shoulders. Do it before an open window or outdoors, if possible.

WHEN you see "A Farewell to Arms"—or if you have already seen it you may recall—that strange, luminous beauty of Helen Hayes' face is something to remember. A shine produced by too much oil or that dry, soap-and-water look, is certainly not to be desired. But there is another way that Lupe Velez told me about in Hollywood last year. It is achieved by following your usual make-up procedure, then gently rubbing the full part of the cheeks so that the natural sheen of the skin seems to come through the make-up. The effect on a young face is beautiful, subtle, mystifying.

LORETTA YOUNG says that if you are inclined to be pale, a little rouge on the cheeks will lift your spirits no end. Some pale skins are beautiful, but the girl who is naturally pale and *feels* pale, will do herself a big kindness by using a little rouge. It changes your whole viewpoint, thinks Loretta. Even movie make-up now permits rouge and this delights Loretta. It makes her give a much better performance. She is naturally pale, but her skin is so satin-smooth, her eyes so colorful, her mouth so full, that she hardly needs cheek color. However, it makes her feel better—so there.

FAY WRAY has a pet cure-all for tired eyes. She fills small bags with dried rose leaves and camomile flowers, dips them in hot water, applies to closed eyes. This rests nerves also.

FOR a month I have been running about, collecting little gadgets and information of a make-up nature. A folder full of these things, as well as our skin leaflet specializing in acne and blackhead conditions and our folder on preparations for the normal skin are yours on request. Send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to Carolyn Van Wyck, Photoplay, 221 West 57th Street, New York City.

★ CLAUDETTE COLBERT, *in Paramount's* "THE SIGN OF THE CROSS"
and Max Factor, Hollywood's Make-Up Genius, Using Max Factor's Face Powder



MAKE-UP *in Color Harmony*

is Hollywood's Secret of Attraction

Any girl can now double her beauty with make-up in color harmony... face powder, rouge and lipstick, created by Max Factor to beautify each type of blonde, brunette, brownette, redhead.

In Hollywood, we've found that the magic secret of attractive beauty lies in make-up... a new kind of make-up created for the stars of the screen by Max Factor, Hollywood's make-up genius.

Face powder, rouge and lipstick are now harmonized in color to accent the personality and the charm of various types of blondes, brunettes, brownettes and redheads.

The amazing difference will be instantly apparent to you. Created to screen star types, each shade of face powder is a color harmony tone blended of chromatic colors in scientific balance. You will note how this perfect face powder, even and soft in color tone, actually enlivens the beauty of the skin, indetectably creating new loveliness.

It imparts that satin-smooth make-up which you've so admired on the screen... and clings for hours, too, for screen stars will entrust their beauty only to a powder that adheres perfectly.

Remember, screen stars prove it perfect daily under motion picture lights and reveal its magic in every picture released from Hollywood... so that you know your make-up will appear beautiful under any close-up test.

Now the luxury of Max Factor's Face Powder, originally created for the screen stars, is available to you at the nominal price of one dollar. To complete your color harmony, Max Factor's Rouge, fifty cents; Super-Indelible Lipstick, one dollar. Featured by leading stores. Discover now what Hollywood's make-up secret holds for you.

Like a screen star, have your complexion analyzed and your make-up color harmony chart suggested for you by Max Factor, Hollywood's genius of make-up. ***Mail Coupon.***

★ *How to Make Up Your Lips to Last all Day*



WYNNE GIBSON *in Paramount's* "Crime of the Century."

1. *Dry the lips. Make up the upper lip first. With Max Factor's Super-Indelible Lipstick follow the contour of the lip and fill in by blending with the lipstick or finger.*
2. *Trace this lip contour on the lower lip by simply compressing the lips together.*
3. *Fill in and blend lipstick on lower lip. Now moisten the lips... and your lip make-up will remain perfect all day, permanent in color value, smooth in texture.*

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MAX FACTOR'S *Society* MAKE-UP

Cosmetics of the Stars ★★ HOLLYWOOD

Face Powder... Rouge... Super-Indelible Lipstick... in Color Harmony

96% of All Make-Up used by Hollywood's Screen Stars and Studios is Max Factor's *(Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce Statistics)*

★ *Purse-Size Box of Powder... FREE*

MAX FACTOR—Max Factor's Make-Up Studio, Hollywood, California.
Without obligation send my complexion analysis and make-up color harmony chart; also 48-page illustrated book, *"The New Art of Society Make-Up."* I enclose 10c to cover the cost of postage and handling. Include Purse-Size Box of Powder in my color harmony shade. *Fill in the chart below with* ✓

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

STATE _____ 1-3-60

COMPLEXION	EYES	HAIR	SKIN
FAIR	BLUE	BLONDE LIGHT...DARK	DRY
CREAMY	GREY		OILY
MEDIUM	HAZEL	BROWNETTE LIGHT...DARK	NORMAL
RUDDY	BROWN		LIPS MOIST.
OLIVE	BLACK	BRUNETTE LIGHT...DARK	DRY
SUN TAN	LASHES LIGHT	REDHEAD LIGHT...DARK	AGE
	DARK		



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...the perfect way to
UNDER-ARM FRESHNESS



PERSTIK— the Dainty New
Deodorant applied like a Lipstick

Perstik is the year's cosmetic sensation because it is easy to use and carry in your purse.

A touch or two of Perstik each morning gives *instant* and *lasting* protection against under-arm odor. The mild astringent action of Perstik *healthfully* reduces excess perspiration without clogging or closing the pores.

Perstik may be used after shaving. *It never irritates!* It never injures or stains clothing. Apply Perstik and slip right into your dress.

Perstik is so pure, so effective, and so safe, it has won the approval of prominent doctors, and the high endorsement of Good Housekeeping Institute.

A 50¢ Perstik lasts months. Get Perstik where you buy your cosmetics. Or write—
Perstik, 469 Fifth Ave., New York City

Perstik
THE "LIPSTICK" DEODORANT
Endorsed by
Good Housekeeping Institute
Tested and Approved — Bureau of Foods, Sanitation and Health

Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. Patents Pending

Short Subjects *of the* Month



Looks rather squally, we would say, for Arthur Tracy and his lady friend! The scene's from "The Street Singer," in which Arthur gets quite involved in a shipboard swindle

THE STREET SINGER
Universal

Arthur Tracy in a fast-moving swindle and kidnaping tangle, much of it filmed aboard the transatlantic liner *Paris*. Nick Kenny as a newspaper radio editor tries to help, but needs aid instead. Good stuff, with excellent comedy, suspense, and shipboard scenes.

AS THE CROWS FLY
Educational

A correspondence course in flying, a brief adventure in a radio-controlled plane, and the Two Black Crows (Moran and Mack) are off for an air record from Nashville to Berlin. That they don't get very far is decidedly in your favor. You'll laugh and laugh and laugh!

THE ITCH HIKER
Educational

Harry Langdon is guaranteed to send you into guffaws and give you a cold, by power of suggestion. This sniffling, snorting, coughing nitwit hilariously hitches himself in and out of an airplane trip across country. See if you aren't sneezing after this picture.

SCREEN SNAPSHOTS
Columbia

Interesting shots of various Hollywood children, babies and others. The Barrymore family was included by filming a photograph, but the others have good action.

DESERT DEMONS
Educational

When the sun sets, the grotesque creeping, crawling inhabitants of our desert jungles come to life. A graphic insight into the strange ways of these creatures. A miniature "Bring 'Em Back Alive."

MUSIC TO MY EAR
Vitaphone

A good little musical feature, with Jack Denny and his orchestra. Two specialty dancers and a saxophone player having a lot on the sax, add to your enjoyment.

THE DENTIST
Paramount

A somewhat long but nevertheless interesting show, with W. C. Fields manipulating the big golf bag and trick clubs that furnished so many popular stage gags some time ago. You'll get some laughs from the tooth-pulling scene with a tall woman patient.

HOLLYWOOD ON PARADE
Paramount

Skeets Gallagher introduces some dance orchestras and three of the Four Marx Brothers take a tumble into a pool. Reasonably entertaining; some of the orchestral bits thoroughly pleasing.

HORSE SENSE
Columbia

Some good inside views on the breeding of race horses, reported popular wherever shown, especially with turf fans.

THE ROOKIE
Paramount

Has to do with the troubles of Tom Howard, starting his career as a detective. When he rounds up three hold-up men, and makes them disgorge their loot, they show him he has a thing or two to learn about the detecting business.

ROBIN HOOD
Educational

Another "Paul Terry-Toon" animated cartoon in which the Robin Hood story is burlesqued and made funny in parts. Does not show a lot of imagination, but the children will like it.

A BRAHMIN'S DAUGHTER
Educational

An Eastern love story based on the opera "Lakme." The sacrifice of a lovely daughter by a Brahmin priest because a white man has seen her, with tragic ending. Good singing, music and dancing, if not acting.

"We stay slim...or we lose our contracts"

...say *Bruce Cabot and Fay Wray*



How to keep weight down and energy *up* . . that's the problem movie stars face.

IF THERE'S one place in the world where excess weight isn't wanted —*it's in the movies!*

A few extra pounds can cost a star a contract. Keeping slender in Hollywood isn't a hobby—it's a requirement for success.

That's why every movie star is an amateur dietician. Knows exactly what foods will yield the nourishment and energy every star *must* have —yet not add a jot to the waistline.

Heavy lunches—taboo!

At lunch time, for example, you'll find few stars eating heavy, fattening lunches. They need energy—plenty of it—to carry them through the grind of the afternoon. But they get it in a nourishing, non-fattening lunch. A lunch that's become famous on the lots as the "Hollywood lunch."

If you had dropped in at the R-K-O-Radio Studios around noontime, when Fay Wray and Bruce Cabot were making "King Kong" — the chances are you would have seen them enjoying it—*a sandwich and a glass of malted milk!*

Get the "Hollywood lunch" habit

If you want to stay slim, take a tip from the movies and pass up the heavy lunches. Instead, order a sandwich and the grandest, creamiest malted milk you ever drank—Borden's Malted Milk.

Why Borden's is better

Borden's is a richer malted milk. Richer in energy-building nourishment. Richer in Vitamins A, B and G. And every attendant at a Borden fountain is an expert—knows how to mix the *best* malted milk, and is so instructed by Borden's.

Start your "Hollywood lunch" habit tomorrow! And remember—you can also buy Borden's Malted Milk in handy bottles for home use.

Borden's Richer Malted Milk

GO TO THE FOUNTAIN THAT Borden's Richer Malted Milk DISPLAYS THE BORDEN DIAMOND



Then HER OWN LIPS told her... what was Wrong!

AFTER men knew her, they liked her. But even then, they complained. "Too much make-up... she ought to know better!" So she experimented. She tried different lipsticks on her own lips. She learned she was using not only "too much"... but *the wrong kind.* And more than that—she discovered the one lipstick that gives natural color... without the usual painted look!

Blame ordinary lipsticks!

Look at your own lips. Are they caked? Conspicuous with paint? Then switch to Tangee! For Tangee isn't paint. It actually brings out the natural color hidden in your own lips!

In the stick, Tangee is orange. On your lips, *your* shade of blush rose! The minute you put it on, Tangee changes to the perfect color for your complexion!

Use Tangee for lovable lips... glowing with natural color all day long! Costs no more than ordinary lipsticks. At drug stores and cosmetic counters.



Clip Coupon for Tangee Make-up Set

Easy to try Tangee! Mail coupon with 10c (stamps or coin) for Miracle Make-up Set containing trial-size Tangee Lipstick and Rouge Compact. Tangee Rouge sold at stores in economical refillable compact.

Keller, Sargent & Ross!
A Personality Trio that tickled the high-hats of Europe! Tues. and Thurs.
7:30 P. M. (E. S. T.)
Columbia Network

TANGEE
World's Most Famous Lipstick
ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK

ONLY 10c! FOR MIRACLE MAKE-UP SET!

★ The George W. Luft Co., Inc. F3
417 Fifth Ave., New York
I enclose 10c. Send Miracle Make-up Set containing trial-size { Tangee Lipstick / Tangee Rouge Compact }

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____

Addresses of the Stars

Hollywood, Calif.

Paramount Publix Studios

Adrienne Ames
Lona Andre
Richard Arlen
George Barbier
Richard Bennett
Mary Boland
Clive Brook
Kathleen Burke
Nancy Carroll
Maurice Chevalier
Marguerite Churchill
Claudette Colbert
Gary Cooper
Ricardo Cortez
Bing Crosby
Frances Dee
Marlene Dietrich
Stuart Erwin
Patricia Farley
Susan Fleming
Wynne Gibson
Cary Grant
Verna Hillie
Miriam Hopkins
Roscoe Karns
Charles Laughton
John Davis Lodge
Carole Lombard
Florine McKinney
Fredric March
Sari Maritza
Herbert Marshall
Marx Brothers
Jack Oakie
Gail Patrick
Irving Pichel
George Raft
Charlie Ruggles
Randolph Scott
Sylvia Sidney
Alison Skipworth
Kate Smith
Sir Guy Standing
Charles Starrett
Kent Taylor
Jerry Tucker
Helen Twelvetrees
Mae West
Gordon Westcott

Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave.

Heather Angel
Warner Baxter
Joan Bennett
John Boles
Clara Bow
El Brendel
Marion Burns
Frank Craven
Henrietta Crosman
James Dunn
Sally Eilers
Norman Foster
Joan Gale
Janet Gaynor
Minna Gombell
Bert Hanlon
Lilian Harvey
Miriam Jordan
Victor Jory
Alexander Kirkland
Elissa Landi
Alan Livingston
Edmund Lowe
Patricia "Boots" Mallory
Philip Merivale
Ralph Morgan
Herbert Mundin
Greta Nissen
Marian Nixon
George O'Brien
Nell O'Day
William Pawley
Arthur Pierson
Gene Raymond
Will Rogers
Raul Roulien
Genevieve Tobin
Spencer Tracy
Irene Ware

RKO-Radio Pictures, 780 Gower St.

Gwili Andre
Rosco Ates
Leslie Banks
Constance Bennett
Bill Boyd
Bruce Cabot
Joseph Cawthorn
Chic Chandler
Creighton Chaney
Richard Dix
Irene Dunne
Wera Engels
Betty Furness
Skeets Gallagher
William Gargan
Hale Hamilton
Ann Harding
Julie Haydon
Katharine Hepburn
Hugh Herbert
Leslie Howard
Arline Judge
Tom Keene
Edgar Kennedy
Eric Linden
Anita Louise
Joel McCrea
Mary Mason
Vivienne Osborne
Gregory Ratoff
Sandra Shaw
John Warburton
Bert Wheeler
Dorothy Wilson
Robert Woolsey
Fay Wray

United Artists Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave.

Phyllis Barry
Eddie Cantor
Charles Chaplin
Ronald Colman
Lili Damita
Melvyn Douglas
Billie Dove
Douglas Fairbanks
Greta Granstedt
Ruth Hall
Al Jolson
Mary Pickford
Gloria Swanson
Norma Talmadge

Columbia Studios, 1438 Gower St.

Charles Bickford
Eddie Buzzell
Walter Connolly
Richard Cromwell
Ralph Graves
Jack Holt
Buck Jones
Evalyn Knapp
Tim McCoy
Adolphe Menjou
Mayo Methot
Lillian Miles
Pat O'Brien
Ruthelma Stevens
Barbara Weeks

Culver City, Calif.

Hal Roach Studios

Ben Blue
Charley Chase
Mickey Daniels
Dorothy Granger
Oliver Hardy
Mary Kornman
Stan Laurel
Dorothy Layton
Gertie Messinger
Our Gang
David Sharpe
Grady Sutton
Thelma Todd

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios

Tad Alexander
Nils Asther
Ethel Barrymore
John Barrymore
Lionel Barrymore
Wallace Beery
Virginia Bruce
Mary Carlisle
Virginia Cherrill
Jackie Cooper
Joan Crawford
Marion Davies
Marie Dressler
Claire DuBrey
Jimmy Durante
Madge Evans
Muriel Evans
Clark Gable
Greta Garbo
John Gilbert
C. Henry Gordon
Lawrence Grant
William Haines
Louise Closser Hale
Jean Harlow
Helen Hayes
Jean Hersholt
Phillips Holmes
Hedda Hopper
Benita Hume
Walter Huston
Leila Hyams
Dorothy Jordan
Buster Keaton
Muriel Kirkland
Myrna Loy
Ben Lyon
Una Merkel
John Miljan
Robert Montgomery
Colleen Moore
Polly Moran
Karen Morley
Conrad Nagel
David Newell
Ramon Novarro
Maureen O'Sullivan
Anita Page
Jean Parker
May Robson
Ruth Selwyn
Norma Shearer
Martha Sleeper
Lewis Stone
Charlotte Susa
Verree Teasdale
Franchot Tone
Lee Tracy
Johnny Weissmuller
Diana Wynyard
Robert Young

Universal City, Calif.

Universal Studios

Frank Albertson
Lew Ayres
Noah Beery, Jr.
Tala Birell
Tom Brown
June Clyde
Andy Devine
Arletta Duncan
Boris Karloff
Paul Lukas
Tom Mix
ZaSu Pitts
Onslow Stevens
Gloria Stuart
Slim Summerville

Burbank, Calif.

Warners-First National Studios

Hardie Albright
George Arliss
Richard Barthelmess
Joan Blondell
George Brent
Joe E. Brown
James Cagney
Ruth Chatterton
Bebe Daniels
Bette Davis
Claire Dodd
Ruth Donnelly
Ann Dvorak
Patricia Ellis
Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.
Glenda Farrell
Preston Foster
Kay Francis
Geraine Grear
Eleanor Holm
Harold Huber
Alice Jans
Allen Jenkins
Ruby Keeler
Guy Kibbee
Lorena Layson
Aline MacMahon
Helen Mann
Frank McHugh
Edward McNamara
Paul Muni
Dick Powell
William Powell
Edward G. Robinson
Barbara Stanwyck
Lyle Talbot
Sheila Terry
Helen Vinson
John Wayne
Alice White
Warren William
Loretta Young

Hollywood, Calif.

Robert Agnew, 6357 La Mirada Ave.
Virginia Brown Faire, 1212 Gower St
Lane Chandler, 507 Equitable Bldg.
Philippe De Lacy, 904 Guaranty Bldg.
Lloyd Hughes, 616 Taft Bldg.
Harold Lloyd, 6640 Santa Monica Blvd.

Los Angeles, Calif.

Neil Hamilton, 9015 Rosewood Ave.
Pat O'Malley, 1832 Taft Ave.
Ruth Roland, 6068 Wilshire Blvd.
Estelle Taylor, 5254 Los Feliz Blvd.

George K. Arthur and Karl Dane, Beverly Hills, Calif.
Patsy Ruth Miller, 808 Crescent Drive, Beverly Hills, Calif.

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Each month you may read about them in PHOTOPLAY, see them on the screen . . . and add their clever counterparts to your own wardrobe!

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE

919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

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3-33

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Seventeen

Funny Feuds of Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33]

queen bee of the Paramount lot until Pola came swooping on with raven hair and Ernst Lubitsch? And Gloria had more or less to climb out of the driver's seat and hand the buggy whip to Pola? "Never," announced Gloria, "will I step foot on this lot as long as that woman remains." And in order to make good her threat she got herself a wheel chair and went Palm Beach chair-riding from dressing-room to set. Can or can't you see the elegant Miss Swanson chair-riding past the Negri dressing-room with nose elevated forty-five degrees in the ozone?

Home, James!

AND then, heaven help everybody, Gloria discovered Pola loathed cats. That was enough. From that moment on, Gloria became a first class cat fancier with kittens begetting kittens until—well, really you actually had to wade knee deep in kittens on the Paramount lot. They even gave directions by the cats. Three gray cats and one Tom to the left. They actually—now mind, this in the twentieth century—*hired a man and paid him a good salary to keep the cats off Pola's doorstep.*

Doorstep-chaser-off-of-cats, they listed him on the payroll, I believe.

Then there's the case of Charles Laughton, English actor, and Richard Arlen. There was something about the big Englishman that rubbed Dick the wrong way somehow. There was no doubt, Arlen didn't jibe with Laughton.

LAUGHTON would rehearse his lines, pacing up and down, up and down, with Dick right behind him giving the best imitation of a huge and serious Englishman ever given.

It irked Laughton no end. He kept flinging Dick the dirtiest of glances. Then Dick, in order to taunt Laughton further, decided to call him "Buster." "Buster," mind you, for a large and dignified Englishman.

But imagine Arlen's surprise when Laughton thought the "Buster" idea the funniest thing he'd ever heard. "Buster," he kept saying. "Funny, eh what?" And then Dick shortened it to "Buzzy" and that did the trick. The two became inseparable companions. Wherever Dick went—Palm Springs, Arrowhead or Agua Caliente—there also went "Buzzy."

Why you can believe it or not, but they took Nero, the star lion of "The Sign of the Cross" over to see Leo, mascot of M-G-M, and Leo walked over, took one sniff at the Paramount star, ups with his tail and smacked Nero a clout over the jaw that left him prostrate for an hour.

And that, boys and girls, is what a feud means in Hollywood.

Mary Returns to Herself

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 62]

This is brought about, Mary made plain, largely because of the lack of good film stories. For the independent star who seeks quality, as Mary Pickford must, the matter of securing the right sort of screen material is most vital.

"BECAUSE it is so difficult to find a good story," she said, "I have been accused of being unable to make up my mind. This was especially so before I began 'Secrets.' The truth is, however, that the opposite is the case. Long ago I *made up my mind* that I would not go into production until I was sure I had a suitable vehicle. And standing pat on that determination took fortitude, for you have no idea how often I had to say to tempting authors, 'Get thy typewriters behind me.'

"And as they withdrew into the folds of their manuscripts, I continued the search, high and low, until right underfoot, I discovered the very thing I sought—'Secrets'! It had so much more body, so much more rhythm, so much more romance and beauty and quality that we realized fully we would be wasting time to look further."

As Mary talked on, Borzage paced back and forth. From the gloom beyond the lights he could hear Old Man Budget croaking his sad refrain, "Overhead, overhead!"

"Good gracious!" exclaimed Mary, "I'm holding up the company!"

She sprang into the waiting car with Leslie Howard and immediately they became *Mr. and Mrs. John Carlton* of "Secrets," setting out valiantly across the continent for the final fade-out of the film. My thought flashed back to what Mary had said earlier in the interview:

"The career of a film star can be likened to a pathway made of uneven stepping-stones. Some are round, others square, one will be high, another low, yet they all lead in the general direction of an ultimate goal. So it is with the pictures upon which a screen celebrity builds her career. The bad pictures (and all stars make them occasionally, she maintains) are the stones with round faces that make you slip when you step on them. But you don't stop there, you keep going, and your next stepping-stone is broad and flat and smooth, perhaps the finest in all the walk."

The star who steps on a slippery stone and stops, hesitates on the abyss of oblivion, Mary thinks. There have been fewer slippery stones in her pathway than in the pathway of many other stars for the reason that as an independent producer she has been able to select her plays. Other stars, with contractual obligations to fulfill, could not do this.

"In other words," she stated, "I'm my own boss. If I don't like a story, I don't make it."

And this privilege wisely applied has undoubtedly added to the long continuation of her career.

"Mary's most successful film, both financially and artistically," an official of the Producers' Association said, "was 'Coquette.' It won the Academy's award of merit, and made for Mary $300,000 more than any other picture she ever produced.

"At the time of its release, three thousand theaters could not show it because they were not equipped for sound."

"SO with three thousand less theaters showing it than had ever before played a Pickford production, 'Coquette' made $300,000 more—a record which may never be equaled. In one theater alone," Old Man Budget bragged, (the United Artists in Los Angeles), "a total of 297,000 patrons saw 'Coquette,' 38,500 of them seeing it in a single week—a record which still stands."

When asked about "Secrets" Mary said, "When I finish a picture, I am always reluctant to talk about it. I can say this, however, about 'Secrets': There is not one place in it where I feel embarrassed. It is the first picture I ever made to which I have had that reaction. Not once do I want to hang my head. I have great faith in 'Secrets.' "

Two's a Crowd

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 34]

she might have become just another sister of the famous who simply disappeared. If she had made a triumphal entry behind a police escort in her Igotta-Cheesini, and had taken up her residence *a la figidaire* in a marble-trimmed mansion—but she didn't. Twenty-year-old Joan was already far too wise to make such mistakes or allow them to be made for her.

Instead, Joan came to Hollywood as a little brown mouse, trying at first to gnaw only a little hole.

At first, scarcely anybody knew she was in town at all. She took a modest little apartment, with only a nurse for the now five-year-old Diana, *née* Adrienne (and a cute little trick she is, too). She drove around town in a little Ford car—to the eminent peril of the populace, because Joan is very near-sighted. Figuratively speaking, Connie glided over the boulevards in her chauffeur-driven limousine while Joan rattled and squeaked down the side streets; and that isn't nearly as figurative as it sounds, either.

ANYWAY, Joan's *modus operandi* was as different from Connie's as chalk from cheese. Their personalities are as far apart as the poles, anyway. Connie's difference from Joan is theatrical, strident; Joan's difference from Connie is quiet, subtle. Connie is a beautiful princess of the stage, while Joan is a princess of the blood.

You know how it is on the screen—Connie may start out humbly, but she always winds up as the beautiful, sophisticated lady, her lovely blonde head emerging from a *soirée* of gorgeous clothes, just like Gloria Swanson did years ago. In Joan's latest picture, "Me and My Gal," she is a waitress whose ultimate achievement is to marry a cop.

The same contrast holds pretty true off screen, too. Of course, Gene Markey, Joan's present husband—and a charming fellow indeed—is a long way removed from being a cop. But he is merely an American, while Connie could get along with nothing less than a marquis.

She still drives the little car herself, though not quite so perilously to the population as before, because she wears glasses now and drives more slowly. But can you imagine a movie celebrity having a three-year-old Ford repainted instead of buying a new one? Joan just did. The paint job cost her exactly twenty-five dollars.

"It's good for three more years now," she says.

After her first picture she moved into a little house, but it is characteristic of Joan that the house cost even less than the apartment. Now she lives in a big house in Beverly Hills, quite in keeping with her position. But the catch is that she rents the house instead of owning it, and the rent she pays is actually less than the taxes and interest would be if she had to pay them. You can get a lot for a little just now, if you happen to know how—and Joan does know how.

CONNIE has just had the resplendent edifice which she owns and inhabits completely redecorated and refurnished. You can imagine what that cost Connie—in addition to the original item of buying and constant item of upkeeping the house.

Joan is still using the same furniture she had when she was married to her first husband. She has had it ever since she was sixteen. When she came to Hollywood, she had the furniture shipped from New York, and she had it shipped via the canal to save the difference in freight.

Of course, when Joan married Gene Markey she did marry also quite a stable of cars. Cars are Gene's hobby. But they are gas-eaters,

it's smart to be a BABY about your BATH



You're too big now to cry when your skin feels rough and irritated, but you do suffer terribly over a make-up that *won't* look glamorous on a skin that isn't baby-smooth and clear.

So keep your baby skin! Treat it as tenderly as "they" treated it in the days when you took your airing in a go-cart.

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and so far as Joan is concerned they stay mostly in the garage.

She almost weeps, though, when Gene has to pay the taxes on them.

CONSTANCE entertains lavishly, and her entertainments are always among the most gorgeously appointed and smartly expensive in Hollywood.

Joan entertains her friends only, and gives no big parties at all.

What do you think Joan did while she was living at the beach last summer?

The store at Malibu struck Joan as pretty expensive and so, three times a week all the time she was there, in the Ford and with her market-basket on her arm, she came in to the Hollywood markets and went shopping. She isn't a tightwad in any sense, but she does take pride in buying what she wants with as big a saving as she can.

"It's only sensible," she says. "I like to give money away where it will help someone who really needs it, but I hate to throw it away where it doesn't do any good."

What intelligent person will gainsay her? Hasn't even Mr. Rockefeller cut down on his dimes?

Joan's steady climb, her intelligence in not trying to outshine, not trying to capitalize on or compete with sister Connie, has broken down an almost insurmountable barrier, has swept aside an almost unscalable obstacle and has accomplished almost equally—some will say at least equally—resplendent results. She has won through, unaided, to the top. Her place even now is scarcely less elevated in cinema strata than Connie's, and she is still climbing in exactly the same way.

MANY in Hollywood and elsewhere feel that Connie has reached her peak. Joan's work has noticeably improved with her every performance. And, of course, everybody remembers the old bedtime story about the tortoise and the hare.

Which Movie Star Dominates You?

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 86]

nonsensical young fellow who is almost afraid to be serious . . . like Robert Montgomery in "The Man in Possession."

Again, he may be the impish prankster, the practical jokester; the quick-thinking, smooth-talking young fellow like Lee Tracy in "Blessed Event" or "The Half-Naked Truth." And like Lee Tracy, he puts his "smart-alec" tricks to good, money-making, high-pressure use. Sometimes pulling his sweetheart's hair or breaking her doll or her heart (temporarily) by so doing.

But acting very rough and "the devil-take-it" about his own emotions. Yet, with all his misdemeanors he just takes hold of his lady's heart-strings and hangs on—forever!

Another variation of this type of "little boy" is the one who's always getting into trouble. Not being strong enough to stop drinking or gambling.

Allowing himself to become enmeshed, or even burned, by Theda-Barish, Myrna Loy-ish sirens.

But after a series of escapades, he always comes home and hides his head in some madonna's lap (of course, she's been waiting for him these many months), knowing full well



"Gee, it's good to be home again!" were probably Doug's first words after the excitement of seeing Mary and Doug, Jr., had subsided. Doug arrived at Pasadena in the nick of time for Christmas dinner—after another period of wandering around the world. Going to be a home bird now, Mr. Fairbanks? Or are your bags packed for the next flight?

that "all will be forgiven"! Witness Fredric March's utterly irresponsible, yet utterly lovable attitude toward his wife (Sylvia Sidney) in "Merrily We Go to Hell." It's usually like that!

They just cry out for protection from this icy, malicious world, don't they?

NOW for the sensitive, highly romantic, idealistic lover (see Type II-c).

Isn't he often the idol of that woman who, in real life, has known the more direct, brusque, primitively virile man?

For it's true that what we miss in actuality, we long for in our own private little dream world.

Which, in the language of Dr. Watson and the psychologists, is known as the Compensation Motive—or Solace for Frustration.

Doesn't it seem plausible, then, that even a very strong, physical type of woman, full of healthy energy and vitality, who, in her everyday life, attracts the Clark Gable pattern of man—has, perhaps, even married one—might secretly long to be wooed by a more intuitive, poetic, less vigorous lover?

The original authentic design for whom is, to our minds, the charming Leslie Howard! So cultivated, so polished, so gay, and yet so wistfully tender!

What an appeal Leslie must make to the woman who longs for romance on a higher, more spiritual plane!

To her who shuns a too-harsh contact with life—who shrinks from a torrid passion—who dreams of a poetic love and a "moonlight and roses" lover!

Did you see him in that British film, "Reserved for Ladies"? Or in "Smilin' Through," with its delicately drawn sentiment, as fragile as some old tapestry? Or, again in "The Animal Kingdom," where—although his ideals are shaken by a mercenary wife who turns out to have Delilah instincts and the tactics of a gold digging mistress—he retains ever that gracious, dignified and wistful lover quality.

I'm positively raving. Well, if this is a roof-top confession, I don't care who hears it!

It's likely too, that you could conceive of a ripely mature woman to whom life is fairly much a round of keeping the coffee piping hot for husband Willie and forcing the springtime sulphur and molasses on little Willie—secretly nursing a yen for Ramon Novarro.

OH, she'd be quite indignant if you accused her of it.

But we'd wager that when she saw him in, say, "Son of India," there might have been just a tiny choking sensation in her throat when he had to relinquish the girl he loved. Yes, it's been known to happen, even to the substantial lady who "doesn't believe in that sort of nonsense!"

Because our subconscious plays all sorts of funny tricks on us. Yea, verily!

And, finally, if there's any truth in these theories, we wonder if, in discovering your dominant screen lover type, you've also arrived at some interesting or startling conclusions about yourself.

Don't be scared off.

Think it over! You might even let us know, if you feel like it.

Heart Throb

I am a patient in a veterans' hospital, and I don't know how I could endure it if we didn't have movies.

"Chic" Sale in "Stranger in Town" certainly was a side-splitter. He and Will Rogers are my favorites.

I can miss a meal but never a movie. They are a tonic for a sick veteran.

Homer Jones, Whipple, Ariz.

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"A Private Wife for Me"

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 53]

to settle down in the heart of Africa or wherever, like a couple of nuts, and having ourselves an elegant time. . . . Then we always catch the boat home, just as scheduled."

"HAVEN'T you ever gone too far with one of these spells?" I asked.

"Oh yes, I broke down and bought a house out in New Canaan, Connecticut. Perfectly Early American, with three Dutch ovens. I wanted it, gosh, how I wanted that house.

"And was *that* the test of the true woman and wife!

"Alma didn't once remind me of how impractical it was, how far away, or anything. If she had been an actress, her first thought would have been, 'How will I get to the theater?' You see, I explained airily that *I* would commute. It's only a few hours from New York."

"Is he really as nutty as he sounds?" I appealed to Alma.

"Oh, much more so," she assured me, proudly. "He's a life work for any one woman—and I thrive on being the one woman."

Frank told me how their Eastern friends gave them three months—possibly six—to stay together after they came to Hollywood.

Dire predictions were murmured about Hollywood blondes, about Hollywood divorces.

"If Alma were a picture actress, maybe I'd be alarmed," Frank said. "There are lots of handsome actors out here. Taking my life in my hands, I make the bold assertion that there are more good-looking men than women!

"You see, I've been in two Ziegfeld shows, and done a bit of traveling hither and yon, so perhaps I'm immune to Hollywood blondes. We've managed to weather nineteen years, so I guess things will go on the same as usual in Hollywood."

Alma added that being slightly nutty helped. They found their own company awfully good entertainment.

"And what are you two being crazy about at the present time?" I wanted to know.

"George!" They agreed simultaneously. "And dachshunds!"

George, it turns out, is a seventeen-year-old son. And George is no ordinary run of child. George is about the most completely extraordinary and satisfactory son two people ever had. (George occupied the next two hours, with never a dull moment.) He is studying in an Eastern school to be a diplomat or an archaeologist, they don't know which it is this week.

AS a parting shot, I asked Frank, "Don't you *think* this marriage might have been a success, even if Alma were an actress?"

"I'm not so sure she isn't, sometimes—just as all good wives are." Frank grinned and shifted into high with the other eyebrow. "But so long as her performances are staged for me alone, it's okay!"

"I'll Take an Actress"

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 52]

women who have nothing else in the world to do look after their homes and their husbands properly?"

Eddie still wants to know. And he believes that the answer would eliminate a lot of grief in American homes.

When Eddie and Lilyan were first married they made an agreement. It was Lilyan's house which they intended to—and do—live in; Eddie pays all the household expenses and domestic bills. Lilyan pays for her own clothes.

She is known as the best-dressed woman in Hollywood, and she has often said that she would never expect any man to pay for the enormous wardrobe she keeps constantly up-to-the-minute.

She spends several thousands of dollars a year for her hats alone. (Incidentally, the only thing which she and Eddie ever row about is a little black beret which she bought in Germany and which they both like to wear.) It is a part of her profession to be strikingly dressed, and the expenditure comes under necessary professional expenses.

But imagine a non-professional husband being able to understand that!

THEY both make large salaries, and it would be a very optimistic wolf indeed who hung around the Lowe-Tashman door. Both are financially independent of each other. Neither has to remain with the other for economic reasons; the only reason they stay married is because they want to.

"Imagine the compliment that is paid a man," Eddie remarks, "when he feels that his wife is there only because she prefers to be. He knows that she lives with him because she loves him—not because she's got to stay to be sure of a living."

And so far as that is concerned, too, Eddie has a thing or two *apropos*.

"Every woman would feel better, I think, and her life would be happier," he went on, "if she were able to make her own living—if her own efforts made her independent. I know that this, in a large number of cases, is impractical, especially in these days. But the idea is that some women seem to like to be clinging vines, virtually asking their husbands for handouts. Such a woman could never make an ideal wife for an actor.

"It isn't the money so much, but an actor feels that just as he must have a competent person playing opposite him in his pictures, so he must have a wife who is competent to play opposite him in real life."

NEITHER Eddie nor Lilyan stop acting when they leave the set. No genuine trouper ever does. They act in private just as they act in public—if they didn't they wouldn't be themselves. But no non-professional, Eddie thinks, would ever understand that this acting at home is really the genuine thing.

True happiness in marriage, declares Eddie, lies not in a diversity of interests in the home, but in a consolidation of them.

And in Eddie's opinion, a non-professional has about as much chance of sharing a professional career as the haystack has of finding the proverbial needle.

"Then there are the little things," he finished, "all the little things that are really the big things of a motion picture player's life. How could a non-professional wife ever hope to understand an actor's peculiar twists and turns, so to speak, the peculiarities that go to make up his personality? His pet little superstitions, for instance, and his generally screwy way of doing things? No, I tell you that I don't believe it would work—I'm sure it wouldn't with me. The only possible way an actor can get full understanding in a wife is to marry an actress."

And thus, dear people, *Sergeant Quirt* Lowe sez his say.

So Hollywood Got Her!

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 72]

next twelve years Dorothy attended the Zionist schools, lived the Zionist routine and knew only the Zionist creed. But inwardly her soul rebelled. One night, while she and three other girls were playing hookey from a prayer-meeting in favor of a sinful sleigh-ride, they stopped at a movie show. That was at Waukegan, six miles from Zion.

"Let's go in," one of them suggested with bated breath, and then almost froze with the audacity of her own suggestion.

But they did go in. They sat as still as they did in church, and stared at the screen with open mouths. Before their eyes a handsome man and a beautiful woman made love! Love! This was the first movie they had ever seen—this was life!

So fascinated was Dorothy by what she saw, so completely hypnotized by the beauty and glamour of it, that she determined, right then and there, to be an actress.

But it wasn't so easy as all that. The four returned to Zion in an ecstasy of delight—only to find that somebody had seen them enter the show and "peached" to the overseer. Dorothy and the others were called before Voliva and stood shaking in their shoes while he told them that Satan was laying siege to their souls.

THAT wasn't all, either. They couldn't go to school or to church for a certain specified time because their worldliness might contaminate the others. They managed to bear up under that part of the punishment, all right—but what Voliva instructed their parents to add to it in the woodshed was a bit more difficult.

At the first opportunity Dorothy left Zion flat and went to Chicago. She got a job with a Chautauqua company playing the tank towns, and when that stranded, she somehow made her way to New York. There, she eventually became a leading woman on the legitimate stage.

A film test brought her to Hollywood, and she's been there ever since.

But there will never be any pieces in the Zionist paper about the home-town girl who made good, nor will those who knew her as a youngster ever go to see her on the screen.

Not in Zion, they won't!

As far as Zion is concerned Dorothy has gone to H———!

Now What Next Janet?

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 37]

reasoned that Peck's likeness to Farrell—the two *are* similar in appearance, except that Lydell is perhaps more rugged—accounted for her interest in the young attorney.

Hollywood became practically apoplectic when Farrell turned to Miss Valli. Hollywood looked on, glassy-eyed, when Janet lunched at the Brown Derby with Lydell, and Charlie dined Virginia at the Montmarte.

If Miss Gaynor and Peck were seen dancing together at the Cocoanut Grove, so were Miss Valli and Farrell spied at the Biltmore Gardens.

The four-sided wooing became a game of chess, with Hollywood watching every move breathlessly. Janet and Charlie. Janet and Lydell. Charlie and Virginia.

Then, overnight, Peck left Hollywood!

Nor could Hollywood understand his sudden departure. So Hollywood decided that Janet had sent Peck away.



Most tooth troubles start in film

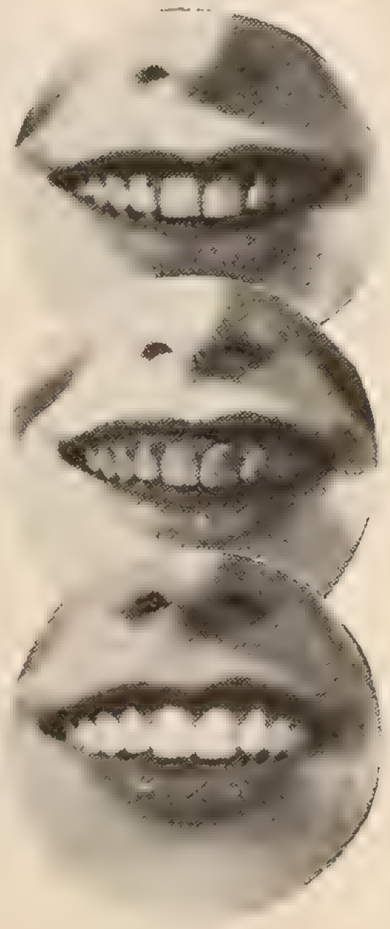
WHAT is this film that robs us of our teeth? A slippery, sticky coating formed by the *mucin* in saliva. It stains teeth yellow. It catches bits of food which soon decay. Yes, but that's not all! Film contains millions of tiny germs.

Some are rod-shaped, grouped in clusters. These are *decay* germs. As they live they give off *enzymes* that produce lactic acid. This lactic acid dissolves tooth enamel just as other acids eat holes in cloth. Other germs are linked with "trench mouth"—still others with pyorrhea.

"What must I do to fight film?"

To fight film use Pepsodent instead of ordinary tooth pastes. Why? Because a tooth paste is only as good as its polishing material; not one bit better. The new polishing material in Pepsodent is one of the great discoveries of the day. Its power to remove every trace of film stain is revolutionary! Its notable distinction of being twice as soft as polishing materials in common use has gained wide recognition. Remember, the one safe way to fight film is to use the special film-removing tooth paste—Pepsodent—twice every day and to see your dentist at least twice a year.

See how rapidly film forms on teeth



These teeth were absolutely free of film at 8 a. m. **At noon**—the film detector* solution was applied and this is how they looked.

At 8 p.m.—the film detector* shows still heavier deposits of film. Two-thirds of the tooth's surface is covered.

At 10 p.m.—these same teeth were brushed with Pepsodent. Note how thoroughly film has been removed.

* A harmless fluid, used by dentists, which stains film so that the naked eye can see it.

Pepsodent — is the special film-removing tooth paste



What is the second envelope for?

IF YOU have a house wedding, will the invitations be worded just as they would for a church ceremony? Do you need invitations and announcements both?

It isn't merely a matter of choice. There's a definite and established procedure for almost every single detail of a wedding . . . even the simplest wedding. And while it seems a bit silly, it's nevertheless true that, in etiquette, there's usually one right way . . . and all the others are wrong!

Linweave . . . maker of fine wedding papers . . . has compiled a complete little booklet that is beautifully illustrated called "The Etiquette of Wedding Invitations and Announcements." If you'd like a copy (it also shows you Linweave Invitations in actual size) send 10¢—the cost of mailing—to Linweave, 270 Broadway, New York.

Linweave

But Peck is no quitter. From his home in San Francisco he bombarded Janet with telegrams, letters and telephone calls.

BUT Hollywood felt that eventually Charlie would break with Virginia, and so Hollywood waited with bated breath. Until it heard that he had invited Miss Valli and other guests for a sail on his boat.

And then by coincidence, the following day Peck arrived from San Francisco.

For the next week, Hollywood passed into a stage of near-lunacy when so many exciting events happened. Janet and Lydell applied for a marriage license and set the wedding date for five days later.

Then Lydell returned to San Francisco to arrange for the ceremony and a honeymoon in Honolulu.

The marriage took place in San Francisco, after which the newlyweds sailed for Honolulu.

Not so many months after Janet's return to Hollywood with her new husband, Charlie decided to go to Europe. He bought two tickets; one was for Carlton Hoechstra, his financial secretary.

The two men sped for the East Coast, intending to board a ship out of New York harbor without delay.

But when they arrived in New York, Miss Valli was there, visiting her friend Colleen Moore.

Charlie and Virginia saw each other many times; in fact, he missed three boats. Then he and Virginia eloped and were married and sailed for Europe on their honeymoon.

Hoechstra, Charlie's secretary, returned to Hollywood, somewhat chagrined. The new Mrs. Farrell had traveled on the ticket originally purchased for his use.

When Virginia and Charlie returned to Hollywood, they and Janet and Lydell became the most noted foursome in the city. Yachting parties, dances, public appearances of every description.

Hollywood settled down into comfortable breathing.

Everyone was going to live happily ever after in true fairy story fashion.

Then Janet's and Lydell's separation. What next, Janet?

From Lady to Judy O'Grady

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 57]

cream puff stories which gave her little opportunity to show the depth of her histrionic ability.

It reminds one of the very proper little girl who strolled into the parlor while her mother was entertaining a very proper neighbor and when mother asked her small daughter what she'd like to play, the child replied: "I wanna jump in the mud puddles and get all dirty."

BEING garbed in white constantly becomes irksome. A touch of scarlet lends interest. Dramatically speaking, it is the piquant sauce which Ruth Chatterton has added to a career of sober pictures. And Ruth, said to have last word of authority on stories, photography and publicity, may be secretly enjoying the shock she handed her public in those sensational posters on "Frisco Jenny."

Yet her Hollywood friends, those who have the interest of her career sincerely at heart, are frankly worried about this change.

Fundamentally, Ruth is a lady. Her features have a delicate loveliness. There is about her an air of gentle distinction, of cool lucidity, the result of good breeding. Her personal taste in clothes is faultless. To her is left very often the selecting of her screen wardrobe, for she has a discerning eye born to innate good taste.

She was reared in an atmosphere of discipline, supported by respectability, which accounts for a certain preciosity of manner. If she sat cross-legged on the floor, smoking a cigarette and chewing gum, as she has done sometimes, she is still Chatterton—the gentlewoman.

And that is why some of her friends believe Ruth's flair for the new type of rôle will not last. The public will see through the make-believe and they will be looking right straight at the lady who is known as Ruth Chatterton, now poorly disguised.

Yet wasn't it "Madame X" that put Ruth across in pictures? And surely *Madame X* was no Park Avenue matron. Chatterton enjoyed doing that picture.

Incidentally, it was a great surprise to the studio when it went over with such tremendous success.

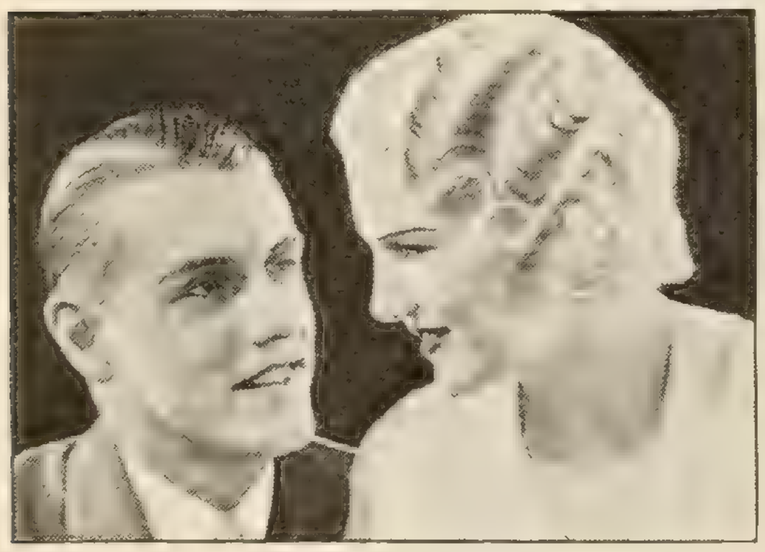
Then followed some of her ladylike rôles. Remember how aristocratically she took those blows from life in "The Doctor's Secret"?

And she knew her society set when she played in "A Lady of Scandal."

Ruth became raucous once again in "Anybody's Woman," and it was conceded to be one of the best pictures she ever did. Remember how she sat in her undies, strumming a uke in a cheap hotel room—a show girl, broke and out of a job? It was the first time Chatterton had ever changed her appearance, too. Gone were her soft brown locks, and instead she was a hard-hearted platinum blondie not at all remiss to a flirtation across the areaway with the handsome scion, Clive Brook.

STRANGE how one remembers this and yet the picture in which she played a farmer's wife and wore a black wig is dimmed. Maybe it is as Chatterton claims, "Nothing dramatic ever happens to a good woman."

The future of Chatterton's career is hanging in the balance. Is she to be a rowdy or a lady? Maybe the fates will be kind and dish up a little of each, in proper proportion, so that Chatterton's divided public may all be pleased.



Personal: to Blondes

TESTS made at a great college prove it's more thrilling to men to kiss a blonde than a brunette or red-head. Science says this is because blondes' light hair makes them seem more feminine, flowerlike. But dull blondes might as well be brunettes. Don't let *your* hair get drab, dark. Blondex Shampoo actually makes blonde hair two shades lighter. Brings out all the shimmering, golden lights. Gives to dull, stringy light hair a satiny, rippling halo of blonde loveliness. Formerly sold only in the $1.00 size, you can now get Blondex in the new 25¢ size. Try this inexpensive size today. At all drug and dept. stores.

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Wally Knows His Pachyderms

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 56]

the screen's mightiest—the great Garbo, two of the Barrymores, glamorous Joan Crawford, and those eminently able actors, Lewis Stone and Jean Hersholt.

Wally learned other things from the elephants, too. It was always easier for him to handle them as a group. To train one elephant was almost impossible.

To train several at a time was comparatively easy. If one of his charges saw another succeeding at a trick, he seemed especially anxious to succeed also.

If he saw another plodding ahead with his duties, he seemed actually ashamed to fall down on his part of the job.

Thus, elephants are seldom trained singly.

There is too much opportunity for individual display of laziness, temper, or indifference.

That goes for humans, too.

Today, Wally believes in the public school system.

He does not plan to have a private tutor for his adopted daughter, Carol Ann, or her brothers, George and William, whom he and Mrs. Beery will rear.

"It's easier to learn when you are one of a number," he says.

"There's a competitive spirit. It's easier, too, to teach when there is an audience of many rather than one.

"Children, like elephants, are quick to imitate.

"They are naturally gregarious, and a successful example is one of the surest ways to teach them."

RAISING the young is an acute problem in elephant land. Usually, when an elephant has reached the age of forty-five or fifty—perhaps half its normal captivity lifetime—it has developed the great patience for which elephants are noted. Experience seems to have taught them that antagonism and bullishness do no good.

The capricious, experimental desires of youth give way to solid, common sense and patience.

Sometimes, of course, a cocky young elephant of twenty-five or thirty years refused to respond to Wally's bribes or coaxing. They had to be prodded a little bit with the bull hook.

But Wally soon learned a trick that tamed them. He'd chain them to a middle-aged elephant.

Then, when the young scamps commenced their capers, up would go Mr. Elephant's trunk and "whango!" another sadder but wiser young pachyderm had learned a lesson in deportment.

"Baldy," a nine and a half ton bull, was Wally's favorite disciplinarian. Baldy had been a man-about-elephant-town in his younger days and it is reasonable to assume that he knew most of the facts of life.

His great size, the true standard of elephant elegance, seemed to impress the young fellows.

Baldy had wisdom, too. He didn't raise his trunk except as a last resort. He chinned with his charges.

Perhaps he whispered lessons learned in his own wicked youth.

Anyway, Baldy had a sense of sympathetic understanding which sent a young bull from his chains wiser, steadier, almost inspired sometimes.

"You know," said Wally, thinking back to the days of Baldy, "I think the secret of success with children, or grown-ups either, lies in really understanding them.

"Old Baldy knew every youngster in that herd. He understood their good points and their bad points, and I'm convinced that he knew exactly the kind of treatment each of them most needed."

He smiled.

"I could trust old Baldy."

You can trust Wally Beery, too. Looking at him, I could easily imagine what a splendid tutor little Carol Ann and her brothers are going to have, could understand how thoroughly they will learn to love this rugged, kindly man whose twinkling eyes look out upon a world he has found completely satisfactory.

"WHAT else did you learn from the elephants?" I asked. "What about the female of the species?"

Wally roared with laughter. "Oh, that," he said. "Well, you're going to be disappointed, I'm afraid. 'Popsy,' our biggest female, was a killer. And the only thing I learned about women from her was that when a female goes wild there is no male who can compete with her."

That is another theory of ex-elephant tamer Beery.

And it's not so dumb, at that!

SHOCKING

to endanger others with germ-filled handkerchiefs



Disposable Tissues Safer Than Handkerchiefs!

YOU must expect others to shudder if you flourish a germ-filled handkerchief. No one wants to catch your cold—and germs are easily spread from handkerchiefs. Tests show that *nearly all germs* may be dislodged from handkerchief fibers.

Kleenex is safe!

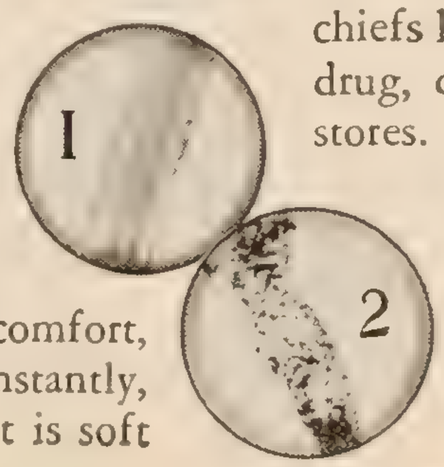
Kleenex fibers, on the other hand, clutch germs tightly. It is almost impossible to dislodge germs from Kleenex in any sort of scientific test. Dangerous germs are therefore held safely embedded until the Kleenex can be destroyed.

Thus does the super-absorbency of Kleenex protect your health, protect others. This same absorbency protects your comfort, too. Kleenex absorbs moisture instantly, without rubbing or irritation. It is soft and gentle as down—always soothing, no matter how tender and inflamed your skin.

Many ways to buy Kleenex

Carry Kleenex always! For general use, buy Kleenex tissues in convenient rolls and packages—a generous quantity newly priced at 25 cents. A larger size Kleenex—three times usual size with tissues as large as a man's handkerchief, is also available; and smart, bordered tissues in the form of finished handkerchiefs known as 'Kerfs. Sold at all drug, dry goods and department stores.

* *



(1) Linen fiber, highly magnified, from germ-infected handkerchief. Most germs have been dislodged—showing how handkerchiefs spread germs during colds. (2) This Kleenex fiber defied all attempts to dislodge germs. Thus Kleenex cannot reinfect the user or spread infection to others.

KLEENEX *disposable* **TISSUES**

Roland and the Ladies

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 47]

Roland Young (with a sinister wink): Roughly! Very roughly!

Jamison: Do you think it has any connection with the Five Year Plan?

Roland Young (with a startled grunt): I beg your pardon?

Jamison: What do you think of our American skyscrapers?

Roland Young: You mean, what do I think of their sex-appeal?

Jamison: Do you think skirts will come down any longer?

Roland Young: Longer than the skyscrapers?

Jamison (laughing merrily): Oh, I'm sorry; I got my notes mixed. Those last three questions are the ones I asked Lady Wimberley when she got off the ship.

Roland Young: I knew it all the time. Look carefully now. (He sits up and slowly turns his head to reveal his profile.) Don't you notice anything?

Jamison (laughing): It's pretty funny, all right.

Roland Young (with dignity): That's not what I mean at all, young man. Don't you recognize me without my feather boa? *I am Lady Wimberley!*

The doorbell rings. Robert goes to the front door and then appears in the den.

Robert: Mr. Young, a man wants to know if you are aware that most actors die in the poor-house and can he have fifteen minutes of your time?

Roland Young: Good heavens! Tell him to go out and call on me at the poor-house. I moved there last week.

Robert disappears noiselessly.

Jamison: Now, about your love letters, Mr. Young. For some reason or other, women find you fascinating. When you play in a picture with a handsome young hero, and you are a villain, you get more fan letters and mash notes than the hero does.

Roland Young: I paper the walls of my bedroom with them. Wait a minute, please. Yes, Robert?

Robert has come back.

Robert: The man at the door wants to know, sir, if you are aware that forty thousand babies are crying because their fathers were thoughtless?

Roland Young (firmly): They're not mine! I had nothing to do with it!

Robert: No sir. I'll tell him, sir.

Robert goes out again.

Jamison: Let's see, what were we talking about?

Roland Young: Skirts on skyscrapers. You may quote me as saying, young man, that I'm all for it. The Youngs are nothing if not moral. We put skirts on our piano, even, so its legs won't show. You know, that's a funny thing. The shorter the skirt, the more the leg is like a piano leg!

Jamison: Sex-appeal! Now, Mr. Young, why have you got it? Garbo has it because she has eyelashes. Dietrich has it because she has legs. Have you eyelashes or legs?

Roland Young (dropping his eyes modestly): Well, I have some eyelashes and I have legs.

Jamison: About these letters you get. What is the most passionate letter you've ever received?

Roland Young: One from the Gas Company saying, "Please remit, or you'll be cooking over a bonfire by tomorrow night."

Jamison: But thousands of letters are sent to you. Maybe the mailman doesn't give them to you. Have you ever done anything that might make him sore at you?

Roland Young: No, except that I bit him on the leg once. We were playing dog. He was the little dog and I was the big dog.

Jamison: I think I'm going crazy. I suppose you play mailman, too, when you're not playing dog?

Roland Young: You mean, would I like to be a mailman?

Jamison: What the—? Well, all right. Would you like to be a mailman?

Roland Young: How are you spelling it, m-a-i-l or m-a-l-e?

Jamison: How am I—? Never mind, never mind. Maybe we'd better forget all about it. Now, to get back to the interview, Mr. Young, just give me an idea of how the letters you get from women usually read, will you? What do they usually say?

Roland Young: I can remember exactly what they say. They say, "Dear Roland: I have seen you on the screen and fallen wildly in love with you. I am a married girl with nine children. Our ice-box leaks. We have no radio. I need new linoleum in the kitchen. There is a hole in the roof. Also, there is a hole in Willie's pants. My husband's car, a broken-down old 1933 Cadillac, needs new tires, a new motor, new fenders and a new top. I have added all these up carefully and they come to exactly $458.62. Please sit down right away, before you forget it, and send me a check for $917.24, because my sister-in-law's family is in a pretty bad way, too." What are you making faces for?

Jamison: Do they say "What are you making faces for?" in the letters?

Roland Young: No, I'm asking you that.

Jamison: I'm not making a face, I'm just trying to think how to spell linoleum. Do you really get letters like that? Are you serious?

Roland Young: You don't know how serious!

Jamison: Don't you ever get any other kind of letters?

Roland Young: Not from women. I get them from men offering to punch me in the eye, sometimes.

Robert reappears in the den.

Robert: Mr. Young, that man won't go away. (Brightly) But I know who he is, now. He's an insurance agent!

Roland Young: Robert, you always were one to catch on to things in a hurry. Go up on the roof and pour a bucket of boiling tar on him.

Robert: Yes sir.

Robert goes out again, hunting for a bucket.

Roland Young (holding out his hand): Well, Mr. Jamison, that was a very nice interview. You must come around sometime and we'll have another interview. I'm sorry you must be going.

Jamison (who had no intention of going): But why—?

Roland Young: Shh! I'm going to hide under the bed for awhile. Insurance agents! Brr-r-r r!

My Sister, Ann Harding

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 42]

put us in great form for the Kentucky-Army horse show, which was given on the historic Churchill Downs track, and in spite of the fact that we rode army nags, we both managed to capture ribbons.

FATHER'S job of organizing Camp Knox was finished; he was ordered to Washington. The city was still overrun with post-war activity and he found it impossible to stretch the always insufficient income to pay the prices asked for accommodation.

Once more the family split.

Mother, Dorothy and I went to New York, paid an enormous price for a dismal flat in the Nineties, and set out to tackle the biggest city of them all.

I got a job as secretary in a brokerage office; Dody presented herself at the home offices of a life insurance company and was placed in their welfare division at $12.50 a week. She made a little extra money reading books for Famous-Players, typing her synopses at night and delivering them before reporting at the life insurance office in the morning.

About three months of this was all she could stand. For several days mother and I noticed that she was coming and going with a most detached air—she scarcely touched her food—lapsed into great silences—something was certainly brewing.

At the end of a week it broke—she had braved Greenwich Village and tried out for a part in "Inheritors," the forthcoming Provincetown Players' production.

When asked for her name at the door, she had gulped and blurted out the first syllables that came to mind. "Ann Harding" was written on the application.

She walked into the theater and approached the lean-visaged, hawk-eyed director, Jasper Deeter. He took a quick glance at her, turned to Susan Glaspell, the author, and said, "She might do for one of the giggling girls, Susan." Smarting under that crack, Dody was told to come back the next day, and arrived before the other members of the cast.

She felt a bit lost in the gloomy theater. Deeter loomed up in the darkness, peered at her under enormous eyebrows and, recognizing one of the giggling girls, sat down and lit a cigarette. He talked to her for about half an hour, then stopped short; his face suddenly lighted up with surprise as he said, "You seem able to listen—and understand. Read the last act of this play and in an hour or so we'll see what you can do with *Madeline*" (the leading rôle).

DEETER had been able to discern in this rather gauche "country" girl, raw material, sprung from nowhere, that to him showed promise—great promise.

She got the part, and commenced her career with a stellar rôle.

Not a word of the whole business had been mentioned at home until the thing was decided. Then, in more or less of a whisper, she announced:

"I am going on the stage—I have a part and start rehearsal tomorrow."

It was nothing less than a bombshell. Mother and I were tremendously proud and excited, but one word came simultaneously from three mouths: "Father!"

Of all the routes to eternal destruction, the unhallowed stage was easily the most direct, according to his traditionally New England conscience.

A certain amount of that same conscience made it quite impossible for Dody to continue accepting father's support when she was embarking on a career so opposed to his conceptions.

BY the time she told us the news she had already found a thoroughly chaperoned "club," maintained near the theater for girls who earned twenty-five dollars a week or less, and there she decided to live.

The child had gone—she had suddenly become "Ann Harding"—but the characteristics of the child remained, and brought her through the difficult years to come, triumphant.

Dorothy Gatley has now renamed herself Ann Harding and faces the first crisis of her life. Next month Edith Gatley Nash tells of Ann's first stage appearance, her break with her father, her grinding years in stock and the second grim crisis in her career

Bless You, My Children!

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 71]

years one of the most popular stars who has ever appeared on the screen. Alec says that in the old silent days she always spoke her lines under her breath.

"The rest of us would find it pretty difficult to follow her," he remembers, "and so we wouldn't know just when to take our cues. On the other hand, some of the old-time actors, who had played in stock for years, would act at the top of their voices and even when the director called 'Cut!' they wouldn't stop. They would just keep on going until they had finished the speech."

ALEC thinks that Constance Cummings is the most promising young woman screen personality whom he has appeared with recently, though Garbo stands out among his recollections as the greatest personality of all. Though she was not actually his screen daughter, he was her fatherly counselor in "Mata Hari," the man who defended her when she was accused as a spy and sentenced to die.

"Garbo has the most expressive personality of anybody at present on the screen," he will tell you. "She is truly a great artist who can convey more with one look, one word, or one touch of the hand than most actresses can get across in a whole reel of film.

"She is neither reticent nor solitary when one gets to know her, but utterly charming. However, she is very particular about who gets to know her."

WHEN Alec was ill Garbo sent a bouquet of roses which he says was the biggest he has ever seen.

"I hadn't known her long then, either," he said appreciatively, "but it just goes to show how essentially human Garbo is. On the set she puts up with a lot from other people—things that I wouldn't put up with for five minutes myself.

"Although she has been studying English for a comparatively short time, she can detect any imperfection of feeling, any false note, quicker even than the person who wrote the lines.

"That's how strong the dramatic instinct is within her. And she is never at rest while working, but paces back and forth, forth and back on the set muttering her lines to herself all day."

The real test of a Laxative!

Is it mild enough for little children?

ONE of the important requirements of a laxative is gentleness in action. Violence has no place in a laxative for a person of any age—harsh cathartics often do more harm than good!

Many a grown-up friend of Ex-Lax first learned of its gentle yet effective action after giving it to a child in the family.

But Ex-Lax is not merely a children's laxative. To get "results" without harmful after-effects is just as important to grown-ups as to little children. And so, gradually and surely, Ex-Lax became the all-family laxative in millions of homes.

Ex-Lax—when Nature fails!

Ex-Lax is mildness itself! Ex-Lax merely gives the intestines a gentle nudge, stimulating them to action without violence. It doesn't disturb digestion. It does not gripe. It isn't habit-forming. You can take Ex-Lax with perfect confidence.

At all drug stores, 10c, 25c, 50c. Or write for free sample to Ex-Lax, Inc., Dept. A33, P. O. Box 170, Times Plaza Station, Brooklyn, N. Y.

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Success breeds envy! Beware of imitations of Ex-Lax! The names of some such imitations sound like Ex-Lax. But there is only one *genuine* Ex-Lax. Watch for the exact spelling — E-X-L-A-X. Insist on getting Ex-Lax to make sure of getting Ex-Lax results!

EX-LAX EX-LAX



Julie Haydon, RKO Star

You can have
ENTICING EYES

● EVERY movie star knows this beauty trick! Dark, heavy lashes give your eyes fascination—allure—appeal. Dark, heavy lashes make eyes look larger and sparkling . . . Winx—the NEW type mascara—gives you such lashes—easily and naturally . . . Without smudging, smearing or smarting.

Try it today. Two forms—*Liquid Winx*—absolutely waterproof—75¢ . . . *Cake Winx* in a slim compact—$1.00.

WINX

Found ANSWER TO UGLY PIMPLES



EVEN when she *knew* that unsightly, blemished skin was hurting her popularity she could find *nothing* that helped—until a friend hinted "constipation" and advised **NR** Tablets **(Nature's Remedy)**. They toned and strengthened the *entire* eliminative tract—rid her system of poisonous wastes thoroughly, naturally. Soon skin blotches vanished, pale cheeks glowed again. Try this safe, dependable, all-vegetable laxative and corrective tonight. Non-habit-forming. At all druggists'—25c.

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"TUMS" Quick relief for acid indigestion, sour stomach, heartburn. Only 10c.

Mercolized Wax Keeps Skin Young

It peels off aged skin in fine particles until all defects such as tan, freckles, oiliness and liver spots disappear. Skin is then soft, clear, velvety and face looks years younger. Mercolized Wax brings out your hidden beauty. **To remove wrinkles quickly** dissolve one ounce Powdered Saxolite in one-half pint witch hazel and use daily. At all drug stores.

Alec has led a sort of dual screen life with Louise Fazenda. He has been her father and has had to make love to her.

"She was perfectly at ease when I was her father," he smiled reminiscently, "but on the other occasion she was rather terrified at first for fear that she might shock me. She told me afterwards that she thought me such a dignified sort of chap. However," and the kindly eyes twinkle amusedly as he adds this—"she found me quite receptive, I think."

Gloria Swanson was the star whom Alec found easiest to work with, and he found, too, that she had the coolest nerve. It was during the making of "The Great Moment" that this incident occurred:

"We were out on location in the Chatsworth Hills," he says, "and in one scene, after riding some distance, Gloria had to get off her horse. She got off—and almost stepped upon a huge rattlesnake, lying there coiled. But Gloria, instead of fainting, pinned the snake's head on the ground with the handle of her riding-crop while one of the men killed it. Then she did the scene over again without turning a hair."

In a picture with Clara Kimball Young, Alec actually played her screen father while her real father, Ed Kimball, played one of the other parts.

"They chose me," said Alec, "because they said that I looked more like the type of father she should have than her real father."

RECENTLY Alec has been on tour on the vaudeville stage, telling audiences his experiences on the screen. As he speaks and the names of his film children fall from his lips, face after face is conjured up for ears that still remember them—

Doris Kenyon, Eleanor Boardman, Mabel Normand, Betty Compson, May McAvoy, Jacqueline Logan, Norma Talmadge, Bebe Daniels, Billie Dove, Lila Lee, Lois Moran, Clara Bow, Dorothy Mackaill, Joan Bennett, Anna Q. Nilsson, these and dozens of others. Like a parade from out of the past right down to the present.

He has had more children than any father living—but not one of them has ever cost him so much as a solitary dime to bring up!

Gloria's New Troubles

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 35]

heap beside me in her gorgeous apartment at a hotel in London, I accidentally called her "child." The word slipped from my subconscious because it was so fitting. Women who live on emotional gusts as does Gloria always remain, somehow, like children. The world calls them sophisticated. But the world does not know.

Truly sophisticated women are those who never feel deeply. Those who cry from suffering one moment and from joy the next remain peculiarly untouched by their hardships—like infants. It is only when tears do not come that woman is truly sophisticated.

SO Gloria listened to advice in this case, whereas a truly sophisticated or "hard-boiled" person with her background would have learned long before then *not* to listen.

She had listened too, to advice on *how* to make this "cheap" picture in London. When she was told that a certain American director had written the original story and dialogue, and had directed a successful picture in Hollywood, she did not question the statement. Where a true sophisticate-in-pictures would have cabled or telephoned Hollywood to have verified whether he was, indeed, the master of all the studio arts, Gloria believed. Later, she learned there had been many minds on that Hollywood picture.

Lack of ordinary sense on her part? Of course. I do not claim Gloria has ordinary sense. Those who always remain young usually haven't. Those who achieve greatness do not follow the charted minds.

She also listened when it was suggested that her new husband, Michael Farmer, play the leading man.

Farmer is no fool. He knew he lacked acting experience and that talking pictures require trained people. He protested.

But Gloria believed. She was told of a young actor in America who had been directed without experience and had proved a sensation. Again, Gloria didn't check the story. She urged Michael to play the rôle.

And again this was typical of Gloria. She was still in bed from giving birth to this husband's child. She wanted him with her. When a woman like Gloria loves, she gives of her all to the one loved. If Michael Farmer could be directed so he would be a sensation—

So the dissenting husband was persuaded.

They shot the first scenes at Cannes. There was no script. Remember one man was doing script and direction. Gloria thought everything had been taken care of.

Again foolish but typical of the woman.

The first shots were in a casino where playboy Farmer had lost and won fifty thousand dollars in one evening not long before. It was his habitat as a sportsman, but not his habitat as an actor. There were no screens to protect him from the crowd which had gathered to watch the making of Gloria Swanson's new picture. Helen Hayes and Charlie MacArthur were among those on the sidelines. There were dukes and lords and ladies and marquesses. Friends of the Farmers. And hosts of strangers.

New-actor Farmer felt he should have had privacy for his first shot. Training. What did he know of timing and expressions and the best-side-to-the-camera? With all this mob looking—

He walked off. You can picture the scene. Any of us who have read about the making of pictures need no detailed description.

The outdoor scenes were finished somehow. In some inexplainable way picture scenes always get finished no matter how many actors walk off or how much it rains or fogs.

The troupe started back for London where the interiors were to be made. There was still no script.

Then, one of those chance occurrences, which look so unimportant beforehand and assume such gigantic proportions afterwards. The troupe was traveling on a slow train. A member had been in one of those horrible continental train wrecks on the way down. She had spent two hours describing it to Gloria just before they started back!

WHEN Gloria and Michael were in their compartment, Gloria was seized with fear. She just knew that poky train, which was jerking and rattling its way over a shaky road bed was going to be wrecked. She couldn't sleep. Her nerves were edging to one of those cascades in her hectic stream of life.

Then she had an idea! She and Michael had spent such a marvelous time at Marseilles when love was first blooming. It had been like a beautiful dream—

"Let's slip off at Marseilles, Michael. Remember the glorious days and nights we spent there. Let's not tell anyone. Oh, it will be wonderful. We will forget all our worries—."

Just another woman trying to recapture glories once lived.

They slipped off—leaving only a cute little note of explanation. And the newspapers carried the story they were quarreling so about Michael's not wanting to finish the picture that they had to get off the train!

When she reached London for the interior shots the script was not yet finished.

When Gloria saw the director-author at the tennis matches, she remonstrated on the time he spent for sports and not for work—but she was chided for rushing genius. Oh, it was such a typically Gloria Swanson hectic situation!

And then—great gusts of awakening! Another director. Another cameraman. High-speed American efficiency! Gloria sat for twelve hours every day for more than a week working with a new writer to finish that script before Genevieve Tobin and other members of the cast should arrive from America. It *was* a race! Could they finish a new script before the boat docked? All that fire of her nature went into work. No one will ever know how much of that dialogue is hers and how much belongs to the one who is given credit.

THE race was a tie. But Gloria was exhausted. She knew she was going to break. She went to a secluded spot on the edge of one of England's quiet rivers to rest. All the shots not needing her could be taken first. She left Michael Farmer to run the picture.

And it was there that he acquired the taste for the champagne-allure of pictures! He was no longer the leading man. He had a small part. But he was the producer—doing the work of his producer-wife.

In Hollywood, he had not been able to understand *why* Gloria could not keep her dinner appointments. When she telephoned she could not get away for dinner but must remain at the studio, he had writhed. Now one day from London, he had said that he would surely be down to her retreat for dinner. He didn't even telephone. At nine, Gloria called the studio. He was so busy with retakes, rushes, etc., he had forgotten his promise. The next day, Gloria reminded him it had been their wedding anniversary!

There is no doubt, he has caught the picture-fever. Gloria was still afraid of a breakdown. After all, she left her baby when it was less than three weeks old to start the picture. She must have something to do.

She took up knitting. And between every scene she made on that picture, she knit with the haste of a woman who feared she couldn't get a sweater to the frontline trenches before winter set in.

Some way, the picture was finished. It is not the best picture made, but Gloria, herself, looks more beautiful than for years. And it is her best dramatic work since "The Trespasser."

Incidentally, she looks more beautiful in life. About eighteen years old that afternoon, as she sat beside me telling me bits about the film.

Naturally, there have been other complications. I can only give you a bird's eye view. After all, you can't describe whirlpools, cascades and miniature Niagara Falls of emotion all in one article. There was the furniture in Hollywood. She had ordered some on consignment and when she left she said she didn't want it. The furniture man thought she'd kept it too long on consignment and sued.

THEN, there was the artist who painted her picture some years ago. She thought she didn't need to buy it unless she wanted it. Now, he's suing because she didn't pay for it. He has the picture.

There are rumors of her unhappiness with her husband.

I will never prophesy about the future of Gloria. She and Michael appear happy. They are both mad about one of the most beautiful babies I have ever seen and they seem to feel that all this hectic straining has drawn them to a more complete understanding of each other. But I will never bet on Gloria. I have known her too long. Whirlpools and cascades and Niagara Falls *forever*. That is the one certainty about her.

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But how often ordinary powder leaves the nose looking like this after half an hour

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OF COURSE you're lovely when you leave your dressing table! But how long do you stay that way? How many times in an evening do you have to look in a mirror to be sure that you're even presentable?

For certainly few things are more disconcerting than a nose that has shed its powder, and stands out from a beautiful face like an unkind and ugly beacon light. Can you even count the number of times you have to powder during the day?

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Winners of $1,000 "Gag" Contest

AT last! The prize winners for the Harold Lloyd-PHOTOPLAY "gag" contest have been selected! And, oh boy—Hollywood's professional gag men had better shine up their wares. For we received some *humdingers* in this lot! In fact, the judges were snowed under for weeks by such a flood of uproarious ideas from all points of the globe, that they've decided to knock off for a couple of days to recover from the strain of laughing.

So watch out for the next Harold Lloyd pictures—some of them will surely carry a few of the prize-winning "funny" situations!

Right here and now, we'd like to say that Harold is mighty grateful to all those contestants who took part in this hilarious campaign. And if you're one of those who failed to make a ringer, just remember the old adage, "Great minds run in the same channel." Some particularly good ideas were rejected because they had been used before, although the contestants were quite unaware of this fact when they submitted them.

To those lucky ones who won the unanimous vote of the judges for first, second, third and fourth prizes—we'd like to say, "Good work, keep it up!" Here are the winners:

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541 North Wood St., Chicago, Ill.

Second Prize, $100

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3814 Mullen Way, Los Angeles, Calif.

Third Prize, $50

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SAM SWARTZ
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HERMAN MOHR
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REBECCA MEGOWN
44 North Linden, Sheridan, Wyo.

MRS. A. NEILSEN
P. O. Box 249, Medford, Ore.

BRICE O. TAYLOR
920 Maryland Ave. N. E., Washington, D. C.

WILLIAM RANDOLPH COSBY
713 West Healy St., Champaign, Ill.

GLADYS C. VAN NATTA
1963 Union Trust Bldg., Cleveland, Ohio



It takes a clever girl to think up an idea like this one! Those twin rings that Patricia Ellis is wearing here, are her great-grandfather's cuff links—imagine! The stones are dark red set in smooth gold bands. You'd better take a trip to the attic, maybe you'll find something like this worth converting for modern use

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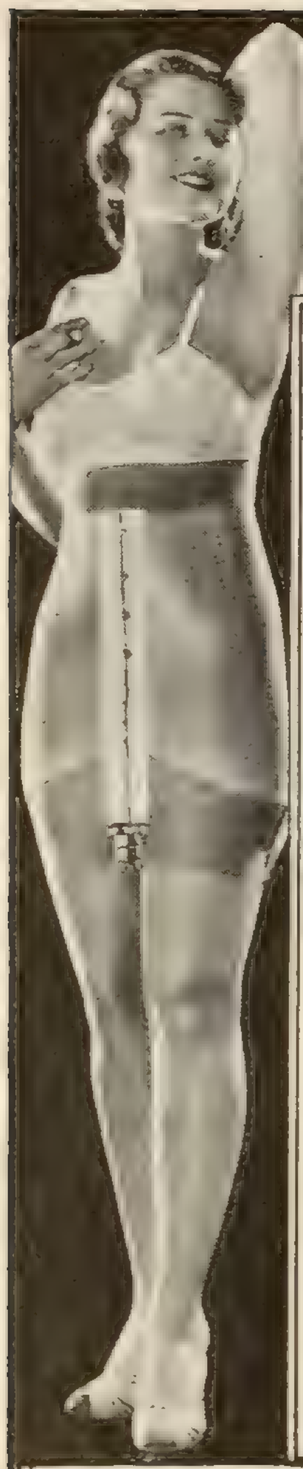
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Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15]

ISLE OF PARADISE—Adolph Pollak Prod.—A colorful film about the Island of Bali, excellently photographed. (*Oct.*)

★ **KID FROM SPAIN, THE**—Goldwyn-United Artists.—Lavish, hilarious. Eddie Cantor, introduced as the famous matador *Don Sebastian the Second*, is forced to fight the bull and make good his title. Lyda Roberti is a señorita. Excellent supporting cast. (*Jan.*)

KING MURDER, THE—Chesterfield.—A "Broadway butterfly" murder mystery that really mystifies. Natalie Moorhead, Conway Tearle and Don Alvarado are excellent as suspects. (*Dec.*)

KLONDIKE—Monogram.—Old melodrama of silent days, made into a talkie. And it limps from sheer old age. (*Nov.*)

KONGO—M-G-M.—Lon Chaney did it better silently. The jungle in all its horror. Walter Huston, Lupe Velez and Virginia Bruce are wasted. Spare the children. (*Dec.*)

LADY AND GENT—Paramount.—George Bancroft, as a liquor-soaked prize-fighter, does a grand job. You'll like Wynne Gibson, too. (*Sept.*)

LAST MAN, THE—Columbia.—Lurid tale of mutiny at sea, with good work by Charles Bickford and Constance Cummings. (*Nov.*)

LAST MILE, THE—World Wide.—Intense drama in the morbid setting of a penitentiary death house. George Stone's performance is outstanding. (*Oct.*)

LAWYER MAN—Warners.—Bill Powell as an East Side lawyer tangles with crooked politicians. Joan Blondell, David Landau and Helen Vinson splendid co-workers. Shaky law, but good cinema. (*Feb.*)

★ **LIFE BEGINS**—First National.—Unusual story, laid in a maternity ward where life begins and sometimes ends cruelly. Relieved by comedy, nevertheless a serious film, for adults only. Eric Linden, Aline MacMahon and Loretta Young head a fine cast. (*Oct.*)

LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE—RKO-Radio.—Mitzi Green is reason enough for seeing this picture. Little Buster Phelps runs a close second and May Robson is a magnificent grandma. (*Dec.*)

LOVE IN HIGH GEAR—Mayfair Pictures.—This is supposed to be funny. It isn't. All about brides, grooms and stolen pearls. (*Sept.*)

★ **LOVE ME TONIGHT**—Paramount.—All through this riot of entertainment and catchy music you have zat naughty Chevalier, to say nothing of Jeanette MacDonald, and the Charlies Butterworth and Ruggles. (*Oct.*)

MADAME BUTTERFLY—Paramount.—Sylvia Sidney's artistry and excellent settings breathe charm into this operatic favorite. (*Feb.*)

MADAME RACKETEER—Paramount.—Alison Skipworth as a crook who poses as a countess, gives one of those performances you don't forget. You'll get a full quota of laughs. (*Sept.*)

MADISON SQUARE GARDEN—Paramount.—The lowdown on the American sports industry showing all the products. Film notables and ex-champs. Jack Oakie is an aspiring palooka, Marian Nixon the slight romantic interest. (*Dec.*)

MAEDCHEN IN UNIFORM—Carl Froelich Prod.—German language film with English subtitles, about a Prussian school for girls and the effect of its rigid discipline and repression on their emotional lives. Expertly directed and acted. (*Nov.*)

MAGIC NIGHT—United Artists.—English-made musical with Jack Buchanan (so fine in "Monte Carlo" with Jeanette MacDonald) miscast in an artificial, slow story. (*Jan.*)

MAN AGAINST WOMAN—Columbia.—Jack Holt plays a hard-boiled detective who wins the night-club singer (Lillian Miles) in spite of the gangsters. (*Feb.*)

MAN CALLED BACK, THE — Tiffany. — That old plot about the doctor who fumbled an important operation is all dressed up with a murder trial at the end. (*Sept.*)

MAN FROM ARIZONA, THE—Monogram.—Incongruous and improbable, the climax spoiled by poor dialogue. With Neoma Judge, Nat Carr and James Marcus. (*Jan.*)

MAN WITHOUT A NAME, THE—UFA.—A soldier, after seventeen years, regains his memory lost in the war. Interesting but lagging German-dialogue film, with Werner Krauss. (*Jan.*)

MASK OF FU MANCHU, THE—M-G-M.—Boris Karloff in the title rôle. Lewis Stone, Karen Morley, Myrna Loy and Jean Hersholt are also in this struggle between British scientists and the dreaded *Fu Manchu*. (*Jan.*)

MATCH KING, THE—First National.—Based on Ivar Kreuger's life and distinguished by Warren William's portrayal of the title rôle, it dramatizes the magnate's rise from racketeer to match industry czar, ending in suicide. (*Jan.*)

ME AND MY GAL—Fox.—A mixture of slapstick and melodrama, well played. Joan Bennett as a tough girl and Spencer Tracy as a cop are good. George Walsh comes back as a villain. (*Jan.*)

MEN ARE SUCH FOOLS — RKO-Radio. — Badly handled story but fine acting by Leo Carrillo, Vivienne Osborne and Una Merkel. Suffering lifts a musician to genius. (*Dec.*)

MEN OF AMERICA—RKO-Radio.—Mild entertainment contrasting "covered wagon" Indian fights with today's gangster warfare. Bill Boyd is hero, Dorothy Wilson the girl and Ralph Ince a grand bad man. Chic Sale adds color. (*Jan.*)

MILLION DOLLAR LEGS—Paramount.—Jack Oakie, W. C. Fields, Ben Turpin and Andy Clyde make this one continual round of swell fun and nonsense. (*Sept.*)

MONKEY'S PAW, THE — RKO-Radio. — Capable British actors and good direction don't liven this dull yarn of a tragedy-bringing monkey's paw. (*Dec.*)

★ **MOST DANGEROUS GAME, THE**—RKO-Radio.—Leslie Banks, a new *Frankenstein* type, gives a great performance in a gruesome but thrilling picture. (*Oct.*)

★ **MOVIE CRAZY**—Harold Lloyd-Paramount. —Harold Lloyd's first in two years—the story of a boy's search for Hollywood fame—is a peach of a picture and how sorry you'll be if you miss it. (*Sept.*)

★ **MR. ROBINSON CRUSOE**—United Artists. —Doug Fairbanks Sr., at his bounding best in a tropical island. Grand gags. Laughs aplenty. Don't miss this! (*Sept.*)

MUMMY, THE—Universal.—Boris Karloff, as a revivified mummy, finds his love reincarnated in an American girl, done by Zita Johann. (*Feb.*)

MY PAL, THE KING—Universal.—You haven't seen all Tom Mix stunts until you get a big load of this. And what a battle royal in the Wild West Show! (*Sept.*)

MYSTERY RANCH—Fox.—Just the average Western, with a dash of mystery tossed in for good measure. (*Sept.*)

★ **NIGHT AFTER NIGHT**—Paramount.—Fast story—it never slackens—artfully blending Broadway and Park Avenue. AND a new hero, George Raft, as a culture-crazy "speak" owner. Constance Cummings is elegant, Alison Skipworth perfect and Mae West a riot. (*Dec.*)

NIGHT CLUB LADY, THE—Columbia.—Exciting mystery story. Adolphe Menjou takes first honors, and you'll be interested in Mayo Methot, a clever girl from the stage. (*Oct.*)

NIGHT MAYOR, THE—Columbia.—Grand satire about a frivolous mayor and his feminine and political problems. And how Lee Tracy plays him! (*Oct.*)

NIGHT OF JUNE 13, THE—Paramount.—New situations and a brand new plot idea covering the events in an average neighborhood on one certain night. Fine cast includes Clive Brook, Mary Boland, Charles Ruggles and Lila Lee. (*Nov.*)

NO LIVING WITNESS—Mayfair Pictures.—A dull offering, with Barbara Kent accused of murdering the villain, Noah Beery. (*Feb.*)

NO MORE ORCHIDS—Columbia.—Fresh and smart treatment of an heiress chasing a poor lad. Carole Lombard, Lyle Talbot and Louise Closser Hale outstanding in a good cast. (*Jan.*)

NO OTHER WOMAN — RKO-Radio. — Irene Dunne splendid as the abused wife of a newly-rich steel-worker (Charles Bickford) who falls for a blonde (Gwili Andre). Eric Linden good. Not for children. (*Feb.*)

★ **OKAY AMERICA!**—Universal.—Lew Ayres portrays a famous tabloid columnist with a dash that carries right through to the dramatic ending. (*Oct.*)

OLD DARK HOUSE, THE—Universal.—Boris Karloff in another horror thriller. Sure, you'll shiver. (*Sept.*)

★ **ONCE IN A LIFETIME**—Universal.—Hollywood burlesques itself in such a hilarious way that you'll never forgive yourself if you miss this. (*Oct.*)

★ **ONE WAY PASSAGE**—Warners.—The best of the Kay Francis-William Powell pictures, a romantic ghost story, believe it or not. Don't miss it. (*Oct.*)

OUTLAW JUSTICE—Majestic Pictures.—A Jack Hoxie Western that's just a little different. Gorgeous scenery, lots of excitement. (*Nov.*)

OUT OF SINGAPORE—Goldsmith Prod.—About a villain (Noah Beery) who shanghais sailors, sinks ships and kidnaps innocent daughters of kind sea captains. (*Nov.*)

PACK UP YOUR TROUBLES — M-G-M-Hal Roach.—This full-length Laurel and Hardy comedy is a sure-cure for the blues. They're in the army this time, and a riot, as usual. (*Sept.*)

PAINTED WOMAN, THE—Fox.—Peggy Shannon, as another South Sea Sadie Thompson, Spencer Tracy and a good supporting cast make this entertaining. (*Oct.*)

PARISIAN ROMANCE, A—Allied Pictures.—Lew Cody as a roué, Gilbert Roland an artist and Marion Shilling the girl, in a rather dull story. (*Nov.*)

PASSPORT TO HELL, A—Fox.—Another triangle story about a lonely white woman in an isolated army post. Elissa Landi is the woman. (*Oct.*)

PAYMENT DEFERRED—M-G-M.—A grim problem of Nemesis, murder and suicide. Charles Laughton repeats his stage triumph. (*Dec.*)

PENGUIN POOL MURDER, THE—RKO-Radio.—For the laugh-hungry. Murder in an aquarium, solved by an elderly school teacher (Edna May Oliver). She's a scream. Jimmy Gleason, Mae Clarke, Don Cook and Bob Armstrong score, too. (*Jan.*)

PHANTOM EXPRESS—Majestic.—A mystery thriller that rides the rails. Old time melodrama. (*Nov.*)

PHANTOM OF CRESTWOOD, THE—RKO-Radio.—Diverting but not as "creepy" as the action intended. Karen Morley and Ricardo Cortez head excellent cast. (*Dec.*)

★ **PHANTOM PRESIDENT, THE**—Paramount.—Don't pass up this political farce, which introduces George M. Cohan to the talkies. George and Jimmy Durante are a great team and Claudette Colbert adds her beauty. (*Nov.*)

PRIDE OF THE LEGION, THE—Mascot Pictures.—Too much dialogue and too little action. Victor Jory scores and there's Rin-Tin-Tin, Jr. (*Dec.*)

PROSPERITY — M-G-M. — Amusing but not enough so for the Dressler-Moran team. Again the stars are mothers-in-law. Norman Foster and Anita Page play their children. (*Jan.*)

PURCHASE PRICE, THE—Warners.—Barbara Stanwyck and George Brent wasted in a dull, old-fashioned story. (*Sept.*)

RACING STRAIN, THE—Willis Kent Prod.—Wally Reid, Jr., makes an excellent screen début in a fast-action story youngsters will love. (*Feb.*)

RACKETY RAX—Fox.—Victor McLaglen scoring in a howling burlesque on the college football racket. (*Dec.*)

★ **RAIN**—United Artists.—Joan Crawford as *Sadie Thompson*, and Walter Huston as the stern reformer do interesting work in an adult story that never seems to grow out of date. (*Nov.*)

★ **RED DUST**—M-G-M.—Squaring a triangle in the jungle, Clark Gable is grand as a he-man, but Jean Harlow almost outshines him. The climax is gripping and true, the dialogue perfect. (*Dec.*)

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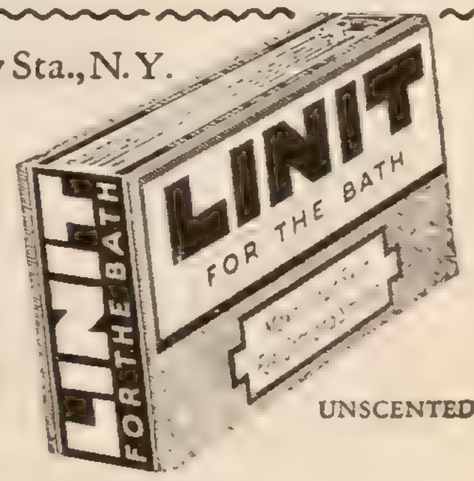
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RED-HAIRED ALIBI—Tower Prod.—About a girl (Merna Kennedy) innocently involved in beer running and murder and the target of blackmail. Theodore Von Eltz fine as the racketeer. (*Jan.*)

RENEGADES OF THE WEST—RKO-Radio.—A Tom Keene Western with a twist. Rosco Ates does the clowning. (*Dec.*)

RIDE HIM, COWBOY—Warners.—A good, riproaring Western, with John Wayne heroing. (*Sept.*)

ROBBERS' ROOST—Fox.—A grand Western! George O'Brien and Maureen O'Sullivan in top form. (*Feb.*)

ROCKABYE—RKO-Pathe.—Constance Bennett in a mother love story that misses the mark but provides background for the star's charm. Joel McCrea plays opposite her, and Jobyna Howland is a riot as an inebriated mother. (*Jan.*)

SCARLET DAWN—Warners.—Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., as refugee Russian noble, Nancy Carroll playing his forgiving peasant wife and Lilyan Tashman portraying the other woman can't make this move. (*Dec.*)

SCHUBERT'S DREAM OF SPRING—Capital Film.—Taken from episodes in Schubert's life. His "Serenade" is the theme song. German dialogue and English captions. (*Sept.*)

SECRETS OF THE FRENCH POLICE—RKO-Radio.—Thrilling if unconvincing drama of the French police unravelling several murder mysteries. With Gwili Andre, Frank Morgan, Gregory Ratoff and John Warburton. (*Jan.*)

SELF-DEFENSE — Monogram. — Pauline Frederick has her troubles running a Canadian saloon and gambling hall on the level. Interesting, thanks to Pauline. (*Feb.*)

70,000 WITNESSES — Paramount-Charles R. Rogers.—Murder on the goal line of a football field. So the game is re-enacted, play by play, and the murderer is discovered. Johnny Mack Brown, Phillips Holmes, Charles Ruggles and Dorothy Jordan. (*Oct.*)

SHERLOCK HOLMES — Fox. — The master sleuth baffling gangsters invading London. Thrilling and humorous. Clive Brook does a different *Sherlock*. (*Dec.*)

SIGN OF FOUR, THE—World Wide.—Arthur Wontner again makes a perfect *Sherlock Holmes*, supported by a fine, all-English cast. (*Oct.*)

★ **SIGN OF THE CROSS, THE**—Paramount.—Charles Laughton's subtly satirical *Nero*, admirably supported by Claudette Colbert and Fredric March, make this De Millean spectacle of ancient Rome noteworthy. But don't take the children. (*Feb.*)

★ **SILVER DOLLAR**—First National.—Edward Robinson shines as the genial, susceptible prospector of early Colorado mining days, who reaches the U. S. Senate but loses his fortune with the silver standard downfall. Aline MacMahon and Bebe Daniels. (*Jan.*)

★ **SIX HOURS TO LIVE**—Fox.—A man scientifically brought back from death to serve his country. Warner Baxter's is a memorable performance, Miriam Jordan is lovely and John Boles fine as the other suitor. (*Dec.*)

SKYSCRAPER SOULS—M-G-M.—The drama of a skyscraper! A most unusual picture, with a fine cast including Warren William. (*Sept.*)

SLIGHTLY MARRIED — Invincible. — Slightly entertaining, with Walter Byron and Evalyn Knapp. (*Feb.*)

★ **SMILIN' THROUGH**—M-G-M.—A poignant love story. Norma Shearer, Leslie Howard, Fredric March, O. P. Heggie—all at their best! Don't miss this treat. (*Nov.*)

★ **SON-DAUGHTER, THE**—M-G-M.—Helen Hayes, though loving Ramon Novarro (a prince in disguise) marries a repulsive fellow (Warner Oland) so her father (Lewis Stone) can have ammunition money; later strangles her husband with his own queue. (*Feb.*)

SPEAK EASILY — M-G-M. — Jimmy Durante does a swell burlesque of himself in this goofiest of comedies. Buster Keaton is funny too. See this! (*Sept.*)

SPEED DEMON—Columbia.—Nothing unusual, but youngsters will like the speed-boat races. (*Feb.*)

SPORT PARADE—RKO-Radio.—The line-up was good but there's no touchdown here. And with Joel McCrea, William Gargan and Marian Marsh, too. (*Dec.*)

★ **STRANGE INTERLUDE**—M-G-M.—From a technical standpoint—the most daring picture ever produced. Imagine Eugene O'Neill's analytical play in movies! The utterance of unspoken thoughts makes the film both novel and interesting. Norma Shearer and Clark Gable astonishingly good. (*Sept.*)

STRANGE JUSTICE — RKO-Radio. — Story doesn't ring true, but excellently directed and well acted. About a Broadway play boy, a hat check girl and a chauffeur. (*Nov.*)

TELEGRAPH TRAIL, THE—Warners.—Pioneer story of the telegraph with Indian menace. Romance by John Wayne and Marceline Day. Fine for kids. (*Dec.*)

TESS OF THE STORM COUNTRY—Fox.—For Farrell-Gaynor devotees, though Farrell's part is subordinate in a complicated, draggy story. Janet Gaynor does well as the daughter of a sea captain who becomes a squatter and is implicated in a murder. (*Jan.*)

THAT'S MY BOY—Columbia.—Richard Cromwell, with Dorothy Jordan, put zip into this football yarn. (*Feb.*)

THE STOKER—First Division-Allied.—Even the American Marines get into this melodramatic jumble. Pretty poor stuff. (*Sept.*)

THEY CALL IT SIN—First National.—Loretta Young lovely as the church organist who falls in love with the city boy (David Manners). George Brent and Una Merkel help make this entertaining. (*Nov.*)

THEY JUST HAD TO GET MARRIED—Universal.—Slim Summerville (a butler) and ZaSu Pitts (a maid) can't decide to be divorced. Weak story. (*Feb.*)

THIRTEENTH GUEST, THE—First Division-Monogram.—A thrilling murder mystery, with bright dialogue and comedy to offset the horror. (*Nov.*)

THIRTEEN WOMEN — RKO-Radio. — Mental suggestion, with fantastic results, is the brand-new theme of this gripping picture. Myrna Loy (who plays a Hindu girl magnificently), Irene Dunne and Ricardo Cortez. (*Oct.*)

THIS SPORTING AGE—Columbia.—Romance born of polo and army life, with Jack Holt, Walter Byron, Hardie Albright and Evalyn Knapp. (*Dec.*)

THOSE WE LOVE—World Wide.—Slow moving story about a novelist, his self-sacrificing wife and the other woman. Lilyan Tashman, Mary Astor and Kenneth MacKenna. (*Nov.*)

THREE ON A MATCH—First National.—Tragedy follows bucking the superstition. Ann Dvorak, Joan Blondell and Bette Davis are the violators, Warren William and Lyle Talbot the men. (*Dec.*)

THRILL OF YOUTH, THE—First Division-Invincible.—About a young couple and an older pair who finally find their way to happiness. (*Nov.*)

★ **TIGER SHARK**—First National.—An exciting adventure picture. Edward G. Robinson is great, and Zita Johann brings a new type of shady dame to the screen. (*Oct.*)

★ **TOM BROWN OF CULVER** — Universal. — All the action takes place at Culver Military Academy. A swell picture for the whole family to see. (*Sept.*)

TOO BUSY TO WORK—Fox.—An insipid attempt making Will Rogers dramatic. But he makes parts good. (*Dec.*)

TRAILING THE KILLER—World Wide.—For dog lovers. Animals, wild and domestic, in a drama with few humans. (*Dec.*)

★ **TROUBLE IN PARADISE**—Paramount.—Real entertainment! Intriguing, sophisticated, colorful story. Perfect acting by Herbert Marshall, Miriam Hopkins and Kay Francis and Lubitsch direction. This comedy of crooks and a witching widow reveals a different, fascinating Herbert Marshall. (*Dec.*)

TWENTY THOUSAND YEARS IN SING SING—First National.—Rather unconvincing story of a swaggering tough's prison life from cell through death house, made real by Spencer Tracy's acting and good dialogue. Bette Davis, Lyle Talbot and Arthur Byron give good support. (*Jan.*)

TWO AGAINST THE WORLD—Warners.—Weak story, but Constance Bennett looks pretty and does good work in a shallow rôle. Neil Hamilton and Allen Vincent are the boys. (*Oct.*)

UNASHAMED—M-G-M.—Lewis Stone tries hard to save this unbelievable story, but doesn't quite. Helen Twelvetrees and Robert Young. (*Sept.*)

UNDER-COVER MAN — Paramount. — You'll forget any objections to George Raft while a gangster, after you see him tear into the hot-bond racket. Nancy Carroll also good. Not for children. (*Feb.*)

UNHOLY LOVE—First Division-Allied.—Based on Flaubert's "Madame Bovary." Neither very important nor very entertaining. (*Oct.*)

UNWRITTEN LAW, THE—Majestic Pictures.—The wronged man (Purnell Pratt) leaves it to his companions whether he shall slay the villain (Lew Cody). Mary Brian, Hedda Hopper, Greta Nissen also present. (*Feb.*)

UPTOWN NEW YORK—World Wide.—Jack Oakie is fine as a regular guy falling for a lady with a past (Shirley Grey). Grand comedy and good human-interest drama. (*Jan.*)

VANISHING FRONTIER, THE—Paramount.—You'll like Johnny Mack Brown with a Spanish accent as the hold-up man in this story of early California. (*Sept.*)

VANITY STREET—Columbia.—Story of kind copper Charles Bickford and desperate Helen Chandler with killing and heartbreak. All ends well. (*Dec.*)

VIRGINS OF BALI, THE—Principal.—Another "Goona Goona" glimpse of courtship and marriage in the East Indies. (*Feb.*)

VIRTUE—Columbia.—A "shady lady" (Carole Lombard) marries a taxi driver (Pat O'Brien). Discovering her unrevealed past, he forgives, then suspects. The climax is her implication in murder. (*Jan.*)

WAR CORRESPONDENT — Columbia.—Jack Holt, Ralph Graves and Lila Lee in a stirring story of activities on the Chinese battle front. (*Oct.*)

★ **WASHINGTON MASQUERADE, THE** — M-G-M.—Washington—politics—Lionel Barrymore as the respected attorney who goes wrong, and Karen Morley as the scheming vamp. A grand picture. (*Sept.*)

★ **WASHINGTON MERRY-GO-ROUND** — Columbia.—Lee Tracy plays a young congressman who goes to Washington on purchased votes, and then tries to double-cross the gang in the interests of his country. A fine cast in an exciting film. (*Nov.*)

WHITE EAGLE—Columbia.—Buck Jones as an Indian brave in a rustling "meller" with a surprise. (*Dec.*)

WHITE ZOMBIE—United Artists.—An utterly fantastic tale about the half-dead, known as zombies, who rise from their graves. Madge Bellamy and Bela Lugosi. And you don't need to bother seeing it. (*Sept.*)

WILD GIRL—Fox.—"Salomy Jane" with the wonderful outdoors and all the thrills. It's different! Joan Bennett's *Salomy* may be a subdued tomboy but she's lovable. Charles Farrell, Ralph Bellamy and Minna Gombell are splendid in a fine cast. (*Dec.*)

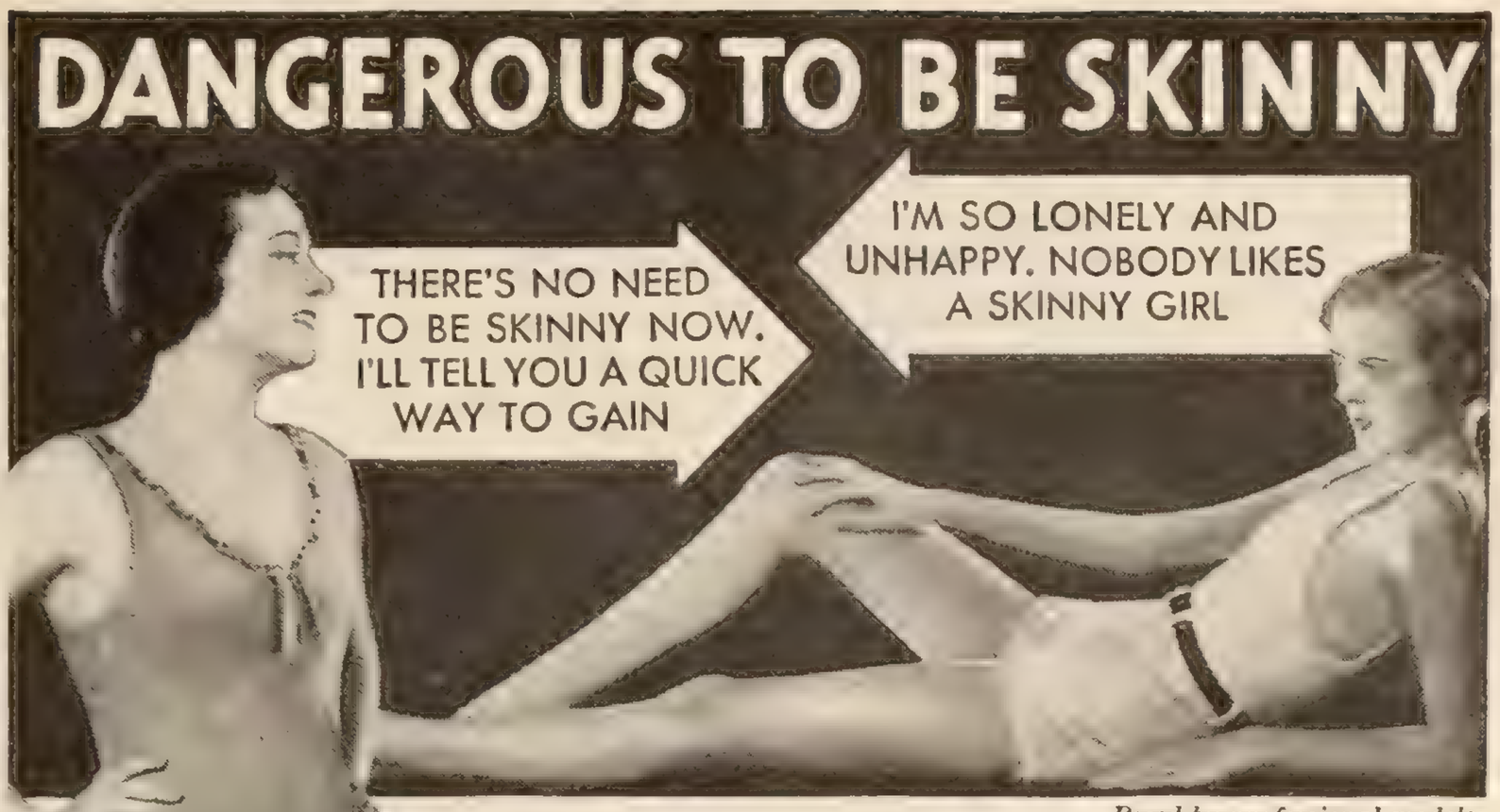
WILD HORSE MESA—Paramount.—Elementary Western marked by good riding and a wild horse stampede. Randolph Scott is the equestrian hero. The kids will enjoy this. (*Jan.*)

WITH WILLIAMSON BENEATH THE SEA—Principal.—A fascinating dip beneath the West Indian ocean, in the producer's glass studio. (*Feb.*)

YORCK — UFA. — Werner Krauss as *General Yorck* fighting Russians in Napoleon's day, gives a splendid portrayal of a commander's mental anguish. (*Feb.*)

YOUNG BLOOD—Monogram.—A thin Robin-Hoodish Western with Bob Steele and Helen Foster. (*Feb.*)

★ **YOU SAID A MOUTHFUL**—First National.—Uproarious comedy about a fellow who can't swim, mistaken for a champ and forced to go through with a race. How Joe Brown makes it causes the howls. (*Jan.*)



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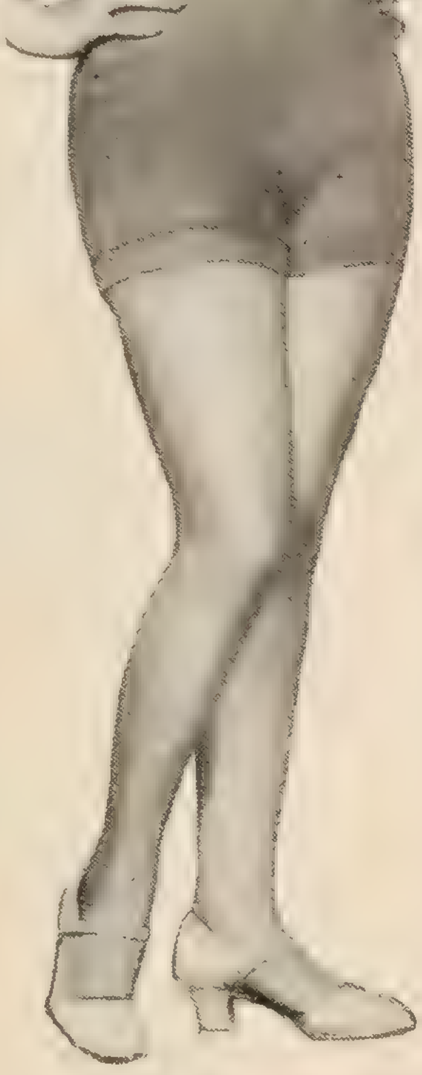
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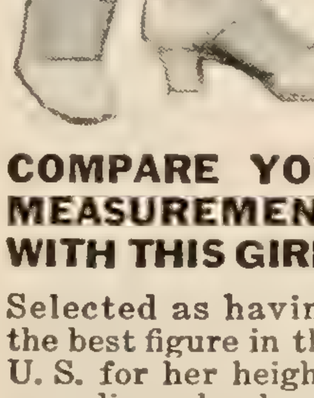
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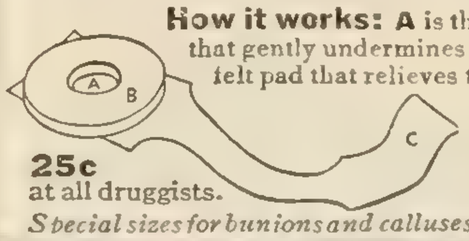
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Casts of Current Photoplays

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"BACHELOR MOTHER"—GOLDSMITH PROD.—From the story by Al Boasberg. Screen play by Paul Gangelin and Luther Reed. Directed by Charles Hutchison. The cast: *Mary Somerset*, Evalyn Knapp; *Joe Bidgelow*, James Murray; *Cynthia Wilson*, Margaret Seddon; *Arthur Hall*, Paul Page; *Lola Butler*, Astrid Allwyn; *Judge Yates*, Harry Holman; *Mrs. Stone*, Virginia Sale; *District Attorney*, Eddie Kane; *Lamkin*, James Aubrey; *Mr. Cameron*, John Paul Jones; *Judge Boland*, Henry Hall; *Mrs. Price*, Margaret Mann; *Mrs. Waters*, Bess Stafford; *Mrs. Smith*, Stella Adams.

"BILLION DOLLAR SCANDAL, THE"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Gene Towne and Graham Baker. Directed by Harry Joe Brown. The cast: *Fingers Partos*, Robert Armstrong; *Doris Masterson*, Constance Cummings; *Anna*, Olga Baclanova; *Masterson*, Frank Morgan; *Ratsy*, James Gleason; *Griswold*, Irving Pichel; *Kid McGurn*, Warren Hymer; *Babe*, Frank Albertson; *The Warden*, Berton Churchill; *Carter B. Moore*, Sidney Toler; *Parker*, Walter Walker; *Mr. Jackson*, Hale Hamilton; *Mrs. Jackson*, Dorothy Peterson; *Haddock*, Edmund Breese; *Anderson*, Ralf Harolde; *Lawrence*, William Davidson; *Carp*, Edward Van Sloan; *Senator*, Purnell Pratt.

"CAVALCADE"—Fox.—From the play by Noel Coward. Screen play by Reginald Berkeley. Directed by Frank Lloyd. The cast: *Jane Marryot*, Diana Wynyard; *Robert Marryot*, Clive Brook; *Fanny Bridges*, Ursula Jeans; *Alfred Bridges*, Herbert Mundin; *Ellen Bridges*, Una O'Connor; *Annie*, Merle Tottenham; *Margaret Harris*, Irene Browne; *Cook*, Beryl Mercer; *Edward Marryot*, John Warburton; *Joe Marryot*, Frank Lawton; *Edith Harris*, Margaret Lindsay; *Mrs. Snapper*, Tempe Pigott; *George Granger*, Billy Bevan; *Ronnie James*, Desmond Roberts; *Uncle Dick*, Frank Atkinson; *Mirabelle*, Ann Shaw; *Ada*, Adele Crane; *Tommy Jolly*, Will Stanton; *Lieut. Edgar*, Stuart Hall; *Duchess of Churt*, Mary Forbes; *Major Domo*, Montague Shaw; *Uncle George*, Lionel Belmore; *Edward (age 12)*, Dick Henderson, Jr.; *Joey (age 8)*, Douglas Scott; *Edith (age 10)*, Sheila McGill; *Fanny (age 7-12)*, Bonita Granville; *Agitator*, Howard Davies; *Man at disarmament conference*, David Torrence; *Man at microphone*, Lawrence Grant; *Minister*, Winter Hall; *Poison Gas business*, Claude King.

"CHILD OF MANHATTAN"—COLUMBIA.—From the play by Preston Sturges. Screen play by Gertrude Purcell. Directed by Eddie Buzzell. The cast: *Madeleine McGonegal*, Nancy Carroll; *Paul Vanderkill*, John Boles; *Eggleston*, Warburton Gamble; *Aunt Minnie*, Jessie Ralph; *Aunt Sophie*, Clara Blandick; *Panama Kelly*, Buck Jones; *Bustamente*, Luis Alberni; *Mrs. McGonegal*, Jane Darwell; *Charley*, John Sheehan; *Buddy*, Gary Owen; *Lucy*, Betty Grable; *Dulcy*, Tyler Brooke; *Louise*, Betty Kendall.

"CRASHIN' BROADWAY" — MONOGRAM. — From the story by Wellwyn Totman. Directed by J. P. McCarthy. The cast: *Tad Wallace*, Rex Bell; *Sally Sunshine*, Doris Hill; *Fred Storm*, Harry Bowen; *Jeffries*, Charles King; *Griswold*, George Hayes; *Stub*, George Chesebro; *Griswold's son*, Louis Sargent; *Eddie Tupper*, Perry Murdock; *Sheriff*, G. D. Wood; *Blackie*, Blackie Whiteford; *Ma*, Vane Calbert; *Mrs. Riley*, Anne Howard; *Levi*, Henry Roquemore; *Bozo*, Max Asher; *Ernie Tupper*, George Morrell.

"DECEPTION"—COLUMBIA.—From the story by Nat Pendleton. Adapted by Harold Tarshis. Directed by Lew Seiler. The cast: *Jim Hurley*, Leo Carrillo; *Dickie Allen*, Dickie Moore; *Bucky O'Neill*, Nat Pendleton; *Lola Del Mont*, Thelma Todd; *Joan Allen*, Barbara Weeks; *Leo*, Frank Sheridan; *Nick*, Henry Armetta; *Ivan Stanislaus*, Hans Steinke.

"FACE IN THE SKY, THE"—Fox.—From the story by Myles Connolly. Screen play by Humphrey Pearson. Directed by Harry Lachman. The cast: *Joe Buck*, Spencer Tracy; *Madge*, Marian Nixon; *Lucky*, Stuart Erwin; *Triplett the Great*, Sam Hardy; *Ma Brown*, Sarah Padden, *Pa Brown*, Russell Simpson; *Jim Brown*, Frank McGlynn, Jr.; *Midget*, Billy Platt; *Sharon Hadley*, Lila Lee; *Albert Preston*, Guy Usher.

"42ND STREET"—WARNERS.—From the novel by Bradford Ropes. Screen play by Rian James and James Seymour. Directed by Lloyd Bacon. The cast: *Dorothy Brock*, Bebe Daniels; *Julian Marsh*, Warner Baxter; *Pat Denning*, George Brent; *Lorraine Fleming*, Una Merkel; *Peggy*, Ruby Keeler; *Abner Dillon*, Guy Kibbee; *Barry*, Ned Sparks; *Billy Lawler*, Dick Powell; *Waring*, Lyle Talbot; *Ann*, Ginger Rogers; *Mac Elroy*, Allen Jenkins; *The Actor*, Henry B. Walthall; *Terry*, Edward J. Nugent; *Jerry*, Harry Akst; *Leading Man*, Clarence Nordstrom; *Jones*, Robert McWade; *Andy Lee*, George E. Stone; *Al Dubin*, Al Dubin; *Harry Warren*, Harry Warren.

"GAMBLING SEX"—FREULER FILM.—From the story by F. McGrew Willis. Directed by Fred Newmeyer. The cast: *Sheila Tracy*, Ruth Hall; *Bill Foster*, Grant Withers; *Ralph Jordan*, Maston Williams; *John Tracy*, John Sainpolis; *Classmate*, Jean Porter; *Sandy*, Jimmy Eagle; *Thompson*, Murdock MacQuarrie.

"GRAND SLAM"—WARNERS.—From the novel by B. Russell Herts. Screen play by David Boehm and Erwin Gelsey. Directed by William Dieterle. The cast: *Peter*, Paul Lukas; *Marcia*, Loretta Young; *Phillip*, Frank McHugh; *Blondie*, Glenda Farrell; *Lola*, Helen Vinson; *Barney*, Walter Byron; *Radio Announcer*, Roscoe Karns; *Van Dorn*, Ferdinand Gottschalk; *Detective Flynn*, DeWitt Jennings; *Alex*, Joe Cawthorn; *Dot*, Mary Doran; *Nick*, Paul Porcasi; *Gregory*, Lucien Prival; *Artie*, Tom Dugan; *Player*, George Cooper, *Player*, John Sheehan; *Paul*, Maurice Black; *Harry*, Lee Moran; *Muriel*, Ruthelma Stevens; *Sob Sister*, Emma Dunn; *Theodore*, Reginald Barlow; *Referee*, Harry C. Bradley; *Ivan*, Charles Levinson; *Mary*, Esther Howard.

"HALLELUJAH, I'M A BUM"—UNITED ARTISTS.—From the original story by Ben Hecht. Screen play by S. N. Behrman. Directed by Lewis Milestone. The cast: *Bumper*, Al Jolson; *June Marcher*, Madge Evans; *Mayor Hastings*, Frank Morgan; *Egghead*, Harry Langdon; *Sunday*, Chester Conklin; *Acorn*, Edgar Connor; *Mayor's Secretary*, Tyler Brooke; *Ma Sunday*, Louise Carver; *Apple Mary*, Dorothea Wolbert; *Frank, the Jockey*, Tammany Young.

"HANDLE WITH CARE" — Fox. — From the story by David Butler. Screen play by Frank Craven and Sam Mintz. Directed by David Butler. The cast: *Bill Gordon*, James Dunn; *Helen Barlow*, Boots Mallory; *Ansel*, El Brendel; *Tommy*, Buster Phelps; *Charlie*, George Ernest; *First Mug*, Victor Jory; *Callahan*, Pat Hartigan; *Second Mug*, Arthur Vinton; *Police Sergeant*, Frank O'Connor.

"HARD TO HANDLE"—WARNERS.—From the story by Houston Branch. Screen play by Wilson Mizner and Robert Lord. Directed by Mervyn LeRoy. The cast: *Lefty Merrill*, James Cagney; *Ruth Waters*, Mary Brian; *Marlene Reeves*, Claire Dodd; *Radio announcer*, Allen Jenkins; *Lil Waters*, Ruth Donnelly; *Mrs. Hawks*, Emma Dunn; *John Hayden*, Gavin Gordon; *Ed McGrath*, John Sheehan; *Charles Reeves*, Robert McWade; *Joe Goetz*, Matt McHugh.

"HELLO, EVERYBODY!"—PARAMOUNT.—From the original story by Fannie Hurst. Screen play by Dorothy Yost and Lawrence Hazard. Directed by William Seiter. The cast: *Kate Smith*, Kate Smith; *Hunt Blake*, Randolph Scott; *Lily Smith*, Sally Blane; *Mrs. Smith*, Julia Swayne Gordon; *Bobby*, Jerry Tucker; *Bettina*, Marguerite Campbell; *Mr. Parker*, Wade Boteler; *Mr. Blair*, George Barbier; *Mr. Lindle*, Paul Kruger; *Jed*, Charles Grapewin; *Ettie*, Fern Emmett; *Joe*, Irving Bacon; *Kate's Radio Manager*, Ted Collins; *Mr. Thompson*, Frank Darien; *Mr. Sinclair Eldridge*, Edwards Davis; *Horton*, Erville Alderson.

"HOT PEPPER"—Fox.—From the story by Dudley Nichols. Directed by John Blystone. The cast: *Quirt*, Edmund Lowe; *Flagg*, Victor McLaglen; *Pepper*, Lupe Velez; *Olsen*, El Brendel; *Trigger Thorne*, Booth Howard; *Hortense*, Lilian Bond; *Lily*, Gloria Roy.

"LADIES THEY TALK ABOUT"—WARNERS.—From the story by Dorothy Mackaye and Carlton Miles. Screen play by Brown Holmes, William McGrath and Sidney Sutherland. Directed by Howard Bretherton and William Keighley. The cast: *Nan*, Barbara Stanwyck; *David Slade*, Preston S. Foster; *Don*, Lyle Talbot; *Susie*, Dorothy Burgess; *Linda*, Lillian Roth; *Aunt Maggie*, Maude Eburne; *Lefty*, Harold Huber; *Noonan*, Ruth Donnelly; *The Warden*, Robert Warwick; *Miss Johnson*, Helen Ware; *Tracy*, DeWitt Jennings; *District Attorney*, Robert McWade; *Mrs. Arlington*, Cecil Cunningham; *Blondie*, Helen Mann; *Marie*, Grace Cunard; *Mustard*, Louise Beavers; *Dutch*, Harold Healy; *Bank Guard*, Harry Gribbon.

"LAUGHTER IN HELL"—UNIVERSAL.—From the novel by Jim Tully. Screen play by Tom Reed. Directed by Edward L. Cahn. The cast: *Barney Slaney*, Pat O'Brien; *Barney Slaney (as a boy)*, Tom Conlon; *Marybelle Evans*, Merna Kennedy; *Mike Slaney*, Berton Churchill; *Lorraine*, Gloria Stuart; *Barton*, Tom Brown; *Mileaway*, Lew Kelly; *Grover Perkins*, Arthur Vinton; *Grover Perkins (as a boy)*, Mickey Bennett; *Jackson*, Clarence Muse; *Ed Perkins*, Douglas Dumbrille; *Ed Perkins (as a boy)*, Dick Winslow; *Brownfield*, Noel Madison.

"LUCKY DEVILS" — RKO-RADIO. — From the story by Casey Robinson and Bob Rose. Screen play by Agnes Christine Johnston and Ben Markson. Directed by Ralph Ince. The cast: *Skipper*, Bill Boyd; *Fran*, Dorothy Wilson; *Bob*, William Gargan, *Gabby*, Rosco Ates; *Slugger*, William Bakewell; *Happy*, Bruce Cabot; *Frankie*, Creighton Chaney; *Rusty*, Bob Rose; *Doris*, Julie Haydon; *Ginger*, Betty Furness; *Midget*, Phyllis Fraser; *Toots*, Sylvia Picker; *Spence*, Edwin Stanley; *Cameraman*, Charles Gillette, *Neville*, Gladden James, *Director*, Alan Roscoe.

"LUXURY LINER"—PARAMOUNT.—From the novel by Gina Kaus. Screen play by Gene Markey and Kathryn Scola. Directed by Lothar Mendes. The cast: *Dr. Thomas Bernhard*, George Brent; *Miss Morgan*, Zita Johann; *Sybil Bernhard*, Vivienne Osborne; *Milli Stern*, Alice White; *Louise Marheim*, Verree Teasdale; *Edward Thorndyke*, C. Aubrey Smith; *Alex Stevenson*, Frank Morgan; *Dr. Veith*, Wallis Clark; *Milli's mother*, Gladys Gale; *Schultz*, Billy Bevan; *Exl*, Theodore Von Eltz; *Mrs. Webber*, Edith

Yorke; *Baron von Luden*, Henry Victor; *Slattern*, Leni Stengel; *Milli's brother*, Jerry Tucker; *Walrus*, Knute Erickson; *Go-Getter*, Michael Mark; *Fritz*, Henry Wadsworth; *Capt. Frederickson*, E. H. Calvert; *Milli's sister*, Rosita Butler; *Milli's older brother*, Ray Borzage; *Peasant father*, Christian Rub; *Prince Vladimir*, Barry Norton; *Purser*, Ralph Remley; *Freda*, Dolores Tuma; *Stewardess*, Lenore Nova; *Freda's mother*, Barbara Barondess; *First girl*, Joyce Compton; *Second girl*, Jane Keith; *Boy*, Robert Alden; *Older man*, Selmer Jackson; *Secretary*, Perry Ivans.

"MALAY NIGHTS" — MAYFAIR PICTURES.—From the story by Glenn Ellis. Adapted by John Thomas Neville. Directed by E. Mason Hopper. The cast: *Jim Wilson*, John Mack Brown; *Eve Blake*, Dorothy Burgess; *Jack Sheldon*, Ralph Ince; *Rance Danvers*, Raymond Hatton; *Daisy*, Carmelita Geraghty; *Sonny*, George Smith; *Bartender*, Lionel Belmore; *Salvation Lass*, Mary Jane.

"MIDNIGHT WARNING" — MAYFAIR PICTURES.—From the story by Norman Battle. Adapted by John Thomas Neville. Directed by Spencer Gordon Bennet. The cast: *William Cornish*, William Boyd; *Enid Van Buren*, Claudia Dell; *Mr. Gordon*, Huntly Gordon; *Erich*, Johnny Harron; *Dr. Stephen Walcott*, Hooper Atchley; *Rankin*, Lloyd Whitlock; *Dr. Bronson*, Phillips Smalley; *Dr. Barris*, Henry Hall; *Adolph Klein*, Lloyd Ingraham.

"MYSTERIOUS RIDER, THE"—PARAMOUNT.—Screen play by Harvey Gates and Robert N. Lee. Directed by Fred Allen. The cast: *Wade Benton*, Kent Taylor; *Dorothy*, Lona Andre; *Mark King*, Berton Churchill; *Cliff Harkness*, Irving Pichel; *Jitney Smith*, Warren Hymer; *John Foster*, Niles Welch; *Mary Foster*, Gail Patrick; *Je-Jo Foster*, Cora Sue Collins; *Matt Arnold*, E. H. Calvert; *"Sheriff" Arnold*, Sherwood Bailey; *Douglas Gentry*, Clarence Wilson.

"MYSTERY OF THE WAX MUSEUM, THE"—WARNERS.—From the play by Charles S. Belden. Screen play by Don Mullally and Carl Erickson. Directed by Michael Curtiz. The cast: *Ivan Igor*, Lionel Atwill; *Charlotte*, Fay Wray; *Florence*, Glenda Farrell; *Editor*, Frank McHugh; *Ralph Burton*, Allen Vincent; *Dr. Rasmussen*, Holmes Herbert; *Joan Gale*, Monica Bannister; *Joe Worth*, Edwin Maxwell; *Harold Winton*, Gavin Gordon; *Sparrow*, Arthur Edmund Carew; *Detective*, DeWitt Jennings; *Plain clothes man*, Pat O'Malley; *Detective*, Thomas Jackson.

"NAGANA"—UNIVERSAL.—From the story by Lester Cohen. Screen play by Dale Van Every and Don Ryan. Directed by Ernst L. Frank. The cast: *Countess Sandra Lubeska*, Tala Birell; *Dr. Walter Radnor*, Melvyn Douglas; *Dr. Kabayochi*, Mike Marita; *Dr. Roy Stark*, Onslow Stevens; *Nogu*, Everett Brown; *The King*, Billy McLean; *Mukovo*, William H. Dunn; *Ivory Trader*, Frank Lackteen; *Head Boatman*, Noble Johnson.

"NO MAN OF HER OWN"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Edmund Goulding and Benjamin Glazer. Screen play by Maurine Watkins and Milton H. Gropper. Directed by Wesley Ruggles. The cast: *Babe Stewart*, Clark Gable; *Connie Randall*, Carole Lombard; *Kay Everly*, Dorothy Mackaill; *Vane*, Grant Mitchell; *Mr. Randall*, George Barbier; *Mrs. Randall*, Elizabeth Patterson; *"Dickie" Collins*, J. Farrell MacDonald; *Willie Randall*, Tommy Conlon; *Mr. Morton*, Walter Walker; *Vargas*, Paul Ellis; *Mattie*, Lillian Harmer; *Minister*, Frank McGlynn, Sr.

"OFFICER 13"—ALLIED.—From the story by Paul Edwards. Screen play by Frances Hyland. Directed by George Melford. The cast: *Tom Burke*, Monte Blue; *Doris Dane*, Lila Lee; *Sandy Malone*, Charles Delaney; *Jack Blake*, Robert Ellis; *Joan Thorpe*, Frances Rich; *Trixie Dubrey*, Seena Owen; *Chief of Police*, Joseph Girard; *Buddy Malone*, Mickey McGuire; *Sammy*, Jackie Searl; *Judge Dane*, Lloyd Ingraham; *Grannie*, Florence Roberts; *Fruit Vender*, George Humbert; *Dolores*, Dot Meyberg; *Pete*, Charles O'Malley; *Police Capt.*, Alan Cavan; *Butler*, Edward Cooper.

"PARACHUTE JUMPER" — WARNERS. —From the story by Rian James. Screen play by John Francis Larkin. Directed by Alfred E. Green. The cast: *Bill Keller*, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.; *Weber*, Leo Carrillo; *Alabama*, Bette Davis; *Toodles*, Frank McHugh; *Mrs. Newberry*, Claire Dodd; *The Secretary*, Sheila Terry; *Steve*, Harold Huber; *Coffey*, Thomas Jackson; *Crowley*, George Pat Collins; *The Colonel*, Reginald Barlow; *Pilot*, Pat O'Malley; *Wilson*, Harold Healy; *Hocheimer*, Ferdinand Munier; *Pilot*, Walter Miller.

"PAST OF MARY HOLMES, THE"—RKO-RADIO.—From the story by Rex Beach. Screen play by Marion Dix and Edward J. Doherty. Directed by Harlan Thompson and Slavko Vorkapich. The cast: *Mary Holmes (Maria di Nardi)*, Helen MacKellar; *Geoffrey Holmes (Geoffrey di Nardi)*, Eric Linden; *Joan Hoyt*, Jean Arthur; *Pratt*, Richard "Skeets" Gallagher; *Jacob Riggs*, Ivan Simpson; *Ethridge*, Clay Clement; *Brooks*, Franklin Parker; *Flannigan*, Eddie Nugent; *Klondike*, Rosco Ates; *Kent*, J. Carrol Naish; *Kinkaid*, John Sheehan.

"RASPUTIN AND THE EMPRESS"—M-G-M.—From the story by Charles MacArthur. Directed by Richard Boleslavsky. The cast: *Prince Chegodieff*, John Barrymore; *The Czarina*, Ethel Barrymore; *Rasputin*, Lionel Barrymore; *The Czar*, Ralpn Morgan; *Princess Natasha*, Diana Wynyard; *The Czarevitch*, Tad Alexander; *Grand Duke Igor*, C. Henry Gordon; *Doctor Remezov*, Edward Arnold; *Doctor Wolff*, Gustav Von Seyffertitz.

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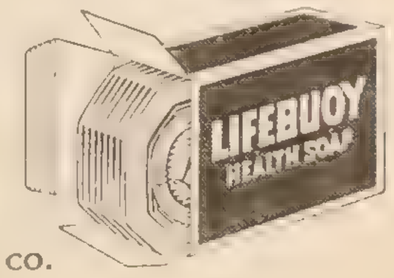
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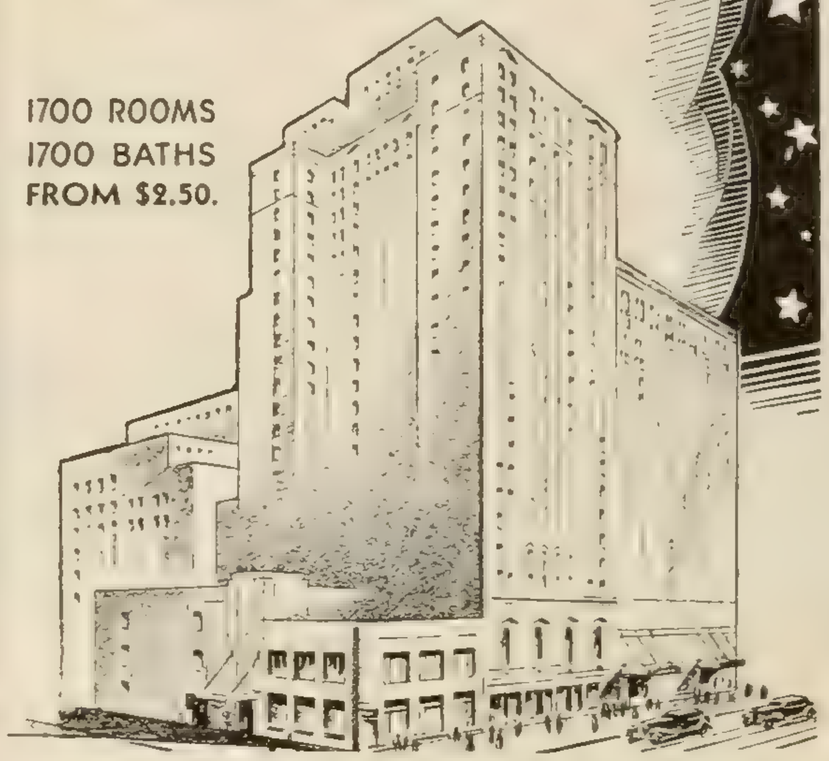
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"SAILOR BE GOOD" — RKO-RADIO — Screen play by Viola Brothers Shore and Ethel Doherty. Directed by James Cruze. The cast: *Jonesey*, Jack Oakie; *Red*, Vivienne Osborne; *Murphy*, George E. Stone; *Kay Whitney*, Gertrude Michael; *Slim*, Lincoln Stedman; *Hartigan*, Max Hoffman, Jr.; *Mrs. Perry*, Louise MacIntosh; *Mr. Whitney*, Huntly Gordon; *Butler*, Charles Coleman; *Mr. Graham*, Crauford Kent; *Lester Rose*, Leo White; *Gigolo*, Carlos Alvarado; *Mr. Perry*, Richard Kipling; *Lieut. Brown*, Arnold Gray.

"SCARLET RIVER"—RKO-RADIO.—From the story by Harold Shumate. Directed by Otto Brower. The cast: *Tom Baxter*, Tom Keene; *Judy*, Dorothy Wilson; *Ulysses Mope*, Rosco Ates; *Jeff Todd*, Creighton Chaney; *Sam Gilroy*, Ed Kennedy; *Buck*, Billy Butts; *Clink*, Hooper Atchley; *Dummy*, Jimmy Mason; *Babe*, Betty Furness; *Benny*, Jack Raymond.

"SECOND HAND WIFE" — Fox. — From the novel by Kathleen Norris. Screen play by Hamilton MacFadden. Directed by Hamilton MacFadden The cast: *Sandra Trumbull*, Sally Eilers; *Carter Cavendish*, Ralph Bellamy; *Betty Cavendish*, Helen Vinson; *Lotzi Vadja*, Victor Jory; *Patsy*, Karol Kay; *Rose Bray*, Dorothy Christy; *Mrs. Trumbull*, Esther Howard; *Miss Curtis*, Ara Haswell; *Peter Cavendish*, Clay Clement; *Mrs. Hough*, Effie Ellsler; *Mrs. Cavendish*, Nella Walker.

"SECRET OF MADAME BLANCHE, THE"—M-G-M.—From the play "The Lady" by Martin Brown. Screen play by Frances Goodrich and Albert Hackett. Directed by Charles Brabin. The cast: *Sally*, Irene Dunne; *Aubrey St. John*, Lionel Atwill; *Leonard St. John*, Phillips Holmes; *Leonard Junior*, Douglas Walton; *States Attorney*, C. Henry Gordon; *Eloise*, Jean Parker; *Duval*, Mitchell Lewis.

"SHE DONE HIM WRONG"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Mae West. Screen play by Harvey Thew and John Bright. Directed by Lowell Sherman. The cast: *Lady Lou*, Mae West; *Capt. Cummings*, Cary Grant; *Serge Stanieff*, Gilbert Roland; *Gus Jordan*, Noah Beery; *Rita Christina*, Rafaela Ottiano; *Dan Flynn*, David Landau; *Sally*, Rochelle Hudson; *Chick Clark*, Owen Moore; *Ragtime Kelly*, Fuzzy Knight; *Chick Connors*, Tammany Young; *Spider Kane*, Dewey Robinson; *Frances*, Grace LaRue; *McGarry*, Harry Wallace; *Pete*, James Eagle; *Doheny*, Robert Homans; *Big Bill*, Tom Kennedy; *Tout*, Mike Donlin; *Bar Fly*, Arthur Housman; *Pal*, Wade Boteler; *Mrs. Flaherty*, Aggie Herring; *Pearl*, Louise Beavers; *Jacobson*, Lee Kohlmar; *Mike*, Tom McGuire.

"SO THIS IS AFRICA"—COLUMBIA.—From the story by Norman Krasna. Directed by Edward Cline. The cast: *Alexander*, Robert Woolsey; *Wilbur*, Bert Wheeler; *Leader of Amazon Women*, Raquel Torres; *Mrs. Johnson Martini*, Esther Muir; *Ferdinand*, Berton Churchill; *Street cleaner*, Henry Armetta; *Doctor*, Spencer Charters.

"TERROR TRAIL" — UNIVERSAL. — From the story by Grant Taylor. Screen play by Jack Cunningham. Directed by Armand Schaefer. The cast: *Tom Munroe*, Tom Mix; *Norma*, Naomi Judge; *Little Casino*, Arthur Rankin; *Dawson*, Raymond Hatton; *Tad McPherson*, Francis McDonald; *Tim McPherson*, Robert Kortman; *Ormsby*, John Sainpolis; *Judell*, Frank Brownlee; *Deputy Sheriff*, Harry Tenbrook; *Shay*, Lafe McKee; *Dr. Wilson*, W. J. "Pee Wee" Holmes; *Smith*, Hank Bell; *Jones*, Leonard Trainer; *Henry*, Jim Corey; *A prisoner*, Jay Wilsey; *Tony Junior*, Tony Junior.

"TONIGHT IS OURS"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Noel Coward. Screen play by Edwin Justus Mayer. Directed by Stuart Walker. The cast: *Nadya*, Claudette Colbert; *Sabien Pastal*, Fredric March; *Grand Duchess Emilie*, Alison Skipworth; *Prince Keri*, Paul Cavanagh; *General Krish*, Arthur Byron; *Zana*, Ethel Griffies; *Seminoff*, Clay Clement; *Alex*, Warburton Gamble; *Leader of Mob*, Edwin Maxwell.

"VAMPIRE BAT, THE"—MAJESTIC PICTURES.—From the story by Edward T. Lowe. Directed by Frank Strayer. The cast: *Dr. Otto Von Niemann*, Lionel Atwill; *Karl Brettschneider*, Melvyn Douglas; *Ruth Berlin*, Fay Wray; *Emil Borst*, Robert Frazer; *Herman Gleib*, Dwight Frye; *Gustave Schoen*, Lionel Belmore; *Kringen*, George E. Stone; *Aunt Gussie*, Maude Eburne; *Georgiana*, Stella Adams; *Sauer*, William V. Mong.

"WHISTLING IN THE DARK"—M-G-M.—From the play by Laurence Gross and Edward Childs Carpenter. Screen play by Elliott Nugent. Directed by Elliott Nugent. The cast: *Wallace Porter*, Ernest Truex; *Toby Van Buren*, Una Merkel; *Dillon*, Edward Arnold; *Charlie*, John Miljan; *Lombardo*, C. Henry Gordon; *Slim*, Johnny Hines; *Barfuss*, Joseph Cawthorn; *Joe*, Nat Pendleton; *Herman*, Tenen Holtz; *Hilda*, Marcelle Corday; *Benny*, Jack Perry.

"WOMEN WON'T TELL" — CHESTERFIELD. — From the story by Lela E. Rogers. Directed by Richard Thorpe. The cast: *Aggie Specks*, Sarah Padden; *Henry Jones*, Otis Harlan; *April*, Gloria Shea; *George Robinson*, Larry Kent; *Attorney for the Defense*, Edmund Breese; *Mrs. Howard*, Mae Busch; *Joe Kummer*, Walter Long; *Elias Morehouse*, William V. Mong; *District Attorney*, Robert Ellis; *Williams*, Tom Ricketts; *Wanda Wolf*, Isabel Withers; *Mr. Robinson*, John Hyams; *Mrs. Robinson*, Jane Darwell; *Mr. Howard*, Dewey Robinson; *Alvin Thompson*, Donald Kirke; *April, as a child*, June Bennett; *The Judge*, Charles Hill Mailes; *Liz*, Betty Mack.

Screen Memories From Photoplay

15 Years Ago



Jack Pickford

NO question about it—we were getting decidedly war-conscious in our issue of March, 1918. On almost the first page rifles peeped at you, Hollywood lights, called to guard duty with a local reserve unit, held them. D. W. Griffith, fresh back from filming "Hearts of the World" behind the battlelines with the Gishes and Bobby Harron, told us the real war was too big for any film. Then a touch of professional pride, from the man who started the "million dollar" showmanship. "Producers often boast of settings and actors costing a million dollars. The settings for the picture I took cost several billion dollars."

Among present-day luminaries doing their bit was Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., a chubby little fellow in knee pants. We said he made his screen début with a bit in dad's "A Modern Musketeer"—proceeds to go to the Fairbanks chapter of the Red Cross.

A sadder note, apropos the recent death of Jack Pickford: It was fifteen years ago this month that we reviewed his corking "Tom Sawyer." And in our gallery of feminine beauties we presented Olive Thomas, the first Mrs. Jack, whose death occurred some years ago in the same Paris hospital, only fifteen years back to Jack's triumph—those days seem centuries away now.

We looked back five years to patronize the well-meaning films of 1913 in two pages of pictures, and told how much better 1918 was doing it. Item: "Shooting the Music" told how Joseph O'Sullivan of Mutual saw each film and drew up "cue sheets" for lady pianists in the theater. Second item: The New California theater in San Francisco was free from pillars, and boasted two luxurious lounges. Charlie Chaplin, Mae Murray, Marion Davies, Mary Pickford completed the mentions of luminaries known today. Virginia Pearson graced the cover.

10 Years Ago



Gloria Swanson

STORMS behind and storms brewing, but meanwhile a breathing spell—that seemed the spirit of filmland mirrored in our issue of March, 1923. Last rumbles of the parting storm about "movie morals" . . . an editorial speaking our mind about the handling of the Arbuckle case. And a melancholy afternote to the period of trouble . . . a two-page notice and farewell tribute occasioned by the tragic death of Wally Reid.

New thunderclouds peeping over the horizon. . . . One article told of Pola Negri's settling to work on "Bella Donna," after a sweep from Europe that had us agog as though waiting for Lindbergh, and of her sweet, simple ways, once she found a Polish cook. To work, did we say? Ah, *mon Dieu*, yes—when she felt like it. But when she didn't, it would not be *ze* true art, no? Meanwhile—grim portent—Gloria Swanson had just acquired a grand, new twenty-two room house and we showed pictures. That was all in March on that situation . . . but who, even then, had to be hit by lightning before knowing that storm winds were beginning to blow?

The reigning king, Rudolph Valentino, still was in temporary exile, thanks to his "strike" over the quality of pictures given him . . . but his story of his life was striding bravely into its second installment, telling of his first American jobs as a gardener and a New York cafe hoofer.

"A Bill of Divorcement" (silent version, starring Constance Binney) received mild commendation, and we thought that Harold Lloyd in "Dr. Jack" was not quite up to form. "The Hero" with John Sainpolis and Barbara La Marr, and "The Dangerous Age" with Lewis Stone and Cleo Madison, were our pick as the two best of the month. Death-house and gangster pictures were having a run. The month's cover honors went to Claire Windsor.

5 Years Ago



Gary Cooper

THE studio talk in March, 1928, was all of salary cuts and "the new business efficiency." Previously the producers had announced a straight ten per cent salary cut. Embattled actors, Conrad Nagel as spokesman, had protested . . . later dropped hints that they could suggest many a saving through cutting out executive nonsense. This issue chronicled the compromise: Stars were to be paid according to what they accomplished at the box-office. And through it all, there was not one whisper of the earthquake scheduled to sweep through filmland, commencing that summer. Nowhere in the issue did the ominous word "talkie" appear.

Still, the chronicles of the month's doings showed that many who were to attain first magnitude in the firmament of speaking stars, were already starlets in the silents. Our lead article told of a distinctly promising fellow named Clive Brook, and we gave Charlie Farrell a full-page picture for his gorgeous *Chico* in "7th Heaven." Gary Cooper had registered one of the six best films on the month with his "Beau Sabreur," the others winning this accolade being Emil Jannings, Greta Garbo, Richard Barthelmess, Dolores Del Rio and Lars Hanson. Dolores, praised for her *Ramona*, also drew a rap for what we called that "badly-directed, sappy melodrama, 'Gateway of the Moon,'" a South Seas undress affair. Joan Crawford was very much present, for her good work in "Rose Marie," as a demonstrator of make-up, and in a full page picture with limbs even more in evidence than the well-known Crawford eyes of today.

Clara Bow was telling her life story in our pages; among the Wampas girls of the year were Sally Eilers, Sue Carol and Lupe Velez. In "The Latest from Paris" Norma Shearer turned in her first startling clothes display. Mary Philbin had the cover.



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Hollywood Fashions

by Seymour

Here is a list of the representative stores at which faithful copies of the smart styles shown in this month's fashion section (Pages 64-69) can be purchased. Shop at or write the nearest store for complete information.

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OSHKOSH.

The Shadow Stage

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 61]

THE FACE IN THE SKY—Fox

SPENCER TRACY is a breezy, itinerant sign-painter who rescues Marian Nixon, a poor orphan, from the hill-billies. They give chase and she, to save Tracy, consents to marry a man she doesn't love. But one of the hill-billy women helps Marian to escape and follow Spencer. A very good cast indeed, but they couldn't make this a good picture.

CHILD OF MANHATTAN—Columbia

CINDERELLA in a dance-hall, named Nancy Carroll, is plenty cute and hands in a nice performance. The prince is John Boles, the assistant-prince, Buck Jones. The prince marries the girl, making a grand gesture, she thinks. But it turns out that he loved her all the time! Unbelievable situations made plausible by good performances. Entertaining.

LADIES THEY TALK ABOUT—Warners

SHOWS mostly what the talked-of ladies think about while behind prison bars, with Barbara Stanwyck heading the demonstration. (Yes, the thoughts are a bit sexy.) Barbara blames Preston Foster, a childhood sweetie turned reformer, for her stretch, and the death, in an attempted escape, of two of her convict pals. Released, she shoots Preston; whereupon the two find they love each other. Well done but too grim for children.

TERROR TRAIL—Universal

TOM MIX in a typically Mixonian story about a hypocritical leading citizen who is also a gang boss, a band of horse thieves, and a lovely girl—all of whom he rounds up as befits their individual cases and puts exactly where they belong. Naomi Judge is a new screen face as the girl, and does very nicely. Fast moving; beautiful photography.

THE SECRET OF MADAME BLANCHE —M-G-M

THIS adds one more to the variations of the "Madame X" theme—with Irene Dunne doing the honors. Douglas Walton is the son who actually does the killing for which his mother stands trial, but Jean Parker, as the girl he's supposed to have wronged, rather grabs the honors. Lionel Atwill and C. Henry Gordon, among others, lend pleasing support.

SCARLET RIVER—RKO-Radio

DONE to give some young "up and comers" a workout, this piece also tries to give the lowdown on filming a Western, via the adventures of a movie company on a ranch location. Tom Keene is the hero who, while working as the leading film cowboy, rescues Dorothy Wilson, owner of the ranch, from her villainous foreman, Creighton Chaney. Rosco Ates and Ed Kennedy offer grand comedy support.

CRASHIN' BROADWAY—Monogram

THIS starts out on Broadway with Rex Bell as a vaudeville cowboy. Then he goes West and does the real stuff. Cut from then on to the accepted he-man pattern, with a feud, a fight, and all the rest of it, the picture stands up nicely. Doris Hill is virtuous and appealing as the heroine, and Charles King is a villainous villain.

NAGANA—Universal

LAID in Africa, this is the story of a young scientist (Melvyn Douglas), who seeks to conquer sleeping sickness and is captured by a native king. Tala Birell, following him into

Waistline frocks cannot be worn over bulging hips!





Startling photographic proof of the slenderizing effect of the Spencer.

THE slim, fitted waist of today's mode presents a real problem to the woman with large hips. The ordinary corset increases the incurve at the waistline, causing the hips and lower back to bulge out and appear larger than they really are. Sometimes the abdomen also pouches and sags.

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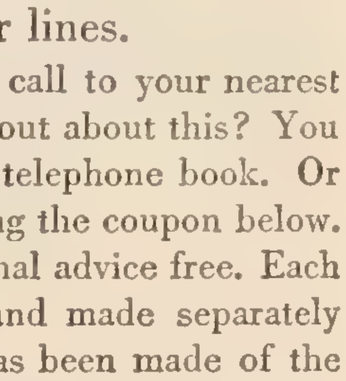
The same young woman photographed above is shown at the left wearing a smart gown from Corbeau & Cie over the Spencer designed especially for her. Note how slim the hip lines have become.

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March, 1933

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To half pint of water add one ounce bay rum, a small box of Barbo Compound and one-fourth ounce of glycerine. Any druggist can put this up or you can mix it at home at very little cost. Apply to the hair twice a week until the desired shade is obtained. It imparts color to streaked, faded or gray hair and makes it soft and glossy. Barbo will not color the scalp, is not sticky or greasy and does not rub off.

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the wilderness, also is captured and narrowly escapes being fed to the crocodiles. Mike Marita as the Japanese assistant doctor gives the outstanding performance.

OFFICER 13—Allied

THIS is all about a motorcycle cop's vengeance upon the road-hog slayer of a brother officer, and his fight against "higher ups" trying to shield the culprit. Monte Blue and Lila Lee return to the screen as the avenger and the judge's daughter, but the return is unauspicious. Fine kid bits by Mickey McGuire and Jackie Searl.

SECOND HAND WIFE—Fox

PUT out to please readers of Kathleen Norris, originator of the tale. Helen Vinson, as a gold-digging wife, maneuvers hubby Ralph Bellamy into the arms of his understanding and high-minded stenographer, Sally Eilers—and so on. Karol Kay plays a lovely daughter to Helen, but Director Hamilton MacFadden forgot that Kathleen's stuff, which always reads well, needs speeding up when put on the screen.

THE VAMPIRE BAT—Majestic Pictures

IF you don't know "Dracula," "Frankenstein," or others of the horror *genre*, you can see "The Vampire Bat" and get all your shuddering over with at one sitting. That is, if you can shudder over a story which creaks badly, as Lionel Atwill, Fay Wray and Melvyn Douglas unfold the horrific doings of a supposed vampire at work in a German village. Well-directed and photographed.

LAUGHTER IN HELL—Universal

FOR "another chain gang picture," this Jim Tully tale works out somewhat acceptably, thanks chiefly to Pat O'Brien's excellent portrayal of Irish temperament shining through the drawling ways of rural Georgia. Marred by villains and situations altogether too villainous to be convincing. Good detailed work by Merna Kennedy, Berton Churchill and Douglas Dumbrille; Gloria Stuart provides Pat's happy ending. Will do, if you don't mind horror laid on with a trowel.

SO THIS IS AFRICA—Columbia

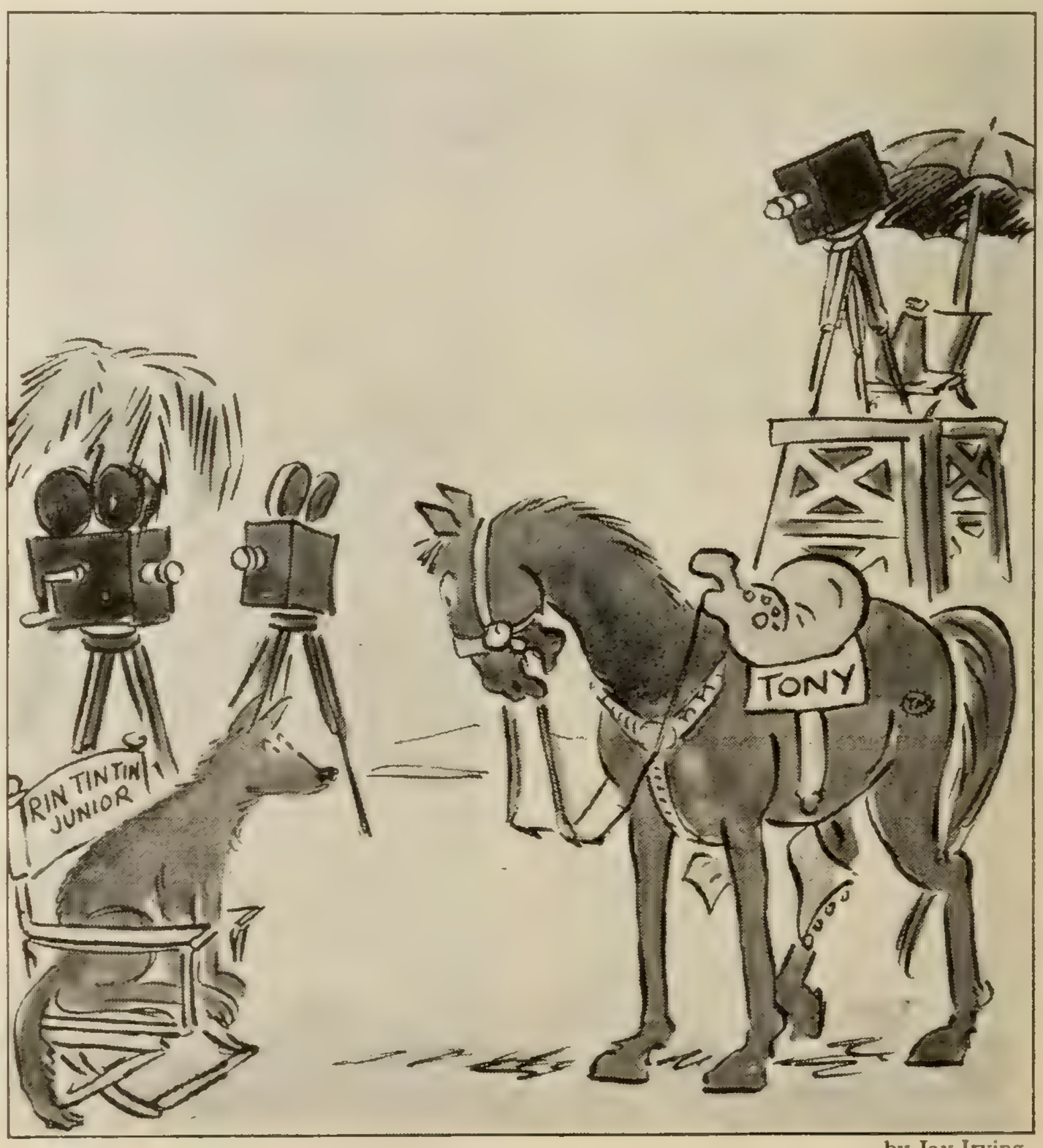
ALTHOUGH this is undoubtedly the funniest effort of Wheeler and Woolsey's screen career, it is so crammed with risque material it will hardly pass censors without considerable cutting. As animal hunters in Africa, the two comics burlesque every animal picture produced, particularly "Tarzan." With Raquel Torres, Esther Muir and Henry Armetta as foils, they contribute an evening of rowdy entertainment. Strictly stag picture as it stands.

MIDNIGHT WARNING—Mayfair Pictures

A HORROR picture at its worst. Based on the old story, now practically a legend—where the girl returns to her hotel, and no one knows her or has ever heard of her mother, with whom she has just registered (only in this case, it's her brother). And aren't you confused? And is she baffled? And aren't we all! Good cast, including Claudia Dell, William Boyd and John Harron, does what it can to be convincing.

LUXURY LINER—Paramount

A STRONG cast struggles hard with the inane plot and silly dialogue of this one. A doctor, following his eloping wife aboard a huge liner, finds himself and the story lost in a mass of unrelated events. Even the bit of comedy that is literally dragged in fails to



by Jay Irving

"I knew your dad well."

help. Cast includes George Brent, Zita Johann, Vivienne Osborne, Alice White, Verree Teasdale, Frank Morgan and C. Aubrey Smith.

WOMEN WON'T TELL—Chesterfield

AN abandoned child is found in the city dump by a woman junk scavenger. The little girl grows up to become a tennis star, and falls in love. The mystery surrounding her origin almost breaks up the romance—and you know the rest. There are courtroom-prison scenes thrown in for good measure, and Sarah Padden, Gloria Shea, Otis Harlan, Mae Busch and others enact the drama.

HANDLE WITH CARE—Fox

ALTHOUGH James Dunn and screen-débutante Boots Mallory are billed as stars, they really support two prankish young boys, Buster Phelps and George Ernest. After some "Peck's Bad Boy" stuff, the story goes mildly dramatic with a gangster plot against Jimmie. Thereupon, the boys rally all the youngsters in town and stage a Keystone comedy mob rescue. A few thin glimpses of the real James Dunn; Boots, given nothing worth doing by the script, contributes just that.

SAILOR BE GOOD—RKO-Radio

JACK OAKIE'S back in the navy again, this time as a gob prize-fighter with a yen to count John Barleycorn out. Vivienne Osborne very appealing as his taxi-dancer true love, and Gertrude Michael excellent as the swell society dame who marries him for a thrill. George E. Stone wasted in a silly trainer rôle. Not especially recommended; the humor is strictly of the barrel-house type.

GAMBLING SEX—Freuler Film

AN unpretentious little picture about a young heiress who shoots the wad, to find the riches of true love after she goes broke. Ruth Hall is teamed with Grant Withers as the once-rich race-horse trainer, and both do nicely; John Sainpolis, as the sporty father who gets killed by the outlaw horse his daughter afterwards rides, helps with some decent acting.

DECEPTION—Columbia

A NOBLE young innocent (Nat Pendleton) steps into the crooked-wrestling racket and wipes out the slick promoter (Leo Carrillo) and his mob. The action's as heavy-footed as the dull-witted behemoths who do the grappling; Nat's smile is as fixed as the matches. Some human bits contributed by Frank Sheridan as a trainer, Hans Steinke as the set-up champ, Dickie Moore and Thelma Todd. Good shots of various grips and falls.

BACHELOR MOTHER—Goldsmith Prod.

DON'T feel badly if you miss this one. A rich young roisterer (James Murray), needing an aged mother to placate a speed court, adopts one (Margaret Seddon) from an old ladies' home run by Evalyn Knapp. Mama shoots the designing vamp (Astrid Allwyn) when she threatens James; chastened, he marries Evalyn. A few good bits immersed in a welter of wooden performances and mawkish heart-throbs.

MALAY NIGHTS—Mayfair Pictures

JOHNNY MACK BROWN, Raymond Hatton, Ralph Ince and Dorothy Burgess do what they can to make this story of the Malay pearl beds palatable. Also, there are Carmelita Geraghty and Lionel Belmore in the cast. But none of them can do much to help. The trouble is that there just isn't any story to do anything with. And what story there is gets pretty mellow without getting anywhere else.



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Women cooks prepare the food for the Hotel Lexington restaurants. That's why it's so delicious and wholesome. And Lexington restaurant prices, like its room rates, are sensible—35c for breakfast, 65c for luncheon and $1.00 for dinner in the main dining room.

$3 a day and up for Lexington rooms—$4 and up for two persons.

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Cal York's Monthly Broadcast from Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 90]

ONE of the quaintest sights the old village of Hollywood has ever seen is Mr. George Arliss out for that much publicized five mile morning walk.

Up Cahuenga Pass the sprightly Mr. Arliss walks. While right behind him and following slowly, comes the Arliss car and the Arliss chauffeur.

When Mr. Arliss feels slightly tired of the pavement pounding, he motions for the car, hops in and the remaining four miles of the morning walk is made in the Arliss limousine.

AND I like the one Irving Berlin tells of his experience with the secretary of a Los Angeles lawyer.

"Hello!" said Berlin over the telephone. "This is Irving Berlin."

There was a pause and then came a drawling, sarcastic reply:

"Say It Isn't So!"

ONE of the ex-designers for M-G-M, now in Paris, was walking down a Paris boulevard when he noted a familiar looking figure ahead of him—walking with long, determined strides. Mackintosh, mannish hat, hands in pockets.

He looked at her feet. Yes—it was!

He placed his hand on the back of her arm. She started and commenced to shake like a woman unexpectedly attacked by bandits.

"But please. I have had to change hotels eight times now. This is terrible—"

AND then this man who had known Greta Garbo so well on the Metro lot in Hollywood realized that this "wanting to be alone" and "unrecognized" had become a real complex with the great star. The way she shook was actual. He promised not to reveal the fact that she was in Paris. And he didn't. She had left before he even whispered the story. Garbo annoyed the English immensely. *If* she was in London and didn't let anyone know! Why, she had friends in London. The English don't understand this kind of complex in world celebrities.

ALL Hollywood is now having to admit Joan Blondell was right.

Her answer in reply to all queries relative to the report she had married George Barnes last summer was something of a classic.

"I didn't say we were married," she asserted, "and I'm not saying now whether we are or we aren't."

And then she and George confounded all the guessers by getting married in Phoenix, Ariz.

IT actually happened. At a recent Hollywood party, a certain leading man took a little beauty out on the veranda. But the young lady refused to be kissed and walked into the house.

The actor hurried after her. "Listen," he said, "don't you know who I am?"

"IT'S so stupid," says Billie Burke of her rumored engagement to David Burton.

"Mr. Burton is an old friend. He put on 'The Marquise,' in New York and again for me here and in San Francisco. These rumors so soon after Mr. Ziegfeld's death are in such bad taste."



WHEN friends heard about the collection of old Western mementoes that Mary Pickford gave Douglas Fairbanks for Christmas, they got together and arranged a surprise house-warming.

Mary is wearing one of the costumes from "Secrets," and Doug dug up his treasured "Mark of Zorro" outfit. Between them is Mary's niece, Gwynne Pickford, and behind her, dressed as a sheriff, the dowager Duchess of Sutherland, Lady Millicent Hawes. Beside her in white is Mrs. Johnny Mack Brown, while that cheerful cowboy behind the girls is Joel McCrea. Behind Doug is his brother Robert's daughter, Lucile, and next to her John Monk Saunders, with "Big Boy" Williams peeping over his head. The old-timer with plug hat and beard is Doug Jr., as a Western gambler. Two "hill billy" artists provide the music. The relic room at Pickfair is planned as the nucleus of a Western museum.

WATCH FOR THIS GREAT ARRAY OF RKO RADIO PICTURES!



ANN HARDING-LESLIE HOWARD
in THE ANIMAL KINGDOM
with Myrna Loy and William Gargan

Philip Barry's brilliant stage success that ran for two solid years on Broadway ... The picture selected as the opening attraction at the New RKO Roxy Theatre in Radio City, New York, the new amusement center of the world...Now being shown throughout the country.



JOHN BARRYMORE
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More alluring than ever before—wearing her most gorgeous gowns—in "Our Betters"... From the celebrated stage play by W. Somerset Maugham.



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Even the Best of Chefs
. . . can be an Enemy of your Gums



THE art of the chef is to please your palate with his sauces and his viands. There is no reason why he should even *consider* your gums!

Yet his sauces, his entrees, his desserts, give your gums none of the stimulation they need for healthy hardness. Your gums lead a lazy life indeed. They become weak, tender, flabby. One day you discover "pink tooth brush."

Any good dentist will explain: "Go on eating the delicious foods of today. But —you must care for your gums!

"Modern gums," he will tell you, "are flabby, touchy gums because modern foods give them too little stimulation. Most people tend to have bleeding gums —a condition we call 'pink tooth brush.' Ignore it, and you may find yourself with gum troubles as serious as gingivitis or Vincent's disease or even pyorrhea, though the last is rare. You will probably find, too, that your teeth look dull and dingy. And sometimes sound teeth are threatened."

"Pink Tooth Brush" can be checked with Ipana and Massage

Don't let "pink tooth brush" go on and on. Get some Ipana Tooth Paste. Clean your teeth with it in the regular way. But afterward, put a little more Ipana on your brush or finger-tip and *lightly massage it into your flabby gums.*

Your teeth will feel very clean—and within a few days they will begin to brighten up. Within the month your gums will have become firmer. The ziratol in Ipana, together with the massage, speeds the circulation in the gum cells and hardens the walls.

Get Ipana at your druggist's. Use Ipana with massage and not only will your teeth be whiter, but you'll see no more of "pink tooth brush."



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